Izaak Walton League Monthly

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore to Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

AUGUST, 1923

A National Preserve for the Mississippi Valley

We can have it IF You Will Help. Will You Do It?

By DONALD HOUGH

IN countless scurrying automobiles on the roads of the nation today, tired people with tense eyes and grimy faces are roaring toward the woods—toward cool breezes and cooler waters; toward trees and grass and forest mists.

They will come back, new men.

That is what the woods and streams can do for us. And all that we can do to these things is to cut them down, burn them up, drain them, pollute them—destroy them. In our relations with the outdoors, we have the power of destruction; we have no other. If you would measure the worth of a thing by its effect on other things, count as among the makers of life—count as among the agents of God—only those things which have the power of giving.

And this is not the only injury that is done. It is the immediate, direct, physical injury done to our neighbors; but, great as it is, it is not so far reaching as the injury that is done to us through destruction of the life-giving outdoors.

As we grind away our lives, the woods just stand there—cool, silent, serene; vastly, immeasurably superior—giving us more life. And not one single wild thing ever has profited by our presence. All have suffered. And, suffering, they continue to give forth health, energy, life.

They know no other way.

In the beginning, we had to destroy many natural things in order to make room for ourselves. Things were so arranged. We destroyed the things easiest to destroy, because it was arranged that way. Things have been carefully planned that we might strike a balance.

We have reached the balance. The outdoor America that is left, is left only because it is so utterly necessary that it is protected by nature against us. It is obvious that He Who made the world knew human nature. He knew we would not recognize the balance when we had attained it, and would strive for more.

We are striving for more. We are beginning to overreach ourselves. We are overbalanced even now, and nothing has ever overbalanced without falling, unless the effort to re-balance was mighty.

We have used that part of the outdoors which could best serve us by perishing; we are beginning to destroy that part which can serve us only by living.

Of the suicidal things we are doing, believing in our own masterful control of life, one of the most serious is our attempted substitution of a drainage plan of our own to replace the one we found here.

This is truly suicidal. Not one drainage scheme ever has failed to do harm—not one ever has been anything but the epitome of human selfishness. This is true for the reason that every time a man digs a ditch he destroys a natural reservoir and precipitates floods on his neighbor. No man ever has gained land by drainage except that he gained it at the expense of other men.

This is a crime against society, and always will be, and is as criminal as any other practice on the face of the earth. The drainage system installed by nature is infinitely more intricate than any machine ever invented by man, and no man has ever lived who can tamper with it, even in its smallest part, without injury to

(Continued on page 29)

Defender of America's Out-of-Doors

Izaak Walton League

Monthly

EDITORIAL STAFF

WILL H. DILG—Editor
DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL — OZARK RIPLEY
ZANE GREY — TRAVERS D. CARMAN
JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD — WARREN H. MILLER
HAROLD T. PULSIFER — BOB BECKER
M. L. GOCHENOUR — THOMAS AMBROSE
DR. PRESTON BRADLEY — MARGUERITE IVES
—*Assistant Editors*

Owned and Published by
The IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE of AMERICA
536 Lake Shore Drive — Chicago, Ill.

Issued Monthly
Single Copy 25c
Subscription rate $1.00 per year. Cuba, Mexico and Canada 50c additional postage. Foreign countries $1.00 additional postage.
Entered as second class matter August 29, 1922, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879

Volume 2 — AUGUST, 1923 — Number 1

CONTENTS

Editorial—A National Preserve for the Mississippi Valley . . . *Donald Hough* — Cover

The Lure of Green Things Growing . . . . . *Charles Hanson Towne* — 3
"Only God can make a tree."

The Passing of the Twenty-nine . . . . . *El Comancho* — 4-5-6
Spectacular story of the last of the Buffalo.

Pollution . . . . . *Dr. James A. Henshall* — 7-8-9
Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry.

Little Rachel's Debut . . . . . *Thomas H. Malone* — 10-11-12-13
With preface by Judge J. M. Dickinson.

The Coney Island Cod . . . . . *R. H. Corson*
Republished from The British Sea Anglers' Quarterly . . . (*Switch Reel*) — 14

John Moreland on the Upper Mississippi . . . . . *Will H. Dilg* — 15-16-17
Further experiences of John Moreland, Fisherman.

Emerson Hough and the Barbless Hook . . . . . *Ozark Ripley* — 18-19
In which the great author O. K.'s the barbless.

Things Are Not What They Seem . . . . . *Royden E. Tull* — 20-21
Comic experiences of a tenderfoot.

The Height of My Ambition . . . . . *Elmer E. Rawdon* — 22-23
First prize winning angling memory of 1922 contest.

News of the Superior National Forest Recreation Association . . *Paul B. Riis* — 24

Help Save the Winneshiek Bottoms . . . . . — 25
Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry.

Bird Lore . . . . . *Bob Becker* — 26

Trout Fishing in Glacier National Park . . . . . *O. J. McGillis* — 27

Conservation, Mr. Camper . . . . . *Will Baird* — 28

The Outdoor Woman . . . . . *Marguerite Ives* — 30-31
The Trail Through the Woods . . . . . *Viola C. Reeling* — 30
Taggin' Along . . . . . *Mrs. Bob Becker* — 31

The Passing of the Winneshiek . . . . . *Dr. A. T. Rasmussen* — 32-33
Authoritative facts regarding the drainage crime of a century.

THEY MUST NOT DO THIS . . . . . *Merton S. Heiss* — 34
Interview with Chief of the Winnebagos.

Angling Memories . . . . . *By Anglers of the League* — 40-41

The Outdoor Calendar . . . . . *Warren H. Miller* — 42-43
Delightful and practical outdoor lore.

Dogs, Game Birds and Sportsmen . . . . . *Travers D. Carman* — 44-45-46
To My Old Pal . . . . . *Dorothy Shepherd McComb* — 44
Dog and Camera Prize Contest . . . . . *Entry by Dr. Walter Ritchie* — 46

Outdoor Literature . . . . . *Thomas Ambrose* — 47

News of the Chapters . . . . . — 48-49-50-51

The Lure of Green Things Growing

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

"Only God can make a tree"

"TIL two years ago," the Young-Old Philosopher was saying, "I had never been west of the Mississippi; yet I called myself an all-round American, and I felt, as most Easterners have a way of feeling, that it was hardly necessary for me to travel in the direction of the coast. Always my holidays lured me to Europe. Living, as I do, in a seaport city, it seemed perfectly natural to board a steamer when summer came; and I had the subconscious thought that perhaps a voyage on the water would prove more beneficial than a train trip.

"I say, in all seriousness, that no one is worthy the name of American until he has investigated that hardy, robust portion of these United States which lies toward the sunset. It is impossible to visualize our land in its entirety until one has seen it with his own eyes, and come to know its richness and beauty. Maps will not do; neither will photographs—no, nor the finest paintings. The effete East—ah! we may love that too—love it none the less after a continental tour; but we will come to an inclusion in our affections of that romantic stretch of country which begins almost immediately one has left Chicago; certainly after one has passed St. Louis. I was no little ashamed of myself for my stupid neglect after I had looked on prairies and stern iron mountains; but most of all after I had drunk in the majesty of the trees that make of the great Northwest the splendid territory it is.

"I always think of trees as more than something sprouting casually from the earth. I think of them as breathing entities. I think of them as human beings. I think of them as friends—staunch, firm, resolute, immutable friends; comrades who would never fail me in any crisis. Wasn't it the poet Cowper who said,

"'I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.'"

TREES

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree;
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

—Joyce Kilmer.

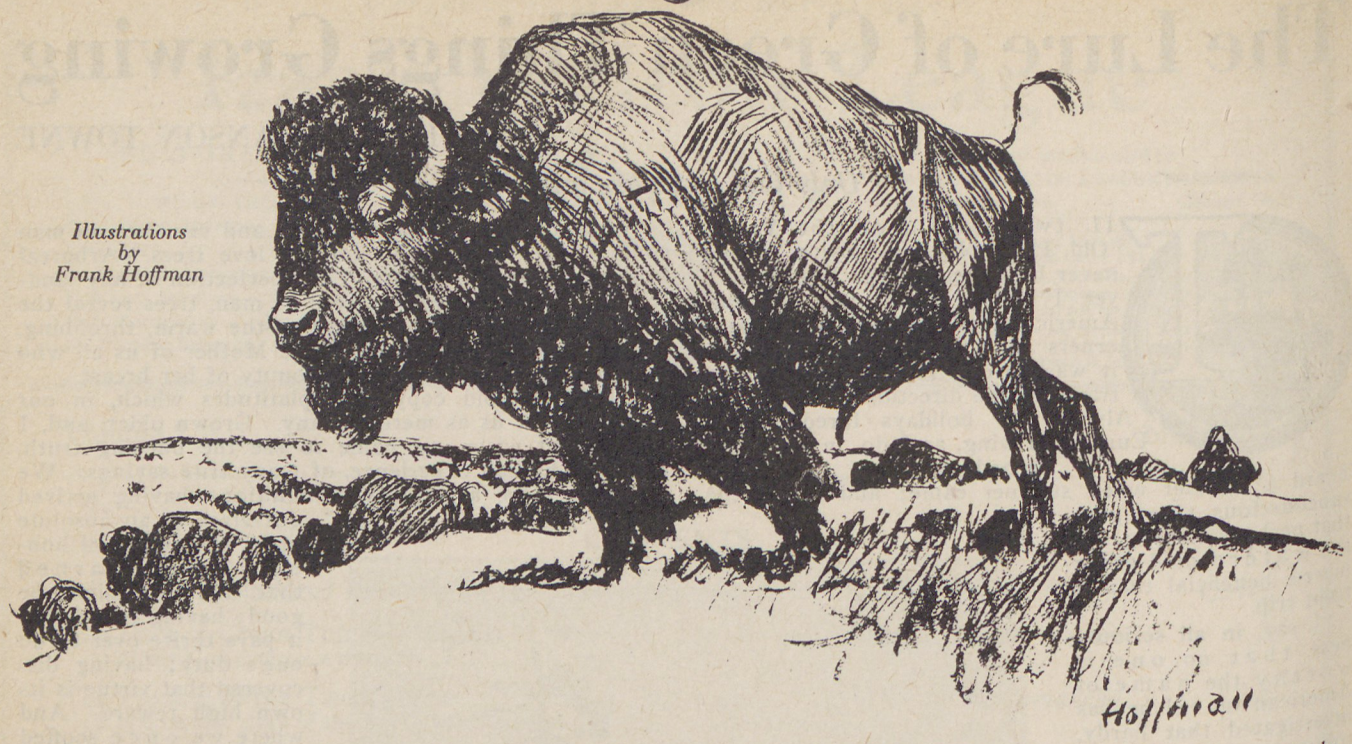
"Well, I would paraphrase him, and say that no man could be my friend who did not love trees. Arboreal beauty is a necessary part of the perfection of any landscape. As eyes reveal the soul of man, trees reveal the emotions of the heart of Nature—the warm, throbbing, understanding heart of the divine Mother of us all who feeds us, spiritually, from the bounty of her breast.

"There are old copy-book platitudes which, in our youth, struck us as merely funny. Grown older, and, I trust, a bit wiser, we come to see the burning truth, based on human experience, of many trite sayings. We smile no more at homely admonitions, having arrived ourselves at an absolute belief in a policy of honesty; having learned that 'tis only noble to be good; having found that it pays thrice over to do one's duty; having discovered that virtue is its own high reward. And where we once scoffed at the sentimental citizen who cried out in anguish, 'Woodman, spare that tree!' we now sympathize with him, look upon him as one of those who have been the saviors of our forests; and we would indeed blazon his name across the heavens—if we knew it. But he, like many another glorious pioneer, remains unknown; his voice was a lonely wail, which caused us, in our youth, to smile tolerantly at his foolish sentimentalism. Yet he had the good of his country at heart—what mortal is more deserving of praise?

"I remember once a small town whose chief glory was its trees—its towering elms and hemlocks and oaks which lined the quiet streets. The tragic day came when Commerce pushed its way into the heart of that village; when Materialism and Aggrandizement were in the ascendant, and it seemed that the old established order must pass. A granite public building was to take the place of a row of dreaming houses, and a solemn committee sat in judgment over the highways. Stone sidewalks were to be laid where the simple boards had creaked; and in order to do this, the wonderful trees would have to be removed. In the fearful march of progress how often has this stern mandate been read! But a few souls with vision and sympathy and compre-

(Continued on page 60)

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?



Illustrations by Frank Hoffman

The Passing of the Twenty-Nine

By EL COMANCHO

TIME was, back yonder, when I rode the empty land.

Only a year before the last shaggy straggler of the great wild Buffalo herds had been gathered to his ancestors by a cowpuncher who rode up the trail with a Winchester under his left leg, snuggling the saddle leather down against the ribs of his cayuse while the stalk lay, back down and pointing forward at the saddlehorn, high as the horse's withers where a cross-hand pull with the right hand, up and over the saddle horn, brought it out of the scabbard, muzzle ahead and ready for work, cowcountry-wise, so a rider could get quick action if wanted or need arise.

That was yesterday when Buffalo streamed like a river along ten thousand trails that wormed across this cougar-colored desert for so many miles that it must be bounded by degrees of latitude and longitude because miles would be strung like little beads on a thread if one attempted to measure it so.

Take your map and pick out a little section north of the Platte, west of the Black Hills, south of the Missouri, east of the Bighorn Mountains and you will roughly locate the part of the old Desert that I'm going to tell you about.

Nowhere else on God's footstool, Brother, do you find a land that grips you like this does, for it was old before some of the stars were born; it is gray, or yellow, or white with snow, as the season runs and it is as still and lonely as hell now that the old wild life is gone.

In summer it is so hot it tortures you and sucks the water out of you with a hundred and twenty degrees of heat that you see moving like clear water all around you and you curse your Gods because you can't die.

At night you shiver and shake until your bones click like castanets with the cold of 4,000 feet up.

There's a stillness over it at times that yells at you with the noise of a steam siren; the hot south wind fogs the air with fine dust that fills your lungs like cement and you choke and gasp for breath and your dry throat rattles for the water you cannot get.

It opens ahead and closes behind you as you ride; the flat topped Buttes parade slowly by as you move—slowly they parade, like soldiers at rest, for nothing hurries in the desert.

Against the violet horizon rise long lines of mountains, far-flung to measure distance for the eye, pale and smoky under the brassy sun, blue as Indigo where the light slants right and softened, or clean edged as a new knife blade—it depends on light, distance and your eye. Here and there appear lakes—oh, fine lakes, miles wide, with trees on shore, sparkling water and all that makes a fine lake but the substance; mirages these, painted against the torturing heat of such things as lies and moonbeams are made of, for water is miles and ages away from this tortured, heat-racked land.

Aching distance flows away to the down-turned sky and the world floats in space, unwalled, unmarked, pulseless, heartbroken, brooding and waiting under the slow moving sun.

It is haggard, woe-steeped loneliness bounded by mystery, curtained behind distance, and it gets you until you hate it with hot hate that starts you cursing and leaves you blubbering and helpless as an ant in a flood current and you lose track of everything and remember only that you are alone in the middle of a sun-cursed land where your mind goes a-playing with the crazy heat devils whirling across the glare of sunsets that outflame the furnace and then go dead as pale blue ice under the purple robe of night.

Breezes blow, gentle as the first touch of silken baby fingers and bitter with the smell of sage—or roaring winds come booming out of nowhere with the sound of an empty drum.

The smell of dust, old and dry as time, edging away in uncounted miles that picture the hunting grounds of the wolf pack; the smell of scentless desert lilies, frail as wax and unreal; smell of cactus blooms, yuccas, old bones, bleaching since the world was young; smells of rattlesnakes, horned toads, lizards, still as death in the sun on black rocks, hot as furnace hearths.

A purple desert, basking eastward since the Morning of Time under the tremendous splendor of an empty sky—miles deep.

A land where you rattle along until you are liken to

come apart even as the things of wood that man makes and attempts to use there.

Sunwashed, big, lonely, seething with heat, it is the old Desert that was once a part of the Buffalo range, and if you ride it you will surely curse it and mourn your heart out until you exhaust all the hate that is in you; then you die, inside, and slowly come back to life again.

And so you live and endure without mental consciousness until you become a part of it all—even as I myself have done—and then you have entered in your heart a love for this mighty land—a love for the far-flung emptiness of it like the love of a mother for her own, nor will it ever leave you again for the desert voice is like haunting music that calls, and calls, and calls you back, with a soft, ne'er forgotten echo of all the love songs of all the ages gone.

And, time comes, you do go back again, for the desert pulls even as the magnet pulls at the soul of iron—the white bones tell you that; they are always there.

And so I come to the tale I started to tell you—the story of the Twenty-nine, for it is a story of that bitter, lonely, lureful land and the twenty-nine who dwelled there until the arch destroyer, man, added death to desolation.

Months before. . . . . Slow John had drifted in with Long Ike Ward from over Sundance way where the mail filtered up from down below the Platte about once a month or so, and thus, in due time, Gillette's letter had found me in the shack that only added loneliness to the tawny desolation of what was the old Buffalo range in the desert, that high, sundrenched plateau which drains out three ways when there is anything to drain.

Little Powder River drifts off northwest; the Little Missouri goes northeast; the North fork of the Cheyenne circles the north side of the Black Hills, masquerading west of the Hills as the River Belle Fourche that gathers the rare flood waters of Wind River, Skull Creek, Kara Creek and a few more dry washes in from the south and heads southwest up under Pumpkin Buttes itself.

The south fork of the Cheyenne circles east between the hills and the Niobrara, same way.

Cross cutting all this stuff and swinging wide to west of the Black Hills, Gillette had made a mark across the map and that mark meant, roughly, that the Burlington Railroad was coming, edging up through the desert until it got into the drainage of Powder River, which it then followed down for miles, only to swing again west—nor'west and north once more, to cross the Yellowstone and the Northern Pacific right of way.

Gillette had a crew of Fire-proof Huskies with him and was down below, working out his grades and levels. When he got through the Burlington Company was going to translate his profiles and meander lines into a railroad grade, and ultimately, into a real railroad; as you can see by looking at the map, all this, later on, became a set of working facts because you can travel through the same old desert up there today on a railroad that follows exactly Gillette's first marks across the map.

But, time I'm telling you of, there was no road there; nothing else was there either, except the Antelope herds, the Mule deer of the sage plains and the Whitetail deer of the timbered hills—the Buffalo were through and done. The Elk were nearly gone; you had to go away back into the hills and work to find them and sometimes you might jump a big lonesome old Grizzly.

The Bighorn Sheep were gone; no more of them left, even then, outside of the Main Range west of the Bighorns and away off up northwest in the Sun River, Yellowstone, Cutbank, Saskatchewan country.

Things were pretty well cleaned out and half a dozen ranches were running range cows up in the desert—not that they crowded it at that, but they were there and the Buffalo were through, along with the Injuns that followed them.

General Miles had told the War Department that the "Indian could not be controlled as long as he had his commissary on the hoof"—so the War Department eliminated the commissary on the hoof and tamed the terrible Indian!

Get that spectacle, Brother; General Miles, with the power of the whole U. S. Army and the whole U. S. Nation behind him, chases a handful of Injuns in circles over the desert until they run a few companies of soldiers ragged! Then General Miles reports what he thinks about the Injun-buffalo combination and the word is passed, sub rosa, to see that the Injun's meat supply is cut off; so the big Buffalo herd began to disappear like a wax candle on a hot stove.

Steamboats went down the Missouri loaded to the guards with dry Buffalo hides in bales at a dollar a hide! Hides went out of the Buffalo country in all directions—thousands of them—and nobody raised a hand—nobody paid any attention; the Buffalo were there by the thousands and were anybody's meat for the taking—and the U. S. stood pat. The army wanted to get rid of the Buffalo—and it helped.

When the Buffalo had gone to the last bull, I got word from Gillette that he was running that survey line up through the old Buffalo country and he would be up my way after a while.

His Fire-proof Hellions carrying the transit and rods and tape, had to eat same as anybody else even if they were hard bitten, leather hided Desert Rats who could live anywhere a Horned Toad could, and how about it—could I "see that they had meat for the time it took to find a grade through my neighborhood from Skull Creek to the Wildhorse, say? How about it?"

"Yep; come on; I'll feed 'em all the raw meat they can eat; plenty deer in the hills; you run your damn old railroad, Buddy, and fill this desert as full of tenderfeet as you want to—its finished anyway; I'll get the meat for your bucko crew, Old Dear! Whoop 'em up if you want to; I own a heap-shoot gun and plenty cartridges and I know what every Mule deer in this desert thinks about all day long every day; come on, I'll get your meat!"

And Gillette came up over the southeastern horizon just that way, following a line, roughly laid down on a map; and I helped feed his buckos on Mule deer meat across the desert that makes the northeast half of the state of Wyoming nowadays—a Hell of a country in spots yet when the summer sun sears it just as it has for a million centuries before the world ever heard of Wyoming. Some of it is different today because they have coaxed water to the flats and put the plow in as deep as they could to hold the water; and some of it stinks with the reek of oil they found on my old hunting grounds.

That's all since the railroad came and I'm telling you what went ahead of the road when I fed Gillette's bucko crew with wild meat I gathered from the hills as I rode.

Sometimes I see ghosts and it makes me lonesome yet and sometimes I get the blues when I think about it—but never mind—I'll tell you directly about the Twenty-nine; Gillette's crew had to eat and I fed them meat.

Gillette was camped on Donkey Creek, working up the flat valley for Donkey "Lake," an alkali pond in the Stonepile pass (where they built the town of Gillette later on, after the railroad came).

I ranged both ways, north to the Little Powder and south to the Little Cottonwood Badlands for meat to feed Gillette's camp of buckos and I brought it in; there was fresh meat and jerky in camp all the time for twenty men or so and hides and horns were plenty; it was an easy task. I'm not proud of it.

One blazing hot afternoon I came swimming my cayuse thro the sea of heat, going north from the Little Cottonwood Bad Lands across the high cougar-colored flat that is the mesa-top between Donkey Creek and the heads of the washes flowing south into the Belle Fourche.

It is level up there and 4000 feet high; the air is thin and hot and so dry that you'd be a mummy in ten days after you were dead if you ever died there; that is sober fact, for nothing ever rots up in that high, heat-seared plain; it just dries up, and stays that way for the rest of time.

Along about three in the afternoon a little low knoll with a pile of broken rocks like the wreck of a 'dobe shack on top of it, materialized in the heat swirls ahead

about like a rock would show up in a perfectly clear lake if a fish were traveling across the lake bottom.

That rock pile was like ten thousand others up there; it wasn't ten feet above the flat level of the mesa and it was in the heart of the old Wyoming Buffalo range.

By and by I reached this little knoll and took a look.

Spread out in front of me, northwestward, was a twenty acre depression—just a shallow little bowl in the flat prairie which had once been a catch-basin for the blizzard-borne snows driven southeastward by the fierce winter storms that smash down across that country even yet; these storms brought snow to fill the bowl level full and the hot sun of spring soon melted it down, filling the bowl with the only water it got during the entire year.

The overflow went out and down toward Donkey Creek thro a little wash that cut the northeast rim of the bowl. The residue left in late summer evaporated from a little space about in the middle of the bowl and here, thro all the years, the Buffalo had come to drink and finally, as the water dried out, to wade and stamp flies and gouge at the moist earth with hoof and horn until a Buffalo wallow came to be established there as a waterhole for the early spring herds that fed on the flat Mesa roundabout.

The trails, coming like wagon spokes to the hub of the wheel, told all this as I sat on my cayuse and read signs.

Here and there an old Buffalo skull, bleached snow white, lay in the sun, still as still.

Here and there also lay a carcass, yellow and sun-bleached by weather for these were still tight covered with their hides with hair on as so many dead animals were up in that high dry desert.

They were natural mummies, as perfectly preserved as any that ever came out of Egypt and they remained unchanged for long years until the storms wore them out and they finally broke up and literally were blown away.

I was used to these mummies; they were anywhere and everywhere and as much a characteristic feature of the land as the heat, the rattlesnakes and the horned toads! Sometimes the carcass was that of a Buffalo, sometimes a cow, sometimes a horse, occasionally a wolf, antelope or even a bird and rarely it would be a man, red or white, still and ghastly and dry as parchment, skin as tight as drumhead over grinning bones that always seemed to hug very close to the ground. Nobody ever knew anything about these—they were very old and belonged to the mystery of the desert that reached back to the beginning of time—and we left them so, in peace.

I noticed something peculiar about the arrangement of the Buffalo carcasses and bones that lay there in the little bowl around the alkali crusted remains of the old wallow where no Buffalo now came to drink after his morning feeding on the flat.

I slipped off the horse and sat on the ground so his shadow fell across me and I looked again.

One-two-three-ten-fifteen-twenty-nine.

Twenty-nine mummies in one group, all dead Buffalo for five years or more; all on the far side of the old wallow.

I happened to look down at the rocks at my feet.

I saw an old brass shell, black with the weather and slightly green with the corroding effect of spring moisture where it lay on the ground.

I picked it up; 50 calibre; Springfield.

The government gun was 50 calibre—Springfield, then—and had been for several years. The cavalry carried carbines that fit that old shell; General Miles had said—;

Oh hell! The Government wouldn't do that!

I counted the shells—a few more than twenty-nine in two little heaps, each one behind a jagged little hummock of rock on the crest of the ridge—twenty feet apart.

A couple of men flat on their belly there, would have the range, perfectly, of those carcasses across the flat beyond the old wallow—say a city block away from the cartridge shells—empty—in two little heaps.

There were twenty-nine carcasses, mostly in a group, with a few in a straggling line off toward the break in the rim of the bowl where the flood water went out—about four of them from the main group off that way and all flat on their sides.

I walked over to the main group of carcasses.

Four of them lay on their bellies with feet and legs doubled up under them comfortably; they might have been alive only that their chins rested on the ground; one had a grotesque twist to its neck like it was trying to look straight up while it laid on its belly; his head had lolled so as he died.

(Continued on page 52)

"The Indian could not be controlled as long as he had his commissary on the hoof."

Pollution

Concerning the Protection of Fish, Fish Food and Inland Waters

Edited by DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL
Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

The Most Important Problem the I. W. L. A. Will Have to Solve

Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry

The following is part of an article by Dr. Henshall that appeared in THE OUTLOOK of April 25, 1923, and by the courtesy of that Magazine is here reprinted to show the changes produced by pollution in a famous black bass river during the past thirty or forty years.

Lordly Bass and Lowly Sewage

FORTY years ago, when Secretary of the Cincinnati Society of Natural History, I made a collection of fishes native to the State of Ohio for its Museum. During a few months one summer I visited all the rivers and many small streams in both watersheds of the State, and succeeded in obtaining 120 species. At that time, with the exception of a few small tributaries near large cities, the rivers were pure and undefiled. At the present day it would require several summers to collect one-half the number, inasmuch as many species are now exceedingly rare or exterminated.

Last summer, in the leafy month of June, I visited a stream in southwestern Ohio that was once a famous black-bass stream, and one of my favorite fishing resorts. I had not fretted its surface with feathered lures for nearly forty years. I put on my wading boots and started down the stream, casting a brown hackle across and downstream, and occasionally upstream, but all to no purpose, as my fly was unnoticed, or mayhap the fish were not there. Floating with the lazy current were patches of greasy scum, and the water was far from clear, though not turbid. Instead of the old-time woodsy smell of the stream and its banks, there was a decidedly unpleasant odor from the stream and its banks. I was shocked at the great change in the stream and its surroundings. Where the once limpid water broke into jeweled riffles on the rocky ledges and went singing on its merry way, all was dull and listless; the glory of the living stream was gone, perhaps forever.

Casting my fly ever so gently and carefully over likely places, my efforts seemed useless, for the fish were either not there or had lost their old-time eagerness and failed to respond to the most seductive casts. I was thoroughly discouraged and disheartened.

At last, at the mouth of a clear running brook, where there was a gravelly bar at one side and a sunken rock at the other of the debouching stream, I cast between them, and my faith was rewarded, for a bass rose to the hackle with a tremendous swirl. After hooking him he gave me a few minutes of old-time finesse and strategical maneuvers, with repeated leaping above the surface, until at last I led him, resisting to the last, into the landing-net, and I was well repaid for my former failure and disappointment. Notwithstanding the impure water and other unpleasant features, my doughty warrior had lost but little of his former vim and vigor, though the clear and lively current of the brook had much to do with it. Gathering some ferns from the bank of the stream to line my creel, I found them tainted and smirched with the unclean current. I threw them aside, and gave my knightly adversary a clean bed in my newly washed creel, where he lay "like a warrior taking his rest."

Continuing my progress downstream, casting and occasionally changing flies, I came across two farmer boys with trousers rolled above their knees, engaged in "tickling" catfish. The fish lie under the rock ledges in shallow water. When a fish is found, his throat and then his breast are subjected to a gentle manipulation of the fingers, the fish meanwhile remaining perfectly quiet and still, seemingly enjoying the pleasant titillation. Then the first two fingers of the operator are carefully hooked around the spines of the ventral fins, and the unwary fish is drawn out and added to the string. In Scotland trout are "tickled" in the same way, and it is more than likely that the "stunt" was introduced by the Scotch and English pioneers of Kentucky, where it is also known.

Having covered more than a mile of the stream it seemed love's labor lost to continue my fruitless efforts, when I came to the mouth of another brook that was doing its best to revive the polluted stream with its clear and sparkling current. Near the mouth of the brook a rock rose above the surface, on which was a flock of small yellow butterflies. I also saw a fine black bass near the rock, and it evidently was watching the gay and restless insects. Taking the hint, I changed my cast to an Oriole with black body and yellow wings. I had designed the fly owing to its colors, which were those of the livery of Lord Baltimore, black and orange, and as the founder of Maryland, my native State, I dubbed the fly Oriole or Baltimore Bird in his honor.

I cast the fly as deftly as I could onto the rock, and, as the disturbed insects were fluttering about the rock, I gave a slight twitch of the rod tip, and my lure fell gently on the surface, where it was instantly seized by the lordly bass, and for the second time that morning victory perched on the tip of my faithful rod. But forty years ago, when the river was virgin pure, my creel would have been filled in half the time.

Water Pollution Is Growing Menace to U. S.

Reprint of editorial in Dubuque Telegraph-Herald, June 6th, 1923

PROBABLY the most important aim of conservationists is to free inland waters of pollution. The Izaak Walton League is giving earnest backing to this movement.

In the May issue of the Izaak Walton League Monthly P. C. Cosner, of Sioux City, Iowa, contributes some very feeling verses on the loss through pollution of a "little sparkling, singing river" dear to him in his boyhood. "The little quiet river is dead and stilled," a victim of the "unthinking, unheeding, dollar-chasing multitude."

Pollution of waters is the result of greedy industrialism more concerned with commercial than human values. When a bill to prevent pollution was introduced in the 67th congress it was defeated by manufacturers who would have had to pay a few extra dollars for disposal of waste products.

The writer had personal experience with this class of men in a certain Ohio city where factory waste had fouled the once-beautiful Cuyahoga river and a charming little lake near the city which might have served as a wonderful pleasure resort.

It was not possible to establish a swimming beach because of the foul waters.

Some children unable to resist the temptation of cool water in the hot days developed typhoid. The manufacturers who blocked all attempts at cleansing the lake were sending their families to ocean resorts.

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

It is past understanding why people permit such practices when they have means to prevent them. State laws on the subject are inadequate. The people elect representatives who go to Des Moines and other capitals to wrangle over the length of bed sheets, whether hotel guests shall drink iced water, whether citizens shall set their clocks back or put them forward, and whether evolution shall be taught in schools.

In the meanwhile multitudes of fish die in polluted streams and children catch typhoid and contract eye, nose and throat diseases, and "little, sparkling, singing rivers" die of "industry's vermin."

The Far-Reaching Effects of Pollution

By DR. GEORGE B. TWICHELL

The following letter is one of several promised by Dr. Twichell to show the dire effect of stream pollution on the lower forms of aquatic animal and animal life. Forty years ago Dr. Twichell and I were collaborators in the Cincinnati Society of Natural History, and he was then, as now, an enthusiastic and highly capable biologist and microscopist in his special field of research.

DEAR Dr. Henshall:

I have not caught a fish since I was a boy, and yet I believe you will hardly find in all the Izaak Walton League a more enthusiastic fisherman than I am, nor one more interested in the conservation of our streams and lakes. For a sportsman my methods may seem peculiar. True, I do not use barbed hooks, but in spite of this virtue I must confess to the sin of using nets and dredges, and often my fingers, for my fish are to be taken in no other way.

It is in the unlimited microscopic life, vegetable and animal, of the streams and lakes that I find my game and in this pursuit I am led to the pleasant places beloved of fishermen and, for all that I carry queer tackle, I become kin to them.

I said unlimited life, this was true at one time, just as fishes were abundant at one time; but the same horror, pollution, that is ruining our fishing is making this study of microscopic aquatic life more and more difficult. The two are so closely linked together that a stream pollution destroying only some apparently insignificant form of microscopic life, may upset the delicate balance that keeps a stream self-supporting and in a very short time destroy even the most vigorous of fishes.

This very interesting problem of balance is much more complicated than the balance obtained in an aquarium by having a few plants furnish oxygen and yes, I believe the rule is to frequently replace the gold fish with a new one from the Ten Cent Store!

The whole problem of balance in a stream is after all food and very easily destroyed food. Food for adult fishes, food for immature fishes, food for the food they feed on and so on until the continual eating means the destruction of noxious products of decomposition which again is a kind of eating. This series is not only in a descending scale but also in an ascending scale. Indeed it is an endless chain that can only too easily be broken by dumping factory refuse.

Streams below great cities in mining and manufacturing districts are aquatic deserts, says Professor Ward of the University of Illinois, but it seems to me that one need not seek great cities to find very close approaches to "aquatic deserts."

I did intend to write you more specifically on the effect of pollution on microscopic life but find I have only written an apology for my kind of fishing.

My fish and your fish cannot live alone. The destruction of either means the destruction of both.

THE RIVER

Does the ghost of the boy you used to be
Play hookey, now and then;
And with his dog and a comrade, sneak
Back to the river again?

With a warped cane pole and a can of worms,
Does he seek familiar shores;
And paddle a leaky boat upstream,
In the lea of the sycamores?

Ah yes, but the river seems not the same,
As the river the ghost boys knew;
For on one bank stands a chemical works
While on t'other—they're making glue.

EVERETT E. LOWRY

Reprinted from our December issue because of repeated requests.

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

On Oil Pollution

The following letter from Mr. Claude Williams, of St. Louis, Mo., who is a member of the Walton League and a thorough sportsman, is deserving of serious consideration, inasmuch as it suggests an original way of disposing of the oil waste from sea-going vessels. He also relates a unique effect of pollution from the leaking of an oil pipe line, by which not only a river, but farming lands were saturated with oil:

MY DEAR Dr. Henshall:

After reading your article on "Pollution" in the June issue of the "Izaak Walton League Monthly," will offer the following solution, subject to your approval, and that of others, who study and think what is best to prevent "pollution" as much as possible. It is no easy matter, to eliminate pollution entirely, but much can be done through improved methods to make things better on Mother Earth and we all learn through past mistakes.

Through the following lines am going to offer two propositions on the "Oil Question." It is going to be met with opposition as it means spending of money, and it means work. But we have both, the men and the money in this good country; if this matter can only be brought before the people and get the Government behind it.

Proposition No. 1 on the Oil Question:

Oil-burning ships, tankers and other sea-going vessels using oil, to discharge all waste in the oil line into vessels constructed for this purpose (while the ships are in port). Have vessels, constructed for this purpose, controlled by the "Harbor Authorities" under United States Government supervision. (To be plain, a collection service same as we have inland), a good part of the waste-oil could be reclaimed through reduction works—inland, some of it oiling roads and other industrial arts, thus preventing some of this open discharge of waste oil at sea.

This proposition can be done through proper taxation and public funds set aside for such a purpose.

Proposition No. 2:

Underground Pipe Lines—the Government to set a standard on the material to be used in the construction of underground oil pipe lines—that is, what is good practice in the construction of work of this kind.

An illustration. Here in this vicinity several years ago an oil-pipe line broke over night and the creeks ran bank full of oil for quite a number of hours before the break was found and repaired. We had oil for quite a while on some of the lakes and on the river. It didn't disappear very soon. While out along the river one day hunting ducks I happened to see quite a lot of smoke below and later on met another party. I asked him what was causing all the smoke. He told me the farmers were trying to get rid of the oil through burning. (It was on their wheat fields and I'll bet they did some tall cussing.

We all learn and I don't think the oil companies want such things to happen.

Yours respectfully,

Claude Williams.

I WISH to call your attention to the polluted condition of the Illinois river since it has received the large amount of pollution, sewage, etc., from the great City of Chicago.

Twenty-five years ago this was a beautiful river, full of fish and birds, moss and weeds on its banks. Now all vegetation in the river proper is dead, and a thick scum of matter is formed on the bed of the river which kills all animal and vegetable life.

I bring this to your notice because I have watched it from the commencement of turning sewers into the Illinois. I knew what would happen as Chicago grew, having experienced the same conditions in England where sewerage systems were first installed and later had to be corrected and all pollution put through filter beds, later the liquids being thoroughly filtered and solids removed from them. The liquids were then allowed to go into the river, which apparently did not harm life.

I will appreciate it if this letter is given due consideration and would be only too glad to answer any inquiries regarding it. My experience on the Illinois river covers a period of twenty-five to thirty years.

Yours for Outdoor America,

L. E. CLARKE, Hinsdale, Ill.

Dead Fish Show Extent of River Pollution

Reprint from Williamsport, Pa., Sun of August 3, 1923.

HUNDREDS of dead and dying fish are floating around in the waters of the Susquehanna river in the "Cannon Hole," below Sylvan Dell. A member of the Wyalusing Rod and Gun club showed a representative of The Sun the condition of the river at that point this morning.

There is a large eddy at that place, where the water does not become polluted as quickly as at other places. The fish seemed to sense that they could live longer there and collected in large numbers, but even there they were dying.

Where the water was shallow enough to see the bottom, there was a dead fish about every ten feet. Those that were still living seemed stunned, as they allowed the boat to come close to them, in many cases not moving until touched with an oar.

Although bass are not as numerous as formerly, several dozen were seen, and salmon were also plentiful, as were suckers, perch, pike and chubs. But by far the greatest number of fish were silver carp, which were in such numbers that it was impossible to estimate them.

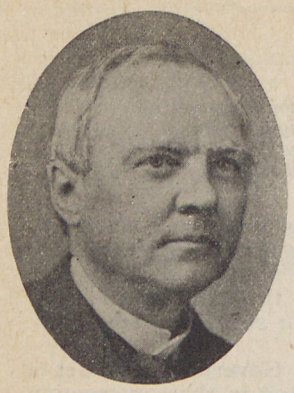
The water was in so bad a condition that the few that lived to get up Loyalsock creek a short distance, seemingly died of the effects of the poison that they had come in contact with before they got into the fresh water. The poison was so strong that it appeared to be eating the fish, many of which were falling apart from the action of the pollution in the water.

The charter of the Wyalusing Rod and Gun club states that one of the main purposes of the club is to restore the Susquehanna river to the condition of years ago, when it was one of the best fishing streams in the state. The club has spent much time, labor and money, trying to bring about this condition. It has planted many cans of fry in the mouth of Loyalsock creek, where the fish would have the best chance to mature, but judging by the looks of that spot, now, this action has gone for naught, as even dead minnows litter the bottom of the creek mouth and river.

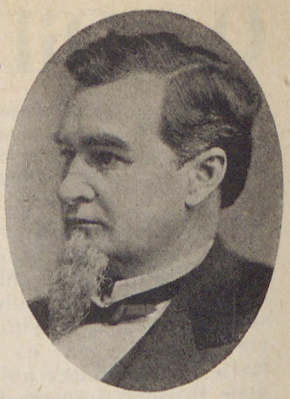
Reports of similar conditions from various places along the river were received today.

Many of the dead fish seen were eighteen inches in length.

Little Rachel's Debut



The "Captain."



The "Judge."

By
THOMAS H. MALONE

Preface by J. M. DICKINSON

IN taking the liberty of having this story printed for private distribution, I am presuming on the indulgence of the author, my lifelong friend, under whom I started the practice of the law.

A finished scholar, having attained the degree of Master of Arts at the University of Virginia when it was the highest badge of scholarship attainable in America, he volunteered in the Confederate army at the outset of the war and served four years with that fidelity and distinction which have characterized everything that he has undertaken. He is one of the few survivors of that contest who never acquired, after the conflict was over, a higher rank than that which he achieved in actual service. He has always been "Captain Malone."

Until he retired from the Bar to become Chancellor, a position which he ornamented by his learning, independence and unfailing sense of justice, he ranked, even from his early professional career, as a leader of the Tennessee Bar. No other member of that Bar who was his contemporary, except Chancellor Cooper, attained the same reputation as an equity lawyer. Next to the law, his most ardent pursuit was that of fox hunting, which he followed with unflagging zeal from boyhood until his more than threescore years, and the passing of his old associates of the chase had reconciled him to its abandonment. A mere allusion, however, to his beloved sport always brings fire to his eye and a train of most stirring recollections, which he recounts with the elegance of diction and the spirit which are manifest in this story. No mere chaser of anise seed bags, following a lubberly pack of overfed hounds, untrained in the real chase, and too indolent to give a sustained and thrilling cry, could ever have written it. The "Judge" was Mr. Justice Howell E. Jackson, of the United States Supreme Court, and the "Captain" the author himself. The story, with others of like character, was written by Chancellor Malone for the entertainment of his children.

Illustrations from "The Sport of Our Ancestors," by Lord Willoughby de Broke

SHE was a great disappointment to the Captain and the Judge, her sponsors. She inherited neither the size nor the vigor of her father nor the matchless grace and beauty of her mother. She was a poor, little, black, weakly thing, with dark brown, soft, appealing eyes and she was the only survivor of eight brothers and sisters; the others had died of a malignant disease to which she had nearly fallen a victim. Indeed, her life had been despaired of, but by careful nursing she was saved. Her name was Rachel; but, as she began to recover from her illness and to move slowly about, the Captain could never look into her meek, trusting eyes without feeling a wave of pity sweep over him, and he called her Little Rachel—a name by which she was ever after known. To her friends, the Judge, the Captain, Isaac and William, there might be a thousand Rachels, but there never had been, there never could be but one Little Rachel.

The Judge and the Captain were neighbors, life-long friends and sworn cronies—intimates as boys, chums at the University of Virginia, lawyers devoted to their profession, and nothing pleased them more than to discuss a knotty point of law. Yes; one thing, perhaps, did. They sometimes grew tired of the law, but never of recalling scenes in which Little Rachel's dam and grandsire and sire had played the leading parts. So, upon the Judge's return from his circuit, after Little Rachel's illness, the first question was, "Tom, how is Rachel?"

"Come and see her, Jack."

Little Rachel was called.

"Poor little girl," said the Judge. "It is a pity she did not die."

The Captain seemed to assent, but he only said, "Poor Little Rachel." So she was a great disappointment.

Lest any reader anticipating subtle analyses of the female heart, brilliant successes of a society belle, or scenes of love and pathos, should feel that he had been unfairly inveigled into reading this simple story, perhaps it should have been stated at the outset that Little Rachel was only a small, insignificant, black and tan foxhound. Well, she began to recover. Isaac and William, the Captain's huntsman and body servant, tended her as if she had been a baby. She was not confined to the kennel, but permitted to roam about the plantation at will.

Soon she began to look after the rabbits and could be heard morning and evening as she rather noisily took her constitutional. So matters went on until Little Rachel was nearly eighteen months old. She had never run with the pack nor scented a fox. When the hounds were brought out, her grandsire, Mack, held high his head and utterly ignored her; her sire Red, snappishly repudiated her, and her dam, the lithe, graceful, beautiful Hattie, while recognizing her daughter, seemed attempting, under the veil of indifference, to hide her shame. Her uncle, Gordon, alone gave her a kindly greeting.

Late in December, 1891, the Captain, sitting in his library, with law books covering the floor around him, was aroused by the telephone. With an impatient frown he put the transmitter to his ear and called sharply:

"Hello!" . . . . "Is that you, Jack?" . . . . "When did you get in?" . . . . "How are you?" . . . . "All well." . . . . "Nothing very important." . . . . "Splendid! Twenty-two that can go the pace and keep it." . . . . "Three times a week for the last three weeks. Isaac says they are as hard as nails and fine as silk." . . . . "Yes, if it's the last act." . . . . "No, we'll take our coffee before starting." . . . . "Yes, the High Pasture; there's a fellow there we ought to kill, perhaps." . . . . "Six o'clock sharp. Isaac will give his horn one squeal when I mount. Listen for it. Good-bye."

The Captain briskly hung up the transmitter, all signs of worry and care vanished and sent for Isaac to come at once. In a few minutes a slim, lanky, tall, stooping yellow boy, all legs and arms, stepped into the library.

"Did you wish to speak to me, sir?"

"Yes; the Judge has got home and says he is hungry for a chase. We will start from here a quarter before six, and will try that fellow that goes to earth in the High Pasture. Tell William. By the way, put Little Rachel in the kennel and take her with you to-morrow."

"Little Rachel! Why, you don't mean that, sir! That poor little thing. They'll lose her, sho'."

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

"Well, she must take her chances. She must go."

At six o'clock the next morning the Captain, William and Isaac, closely followed by the coupled hounds, after a short but rapid gallop, halted at the West Meade gate, where the Judge awaited them. Hearty greetings were exchanged, and then the pack and prospects for a good run were discussed. The Judge was informed that a beautiful fox that kenneled in the High Pasture had turned coward and habitually took to earth after running not more than ten minutes. Isaac was of opinion that sentence of death should be passed upon him. He was strongly supported by William. After grave consideration it was unanimously resolved that the fox that turns coward is instigated by the devil, fatally bent on mischief, an enemy to the human race, "hors de la loi," and should be put to death—that is to say, his hole should be guarded and he left to try conclusions with the hounds.

The High Pasture was reached, Isaac and William began to uncouple the hounds, and the Judge and the Captain rode leisurely toward the well-known hole, the horses nervously champing the bits and the old Cadet rattling his nostrils at every expiration of his breath. Suddenly, as the uncoupled hounds came dashing by, the Judge cried out as if vexed:

"Why, Tom, there is Little Rachel! What in the world did Isaac let her come for?"

"The Captain would have it, Judge," interposed Isaac. "I begged him, and told him she would get lost. But you know how he is about dogs—they've got to have a fair show, and if they don't come up to his notion I've got to kill 'em. I've killed 'em till I'm mos' shamed to look a honest dog in the face, and now it's pore Little Rachel's turn. Judge, do you think that dogs have spirits and can hant folks that kill 'em? The old niggers tell me so, and I'm beginning to get scared."

The Judge gravely shook his head, as if the point were unsettled and required serious consideration. And Isaac, touching Gray Katy with the spur, galloped rapidly after the hounds.

The Judge and the Captain, followed by William rode to the hole in which the fox had so often found safety, and, dismounting, seated themselves on a log that was lying near. William tied the horses and started a bright fire near the log. The day was perfect. Not a sound was heard, not even a squirrel's bark nor a woodpecker's tap. As the party sat facing the east the increasing light along the line of the Granny White Hills told them that the sun would soon be up. The Judge and the Captain, charmed by the quiet and the beauty of the scene, ceased to speak and looked across the silent and beautiful Belle Meade meadows to the growing splendor of the eastern horizon. No one, perhaps, as improbable as it may seem gets nearer to the heart of nature than the fox hunter; no sailor knows the stars better! to no maiden is the silver moon dearer; and the sun—ah! the rising sun—no ancient Gheber ever greeted it with more joy.

But if the Judge and the Captain were indeed busy with such thoughts, a sudden, quick, nervous ringing challenge nearly a mile to the westward, but in the absolute stillness seemingly near at hand, dispelled their dreams.

"It was Vic, sir," said William, touching his hat; "here, away toward Vaughan's Gap."

"Ah," said the Judge, sotto voce, "there she goes again—and again, and again; you wiped the eyes of all this morning, little lady."

"But listen!" said the Captain, rising to his feet, as a cry rang out so eager, so full, so far resounding, that, once heard by a fox hunter would be recognized again

"He's heading straight for his hole, the coward!"

even in the roar of a thousand hounds. "Old Mack has struck it ahead. Listen how he calls. Go it, old man! If you are seven years old, the best must follow you yet."

"Oh! hush, Tom; let me listen."

"But you don't have to pick your ears to hear that cry, Jack."

The trail was warm, and as the hounds pressed to Mack's incessant call the cry of each was instantly recognized, with running comments, such as: "That's Damsel, and that's Red Lizzie, Old Red's high headed daughters." "What will become of their poor little sister when they get settled to their work?" "It's a race!" "There goes Gordon, old Mack's best son."

"But hark!" said the Judge. "There's the queen; there's the queen. Hark to Hattie! Hark to Hattie! If I could only see her!"

"But you can't see her, so hold your tongue, Jack, and listen. If Hattie keeps close to her daddy today she'll not have quite so much to say before the run is over.

"Well, anyhow, she'll have quite enough to say, and none can say it better unless it be her daddy—but he's barred."

The whole pack was now clamorously giving tongue. As the party stood in rapt attention, a clear, high-pitched, long-sustained shout came ringing from the west—a shout that proclaims to the field that the fox has gone away and that the pack has settled on him.

"That's Isaac, sir," almost whispered William. "They've settled on him and are going away straight to Mr. Hicks'; but he'll turn soon."

As they listened the cry grew faint, and yet fainter, and then gradually died away.

"Look at the Squire, sir; see how his ears are pointed; look at his nostrils. How his heart do beat. Can't you hear it, sir? How he would like to be with Gray Katy."

"Yes; and how you would like to be with Isaac, you rascal."

"'Deed I wish we were both there, sir, if it weren't for the Judge; for he don't like to ride hard like we do. It do seem hardly fair for Isaac to have it all to himself. But I hear them, sir; they are crossing the Franklin road near the old schoolhouse. You can barely catch the sound—they'll rise the hill in a minute."

"There they come," said the Captain, "and, as Uncle Remus says, 'they're coming a-zooming.' They've crossed the ridge—they are in the High Pasture—he's heading straight for his hole, the coward!"

Let the old fox-hunter imagine, for no one else need try, the feelings of the Judge and the Captain as that roaring whirlwind came rushing on straight toward the now risen sun. Twenty-two hounds—and such hounds—now in the open and stretching to the race; the shorter, sharper, quickened cry; the almost painful tension of expectancy until the fox shall rise the hill, and the racing pack, heads up and tails down, shall burst into view. Pshaw! Many have tried to paint the scene; none have succeeded. It can't be done. One may as soon hope to breathe life into a dead body and make it stand before us in all its living beauty. Many have felt this unutterable ecstacy, this glorious exaltation, when the muscles become taut, the hair rises, the hands grow cold, the heart almost ceases to beat, and constant rigors chase each other up and down the spine. But to put all this in words so instinct with life that the whole scene, like a mirage, shall rise before the eyes and seem real—Ah! it cannot be done. But the Judge and the Captain, even if so disposed, had but a short time to analyze their feelings, for now the fox—a beautiful pale red—mounted the crest of the nearest hill and like an arrow sped straight for his earth and safety.

"Here he comes; here he comes! Stand by the hole, William," shouted the Judge.

"Old Mack for a million!" cried the Captain as the pack, like a charging squadron its chief two horse-lengths in advance, came storming over the hill. "Old Mack for a million! You can't beat him; not yet, not yet, boys!"

Head up, mouth wide open, nostril filled with the reeking body-scent, his tail sickle-shaped and high above his haunches, clearing the ground in long, clean, smooth strides, giving at short and regular intervals his soul-stirring cry, Old Mack, the sire of the pack, the realized ideal of a foxhound in chase, came rushing two hundred yards behind the flying quarry.

A shout from William told that the fox had reached its hole, had been refused admittance, and had sped away. The pack came by like a cyclone, and the Captain gave vent to his pent-up feelings with a hunter's yell that might have been heard miles away, ending with his usual, "Hark to him, boys! Hark."

But here comes Isaac riding like a wild Indian, Gray Katy fighting for her head.

"William!" he shouted as he flies past, "did he try to get in his hole?"

"Yes."

"How was he?"

"He seemed in good health and spirits, and left good-bye for you.

"But, 'auf bald wieder sehen,'" laughed the Captain, while Isaac, racing down the ridge and taking the stone wall in a flying leap, followed his hounds. How they did run! Across the Paige place, over the Harrison knob, straightaway; across the Hillsboro Pike, and still straightaway. Now they cross the Granny White Pike, and the cry, mellowed by distance, floats back upon the still air as they rise the Granny White Hills, and dies away.

With a long-drawn sigh of realized tension the Judge said:

"Well, Tom, old friend, we've seen many a burst, but never a finer than that, I think. William, did you see Little Rachel?"

"I declare, sir, I didn't think about her; but all of the dogs were breasting right up, none tailing. They've lost her, sir, I'm sure."

"Don't kill her, Tom; she's Hattie's daughter, and Old Red's. Give her another chance! or, better still, much better give her away. She has no place in this pack. Give her away, poor little lass!"

"Well, let's hear from Isaac first. By the way, Jack, what did you mean by that ruling I saw reported last week? That's not the law."

"The ruling was right enough as made, but was badly reported."

And in the next minute the two old friends seeming to have forgotten the existence of fox and hounds, lighted their cigars, and seated on the log with their feet to the fire, were deep in the discussion of the decision giving such unexpected rights of priority to certain creditors at large of railroad companies in the hands of receivers over the creditors secured by mortgage.

The hounds had now been gone nearly an hour, when William, who had been standing some distance from the fire approached and said: "I heard Isaac, sir."

"Where?"

"On the Granny White Hills, I thought, sir."

"Did you hear the hounds?"

"No, sir; but I knowed from the way he hollered that they were setting to him and that Isaac was happy."

The party listened with strained attention.

"There she is—little Vic! Hark to her wild goose call. She's a darling," said the Captain.

"There goes Isaac again," said the Judge. "It is nearly four miles away, but I fancy I can hear him say, 'Hark to Vic.'"

"There's the pack rising the hill, sir," said William. "Vic got a run as he turned for home, but they are closing in on her. Listen at Old Mack! He's just flying, I know."

They were coming as they went—like the wind. Now they have crossed the Granny White Pike; now racing through the Compton place; they cross the Hillsboro Pike; now through the Woodlawn lands; now in the rear of Honeywood and the deer park; and now they strike the Belle Meade meadows. In the stillness of the perfect morning every note is heard and every voice is distinguished.

"William," suddenly cried the Captain, "there are eight hounds five hundred yards ahead of the pack. Don't you

hear them?"

"I do," said the Judge, adding, slowly, "Mack, Hattie, Damsel, Red Lizzie, Flora, Gordon, Vic, and — and — what mouth is that, Tom?"

A long, shrill, clear cry, like one of the bugle notes of the tattoo, was heard again.

"I don't know. I noticed it first as they came over the Granny White Hills. It's a stranger's. I don't know it. I did not think there was a hound in the country that could run on even terms with those seven. But, if it would not be really absurd, I'd say it was Little Rachel. I've heard her running rabbits."

"Do you think so sir? It do seem unreasonable," said William. "Pore little thing! I'm afraid she's lost and trying to find her way home now, sir."

"Look, Jack! Look! Did you see him? I caught the glint of his red hide as he took the Marlin wall. And see, the hounds are taking it; the glint of the sun on the white hounds flashes back as if from polished steel. They are close to him. How they are running!"

"The dogs, like a line of skirmishers, were running all they knew."

"William, I say that is Little Rachel."

"I can't think so, sir."

"Oh, that's idiotic, Tom. But look, but look, here they come across the pony pasture. Old Mack's got 'em. See how Hattie is running at him. And there comes six side by side. There's the fox."

But the Captain did not look at the fox, nor at Mack, nor at Hattie. His eyes were fixed on the six racers that, with heads up, tails down, side by side, like a line of skirmishers were running all they knew. In a low voice, as if to himself, he said, slowly, "Damsel, Red Lizzie, Flora, Vic, Gordon, and—and—and what is that black line flying like his shadow close by old Gordon's side? What is it?"

When the fox took the wall of the pony pasture, old Mack for the first time caught sight of him. Down went his tail that in all the hard run he had borne aloft like a battle flag, and with a grand burst of speed he drew rapidly away from Hattie and closed on the flying fox.

"Mack will get him! Mack will get him! Look, Tom, look! Hurrah, old boy! Go for him! Go for him!"

The Captain heard, but neither looked nor spoke. With set face and strained eyes he watched the wall two hundred yards away, where the fox had crossed, and as the six racing hounds side by side tipped it with their hind feet, he snatched off his cap and wildly waving it above his head, yelled out: "D—n the fox! D—n old Mack! By the Lord, it's Little Rachel!"

And this was Little Rachel's debut.

More and more each day I am becoming convinced that the Izaak Walton League is the only chance of saving fish and game and forests for the coming generation, simply because of the power of an immense organization, Local, individual organizations cannot co-operate to the degree that a large organization like the League is able to, and the fact that the League has accomplished far more than all the small organizations combined is another great point in its favor.

J. FREDERICK GEIST,
Nyack, N. Y.

The Coney Island Cod

By R. H. CORSON
("SWITCH REEL")

Published by courtesy of the British Sea Anglers' Society, of which Mr. Corson is an honorary member, proving that he is considered both here and abroad an eminent authority on oceanographic lore.

TO the fishing banks scattered within two or three hours' sail of New York City, there comes each year a tribe of cod (Gadus callarius) which varies in numbers from season to season in the good old-fashioned way, and has been lovingly dubbed "The Coney Island Cod" by local enthusiasts.

In seasons of scarcity the impatient rodster hurls anathema at the professional for depleting the sea by overfishing, the ruination of the spawning beds (?) by beam-trawling, and the destruction of immature fish. This was the ever-swelling cry about New York for a decade prior to 1921. But in that year the fish reappeared in enormous numbers to confront the pessimist.

It so happens that the Federal Government maintains a marine hatchery for scientific purposes at Woods Hole, Mass., about 200 miles to the eastward. By the time the pessimist had recovered his breath, lost in the recrudescence mentioned, he cast about for a reason which should not stultify him by exonerating the professional of the sins so lavishly charged in previous years.

This season (1922-23) he finds still more cod, and, between strikes, he decides that they are "hatchery fish," a convenient escape from his dilemma.

Catches of above thirty per rod running up to 40 lb. fish are being taken on boats carrying twenty or more knights of the rod. The two seasons together comprise the greatest cod fishing off New York within the memory of the living.

Being convinced that the old ocean is still quite capable of managing its own affairs regardless of the direct activities of man, the writer rejects the idea that the hatchery has any appreciable influence in the remarkable return staged by Gadus during the years 1921 and 1922, and has looked elsewhere for the cause, craving the privilege of giving his conclusions their first publicity by laying them before the British Sea Anglers' Society in slight requitement for honors previously conferred.

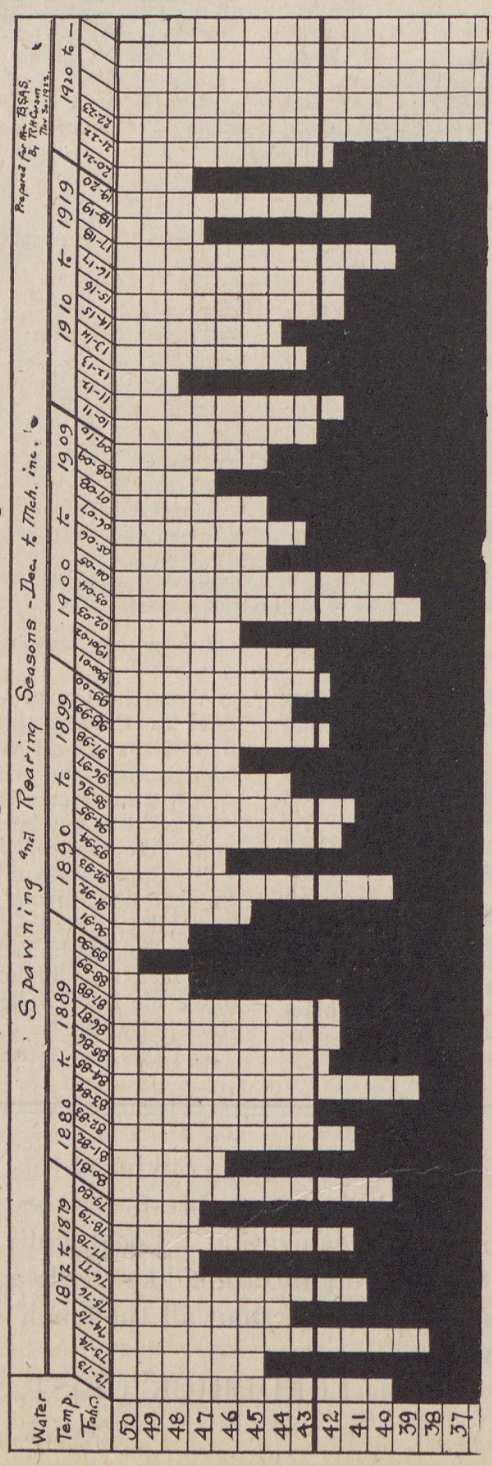
Associating the phenomenon of the "Coney Island" cod's return with natural oceanic conditions, and giving heed to the oft-repeated view that water temperature is a most important factor in the migrations of fish, dictating as it must the presence and absence of food, a representation was sought of the water temperatures prevailing during the cod seasons of the past—for if nature doesn't hatch 'em, certainly we cannot catch 'em.

The weather bureau records at New York offered a starting point. These were consulted, and the monthly mean of December, January, February and March reduced to a single mean for each season, this being charted according to the air temperature scale. Then, as water temperatures during the period are found to run about ten degrees above monthly mean air temperatures during the periods under consideration, the simple expedient of erasing the air scale and writing in a new one, ten degrees higher, was employed to reproduce the water temperature means.

Thus will be found on the chart herewith submitted an approximation of the mean water temperature on the spawning grounds of this particular block of the cod family, displayed for the four months of his annual visit with sufficient accuracy for use in a rough comparison with the annual ups and downs in the numbers of visitors. The periods of four months covers not only the spawning and the hatching, but extends to include the post-larval interval, in which the well recognized and most necessary cataclysmic death rate occurs, without which the sea would become so replete with fish that its waters would submerge the continents.

Marine fish culture finds success in the artificial propagation of cod in water of 38 to 43 Fahrenheit. Therefore, a line is drawn across the chart at the higher point on the scale to separate the theoretically favourable seasons below it from the unfavourable above it; and, somewhat surprisingly, this line is close to the normal

(Continued on page 53)


A Study of Water Temperatures on the Range of the Fish
Spawning and Rearing Seasons - Dec. to Mch. inc.
Water Temp. Fahr.
1872 to 1879
1880 to 1889
1890 to 1899
1900 to 1909
1910 to 1919
1920 to —

NOTE:—*Seasons of Low Temperature (those below heavy line) regarded as bringing many fry through post-larval stage to augment spawners of fourth succeeding season. Seasons above line regarded as bringing few or none to fingerling stage. Water Temperature computed by adding 10 degrees to air temperature at New York as recorded by Weather Bureau.*

John Moreland on the Upper Mississippi

Third installment of the continuation of John Moreland, Fisherman, which ran in this magazine in the issues of Sept., Oct., and Nov., 1922.

By WILL H. DILG

Painting by Frank L. Stick

BOTH outfits still lingered about the Minnieska district fishing up and down river for ten or more miles. This region long famous for yielding big bass had a compelling charm about it which held the Victory and Winner crews. Perhaps the reputation of an old veteran fly caster who had fished this section for years and had taken many a five pound black bass here had something to do with their clinging to the neighborhood. Both Bill Pohlman and Nate Ward had during past years acted as boatman for this devotee of fishing for bass with a fly and who knew every wing, dam and slough and the best waters and spots where big fish were apt to be found.

Buffalo slough and its running waters, and the "million dollar bank" had its attractions too, especially for Nate Ward, and many a giant bass it had yielded to the rods of the anglers he had rowed. Then too West Newton slough had its reputation for big fish, particularly one black clay bank about a half mile up from where it poured into the Father of Waters. In truth much of the history of the Upper river was connected with these two romantically beautiful streams.

Through Buffalo in the good old days ran the main channel and many's the mighty steamboat had plied its waters before engineers had begun their work of ruin along the old river. West Newton too had a beauty all its own. Here had been located a giant camp of two thousand lumberjacks where at night time tales were told of the mythical Paul Bunyon and his mighty powers. On the wooded banks of West Newton slough there still lives a hermit lumberjack, a sort of a poet is this old ancient, and many's the tale he tells of the brave old days when lumber held sway along the river. A strain of philosophy too runs through his talks and fortunate indeed is the mortal who has the power of understanding and can awaken his memories. "For fifty years I have seen man try to wreck the river—they have cut down her mighty forests—they have dammed her sloughs and done their best to spoil God's country, but man just aint big enough to do it."

The fact that John Moreland was in the lead by three ounces with his four pound two ounce bass spread like a prairie fire throughout the upper river country, and the crew of the Winner were a cocky lot, especially Pete Lafitte who lorded it over Lars Peterson. Daily these two met at Peshons' store to buy supplies and to hear old Pete talk, the $5,000 bet was already won by the Moreland outfit. Lars notwithstanding continued to press his bets and the two cooks now had more than one hundred dollars wagered.

Both the Moreland and the Strong launches were each morning tied side by side at Peshons' boom. The residents sensing excitement and knowing that Jim Crow, Strong's extra boatman, and Clarence Hastings, Moreland's extra man, were both famous fighters, daily expected a clash between these two, the knowing ones being surprised that a fight had not already resulted but that these two would eventually fight was not doubted. Both Bill Pohlman and Nate Ward realized that Crow and Hastings would rather fight than eat and had taken the precaution to pledge each to avoid an encounter.

Human nature though is human nature and what is bred in the bone will out, and so one hot morning while Crow and Hastings were getting their daily supply of ice from Peshons' ice house a dispute arose over the ownership of a cake of ice. A fight would likely have been avoided had it not been for the assembled villagers who twitted the pair and urged them on, but even with all the kidding this fighting pair of game cocks might have escaped a battle, but when Crow called Hastings by his first name, Clarence, and with a la-de-da tone to his voice, that settled matters. Hastings fairly hated his given name and from boyhood it had meant, when spoken in the tone Crow used, but one word and that word was, fight.

Now if there is any doubt in the reader's mind about the fighting powers of Crow and Hastings—ask the people of Minnieska as the battle is a matter of history there. Crow was the bigger man while Hastings was the quicker and after an hour of constant battle the two were so exhausted that they merely staggered and would fall down when they struck at each other. Big Bill Lorenz—village constable—finally stopped the fight which was by unanimous consent declared a draw.

The two battlers were truly a done-up pair and if both had not been as tough as nails a physician would have been needed.

"Let's get out of here and make for down river and try the Winneshiek bottoms Pete talks so much about," said John Moreland to Bill after he saw how badly Hastings was beaten up. "These two roosters are likely to kill each other the next time they meet."

"Just what I've been thinking," said Pohlman. "Only, I'd like to fish the Genoa district for a few days on the way down to the Winneshiek. There are some wonderful black clay banks in that district."

"Alright—let's go," and so after an hour of busy preparation the Moreland outfit was headed down river.

Now when Walter Strong saw the plight of Jim Crow, he too decided to make for other scenes and four hours behind The Winner sped the Victory.

Nate Ward, however, having memories of big ones taken in days agone about Pidgeon Island, a point a few miles below Trempeleau, decided to give that district a try out.

The Strong outfit reached "Pidgeon" a few hours before sunset. The evening was grey and misty and the air heavy with a warm summer day's fog. "Just the right kind of sky for big fish. We ought to do business right now and win that $5,000.00 bet this evening," said the wily old Nate, as they started out and as he rowed to some favorite dams he told how Judge Bond, a Supreme Court judge, had taken five and six pound bass in that region in the old days.

Now about a mile below Pidgeon Island there is on the Wisconsin side a wonderful old time wing dam. For more than thirty years it has stood there and on a warm summer evening often-times extra big bass are found on it, especially near the point where the water swiftly rushes over it.

Walter Strong reached this ancient dam at just the right time. Ten minutes earlier would have been too soon and ten minutes later too late. There is a time when big bass hunt in swift water as all informed fly casters for river bass know, and Strong struck it just at the proper time to have a chance of hooking a big fish.

There was the sustained hush of evening as the two silently floated down stream. Nate Ward quietly guiding the boat toward the point of the dam, as the deep shadows of night were sinking deeply down along the river. Those who love running waters know the feel of

such an evening and they also know how gently murmurs the river at such a time and they know too the soft sigh of the expiring day as it spreads over the darkening waters.

As the silent pair drew near the dam, the tranquil whisperings of the evening were interrupted by the sudden splash and plunge of a big fish as it rushed for minnows at the point of the dam. The two came to with a jolt and the poetry and the music of the evening was forgotten in a flash.

"There's your big fish, that's a real bass and we must get him as you may not have another chance for as big a fish as that one this summer," half commanded Nate Ward.

Walter Strong was using a "Brann's Glory," a wounded feather minnow, quite the proper lure for an evening such as was this one. The big fish struck twice as the boat drew near. Nate cautiously eased the boat as close to the dam as he dared before he advised Strong to make the cast.

"Now Mr. Strong," said he in well controlled excitement, "cast your fly right at the point of the dam where the water rushes over the rocks, but for God's sake don't get hung upon that stick that juts out."

"I'll do my best," whispered Strong as he whipped out his fly. The cast was fine—in truth it was too fine because his hook was imbedded in the no more than an inch thick stick Ward had cautioned him about. If the cast had been a sixteenth of an inch to the right, it would have been perfect. A groan escaped Walter Strong as he felt the hook stuck fast.

"Give it a quick hard jerk," ordered Nate. Strong obeyed instructions, and by the grace of the god of fisherman's luck, the hook pulled out from the rotten willow stick. The next cast was just right and Strong's lure was taken with a smash the instant it touched the water and the sound of the strike popped like the crack of a pistol. A whoop of joy escaped from old Nate as he saw that Strong had hooked the big bass.

The first rush down stream of the giant bass almost jerked the rod from Strong's grasp. More than sixty feet of line shrieked from the reel as the fish sped down river in its first mighty rush for liberty. Then night came on just as the fish made its first break and even in the now almost complete darkness it was seen to be of uncommon size.

"We must get him, we must get him," Strong repeated over and over again, and his heart meanwhile pounded against his ribs like the beat of a hammer.

Never was there more fight crammed into a black bass than nature had given to this one. After thirty minutes the fish had not even exhibited the first signs of surrender. It seemed impossible to conquer it. The reader must understand that both Walter Strong and Nate Ward were old men and that a strange oppression comes over one while battling a big fish in darkness. It is no easy task for a young man to hold a boat for a half hour in an eight mile current, and Nate was far from a youngster, but as gritty as they make them. Strong was now breathing hard and he was desperately tired, but there was no thought of quitting, instead he labored on and with the greatest of care no matter how hard the fish battled on in the darkness, though the moon by this time was just beginning to peep over the black hill tops.

"I wish he would come to the top oftener and slash the water because that would help tire him out," said Nate. "I hate a fish that hangs down low and jerks away as does this one," gasped Strong.

No sooner had Strong panted forth this remark than the fish came up in a mad leap. It struck the water flat on its side and the sound was quite like the slap of a paddle when forcibly banged upon the surface of the water.

"What's the matter—I think I've lost him—No I haven't—he's still on—but all the fight has gone out of him—he's only a dead weight."

"Reel him in carefully—that fish killed himself when he broke—broke something having to do with his heart. I've known that to happen before with big heavy fish. Reel him in carefully," said Nate, "he's your fish—if the hook don't fall out. Start him a-coming while I get the net ready."

Walter Strong followed directions and the big bass came to the net without a struggle and Nate netted him easily. The moon now circled into sight and silvered the river with its light. The two tired but happy fishermen looked at the fish and its great size in speechless amazement. Out came Nate's flash light and they could see the fish was stone dead.

First the bass was measured and that showed it to be 25 inches in length. Then it was weighed and it pulled the scales down to five pounds and two ounces.

"We win," said Strong—"Yes, we win," said Ward. "Let's take a drink." "Alright, we need one," answered Nate, and out came Strong's silver flask. A big hooker was poured into their drinking cups by each. "To our winning fish," triumphantly cried Strong. "Here goes," saluted Nate and after he wiped his mouth he said "That five thousand dollars is as good as won."

So through the moonlight went the rejoicing pair, their hearts singing within them the godlike pleasures of victory.

Let us for a moment leave Strong and Ward with their happiness and take a peep at John Moreland and Bill Pohlman sitting out on the screened-in porch of The Winner. The same moonlight shines on them—only they are in the upper reach of Winneshiek bottoms. Both have been silent for some minutes. "How much do you think that bass weighed I pricked this evening and do you think he will be there tomorrow morning?" asked Moreland. "That bass weighed six pounds if it weighed an ounce. You only scratched him and he'll stick to the mouth of that little slough till the water goes down at least three or more inches. Let's get up at day-break and go get him," said Bill. "Yes, we have got to get that fish," said Moreland.

(Concluded in the September issue)

I HAVE been watching the Izaak Walton League for some time, and knew the close connection my dear friend Dr. van Dyke had with it, and felt sure that it was the greatest movement towards conservation abroad in the country. God bless it in every shape, manner and form.

Last winter you helped us out here save the lakes along the Tetons. Your telegram with 60,000 names behind it accomplished in one minute what a score of men working for years might have failed to do.

Of course, I will be delighted to contribute for the magazine, and I want to join the League. I've seen so much of the game-hog, the beauty-robber and the ignoramus that I want to fight—a good deal of the time I feel like fighting with my fists.

Warmest congratulations,

STRUTHERS BURT.

Emerson Hough fly casting somewhere in the Ozarks.

Emerson Hough and the Barbless Hook

By OZARK RIPLEY

FROM the banks of an Ozark stream several years ago to July of this year at Meddybemps, Maine, involved the passing of many queer events and many hours of travel. Emerson Hough, one of America's foremost sportsmen and writers, strangely was the persistent urge of this article. I visualized him in the Maine woods, just as vitally as I sensed him by my side as we sat on the banks of Current River in one of its most riotous spring moods.

It needs no flight of fancy to seem again in the presence of Emerson Hough, for with such clearness comes to mind our conversations, as together we viewed the raging water of the swiftly flowing river.

Emerson Hough was intensely vital, tremendously human, even as are the rivers of our youth, though they can speak only in the words of shattering long gravel shoals, incessant rapids, which we, as well as the rugged hills and flanking hardwoods, interpret as a language too sacred for other ears than His and those who understand the voices of the wild places.

Sermonizing was none of Emerson Hough's way. Seated on an old flood-thrown log he spoke plainly and straightly on the subject at issue, indulging in no theories, but irrefutably convinced that the barbless hook had a part to play in saving our game fish from extermination.

That is why I carried Emerson Hough's memory to Meddybemps, Maine, for I realized that a barbless fly for bass or trout was just as effective as the barbed kind, and ultimately could be used exclusively in the fishing sport which the bass bugs, feather minnows and all kinds of trout and bass flies have made such a kingly one.

Years ago I used a barbless hook, but found that though it hooked a fish well, it was the very old Nick to disengage it. You had to twist and twist to get the "keepers" and the undersized ones off. But though your intentions were good, when you released the tiny chaps they had been so manhandled there was little likelihood of their surviving though placed immediately thereafter in the water.

Emerson Hough was a firm believer in a barbless hook. He saw there was something to it more than a chance to exploit over-ethical ideas, but rather an actual opportunity to save many fish. He had experienced the same troubles as I, so it was easy to see why the memory of a day on Current river had a marked impression on an angler's mind at famed Meddybemps in Maine, many years after.

The change in the crooks in the new barbless hooked flies, sponsored by "Smiling Bill," caused me to put in a supply.

Up into Bear Cove well protected from the winds that often make Maine waters the subject of venal outbursts on the part of anglers, we worked and then on back into the shallows very close to the heather and cranberry. Bass among lilies was our objective. Our bait, the most strangely equipped plug probably that had ever been seen in these waters—a small red-headed, white-bodied, slender, short thing with a dipping plate in the head, furnished only with a single detachable hook and for which we substituted a barbless Rube Wood. It was designed for a six-foot bait casting rod which accommodates itself best to ¼ ounce and sometimes under stress of occasion ½ ounce lures. It was indeed rather a singular looking affair—a veritable anachronism—a single hooked tiny plug with a fly attached which in no manner destroyed its action. The little blue eyed partner of the family pointed the rod in the placid opening among the blooming white lilies. That is her way of aiming to cast. Up came the tip in line with the right eye until almost vertical. Then by a quick wrist movement the forward cast sent the strange little lure to its mark. Those blue eyes simply sparkled with delight, and evidenced some of the thrills experienced by their owner the instant the tiny plug struck water and the animated flashing 4 pound Micropterous smashed.

It is always best to let anglers fight their own battles. I did. The feminine end of the family hung on through every leap and each resourceful effort that the frantic, battling small mouth made. He found he could neither cast the hook nor wear out the tireless, enthusiastic slender disciple. When I knelt down in the boat and disengaged the valiant bronze warrior my fancy carried me back to a favorite stream and my talk there with Emerson Hough on the subject of a barbless hook.

A hook that a small mouth with its surpassing store of tricks cannot throw surely will hold any fish in existence but it was useless to credit it with a record for achievements, until also it had performed more and variously. But the memory of the opinions of the noted author and sportsman after whom the famous Emerson Hough trout fly was named, reassured me. This was his favorite—a creation which he had made with his friend William Wood solely out of natural buck tail hair and tied so that all the crawl and insectlike actions are closely imitated. I believe that in Emerson Hough's

opinion there was never a more killing fly. So I used the Emerson Hough fly tied on a barbless hook of "Smiling Bill's" designing, though the completed effect suffered some in appearance from my crude handicraft.

If once you have visited Sixteen streams everlastingly you will recall its winding route through heather and the Lord knows what not, that on a hot day will try

Ozark Ripley at Meddybemps, Maine.

the patience of any angler. You could not forget the going if you wanted. It is bad enough but its approaches in the small waterways in the hills full of damp timber thickets and wild meadows so small that only by courtesy the name is given to them. The little openings of tall, cutting dank grass amidst the spruces conceal the stream and only is one aware of its meanderings when with a sudden thud one finds oneself submerged on all fours. Such is the beginning of Sixteen streams and the ending of its tortuous windings surpass most countries in the world for impossible entanglements and many varied ways of making an angler's progress halting, disagreeable and punctuated with exclamations no minister has ruled as proper.

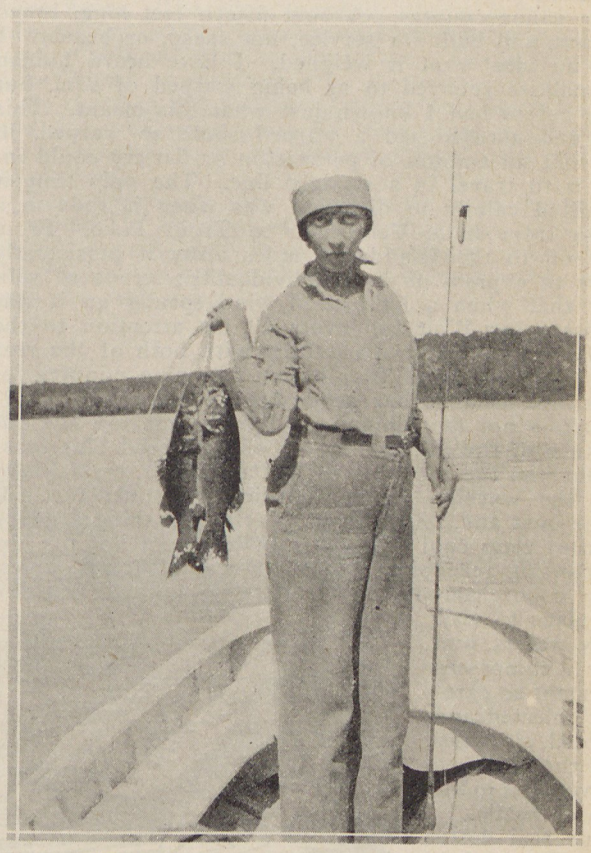
Fred, the supposed guide, was impossible. Our Western dialect seemed utterly unintelligible to him. In fifteen minutes we were guiding him and showing him better passageways in his own country than he knew himself, as well as forcing him to use a barbless, for he persisted in fishing with a long shanked 1/0 hook and taking undersized trout amidst logs and rocks among the wandering little cold brooks we encountered everywhere. Fred needed education, mostly that all trout around 6 inches could not be kept nor returned safely to the stream after being caught with his outfit, and that a barbless hook with its singular bend held the wiggling little redspots, as well as that the undersized chaps could be returned to the water without being injured in the least.

None of Fred's promises of big trout came to fulfillment until Sixteen streams spread out wide amidst the heather and the first cast of an Emerson Hough, the natural hair tied right over a Brown Hackle barbless, brought the rise of a monster Fontinalis.

The big trout missed. From the position in which I stood on the tremulous heather sod and at such height I was concealed as I knew from past experience. The fish had neither seen me nor suspected anything out of the ordinary in connection with the fly. Immediate verification of this came at my second cast. It is not an everyday matter for one to take a four-pound trout. He fought tigerishly and though perhaps devoid of the resourcefulness in throwing hooks, possessed by a small mouth bass, he displayed all the tricks of his kind as well as the full vigor of a four-pound fish that lives in cold water.

With the sod shaking beneath me, and hindered further by the impossibility of wading the deep water in which the trout was fighting it was no easy matter to land him until finally I discovered a tiny pool to which I led him, where amidst obstructing alders and myriads of black flies and mosquitoes I coaxed him into my net.

Softly the evening came all in the splendor of pink light and the tint of sacred moments. Then dusk, and at last darkness when I turned from Bear Cove into Meddybemps and started up the long daisy cluttered wild meadow to camp. Stars innumerable twinkled and



"The little blue eyed partner of the family."

brought on that inevitable sensation of pensiveness and my thoughts flung quickly from fancy to facts in the quiet serenity of the hour.

Emerson Hough and the barbless hook centered my thoughts. The one passing away while the other was beginning to show its potency. The ideas of the great sportsman writer absorbed my mind and the things we had discussed in the Ozarks suddenly had full sway with me in the Maine woods.

With reminiscence comes its associates, visualization and retrospect, all aided by the charm of the cool evening and twinkling heavens to start a train of thoughts into action. The wild always has precedence and our condemnation when it is abused. Would that the preachers

(Continued on page 56)

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

Things Are Not What They Seem

By ROYDEN E. TULL

Illustrations by Everett E. Lowry

THE perversity of things inanimate—if canoes may be called inanimate—and the certainty of the unexpected may point a moral to this tale, if there is a moral.

Walt and I were camping on an island in Trout Lake. We were both tenderfeet, but I did profess to some knowledge of the water and its ways, and I have great adaptability and much initiative: I admit it myself. On the other hand, Walt is a landsman pure and simple, but neither too pure nor too simple. For instance: when a fellow with a covered basket at the landing made certain cabalistic signs and went into the brush, Walt casually disappeared into a convenient thicket and returned in a few minutes wearing a beatific smile, a mysterious, slim, round package, and exuding a pleasing fragrance.

Did I say we were tenderfeet? If I did, it was entirely unnecessary for I must also tell you we took a skiff into a canoe country. A boat fifteen feet long, broad of beam, and built for service, not speed, or beauty. I have no idea what it weighed. I have heard human personalities referred to as being warped of soul, but never before had I known just what this meant. This boat undoubtedly had a warped soul: so warped, in fact, that no amount of persuasion or flattery could induce it to travel in a straight line. The only time it submitted calmly to direction was when it rode in a wagon from Lake Vermillion to Trout Lake. From there on to the Island, six miles away it persistently strove to express its own individuality; strove so valiantly that when a light head wind sprung up it was necessary for Walt to devote all his attention to the left oar while I strove manfully with both of the rear pair. Our record of four hours, fifty-nine minutes for the entire distance has never been equaled.

Walt is not amphibious, as I said; not for him the romance of the heaving bosom of the broad blue seas; not for him the enchantments of a rippling, crystal lake, with the wavelets lapping musically against the side of the boat and, on occasion, playfully dashing a gallon or so of clear cool lake water in his face; not for him the dancing reaches of a boulder-strewn stream, unless safely ashore among the boulders. So that in spite of our plans to visit many waters, and our compasses and maps so carefully selected and guarded, six miles was the limit to our voyages in the ship of battle.

Our real destination for the first night was an abandoned logging camp, but that was occupied so we pitched our tent on the outjutting point of a beautiful little Island. It was an ideal situation. There was a lovely level spot for the tent, a made-to-order place for a fire, lots of fir boughs, and we thought we were sitting pretty.

Perhaps you remember that I spoke of the wind? Well, it did not go down with the sun, as a well regulated wind should. In fact it became more and more militant as the sun waned. We did get a fire started at last, but the only way we could boil the coffee was to hang the pot on the lee side of the fire, for the flames were flattened out, in a horizontal bar, level with the top of the pile of burning wood. We eventually had to put stones on the ends of the burning sticks to keep them from following the smoke. There was one advantage, though; we could stand on one side of that fire and not get our eyes full of smoke. That was not true of other fires we knew later.

Supper was finally eaten and the dishes washed, blistered hands protesting, the while, against hot soapsuds, and two utterly weary voyageurs sought the blankets. The tent was pegged out over a beautiful bed of pine needles which made a fine foundation for our couch of boughs but did not afford very secure anchorage for the short tent stakes. I think I mentioned the wind. Sometime in the night the tent parted company with the ground and lodged in a near-by thicket. We tried, clad in night-shirts and sox, to rescue the poor lost thing and lead it back home; but as it persisted in its wayward career we were compelled to abandon it to its fate and go back to lie on the bed to prevent that from blowing away too. Is it necessary to say that we moved to another camp-site as soon as possible?

The new location was perfect. A huge rock sloped gently up from the water's edge and terminated in a flat, well drained top; giant conifers, in one of which a pair of chattering little squirrels were harvesting cones, sentineled three sides of the small clearing, while a dense growth of birch and poplar nearly enclosed it, giving protection from every direction, and adding a pleasant note of seclusion very grateful to inexperienced campers. The view over the lake, enhanced by the frame of living green, was superb. Here we spent several days of complete satisfaction and contentment; a contentment that was only shattered when our rambles on the mainland disclosed a very fishy looking stream which could be reached in no other way than by a portage of several hundred yards.

We made several ineffectual attempts to take the battleship over, but our best efforts never got it beyond the narrow beach. I know I exerted the Herculean strength of my one hundred thirty pounds, but I have always suspected that Walt sort of laid down on the job—or the boat.

"Sometime in the night the tent parted company with the ground."

We thought our troubles were over when we discovered a canoe cached near the river end of the portage. Not that either of us knew anything about a canoe, or had ever been in one; but did that make any difference? It did not: neither did the ownership of the canoe give us a moment's pause. We searched diligently for paddles but they were not to be discovered, so we cut poles, launched the canoe, gathered our tackle and started

out. Being the most experienced on the water, and of a generous disposition, I took the stern and the pole and furnished the motive power while Walt very considerately exhibited each of the fish to me as he caught them. This trip ended safely, and when we returned to camp we improvised some paddles from a couple of boards and some pieces of birch pole. The next day was a repetition of the first, except that on this day Walt's generosity extended to letting me net the fish as he caught them, and that, on our return to the portage, we found the real paddles. Now we were sitting pretty, and promised ourselves an extended voyage on the morrow.

Bright and early in the morning we packed our lunch, tackle, revolver, etc., in the canoe and set sail. "To what vanity does the good opinion we have of ourselves push us!" We had no thought of Montaigne, nor of any other dispenser of good advice, as we set confidently out this morning, with our positions reversed. I held that it was not fair to Walt to make him do all the heavy work—casting, hooking and landing fish, and things like that—so after some argument as to whether he should allow me to overtax my strength in that way, I took the bow seat and the rod, while he furnished the substitute for the evinrude.

We did not fish much until afternoon, but spent our time in exploring the further reaches of the river, and congratulating ourselves upon our success with the new paddles. Walt said it was not well for me to tire myself out so early in the day, that after lunch I might try fishing for a while, but that he did not want me to suffer from over-exertion, and anyway there was probably much better fishing further up the stream. It had been clouding up slowly all day, and by the time I began fishing a fine mist was falling. The river was narrow and crooked, we had been told that it was shallow, so we had no fear of upsetting, even had there been a possibility of such a thing with our fine new paddles.

Luck was with me from the start, and I caught several small ones. Then I hooked the daddy of them all. To handle such a fish successfully in a narrow stream, it is necessary to keep the canoe headed his way as much as possible. Fully realizing my own superior ability as a navigator, I kept a continual stream of advice about the handling of the paddles flowing Walt's way. Probably some of the signals became mixed with his directions about the proper way to handle the fish. Whatever the reason, I told him to shove quickly on one side of the canoe, and leaned over to counteract the thrust to prevent a spill. He thrust on the opposite side, and there was an instant transition from the canoe to the drink.

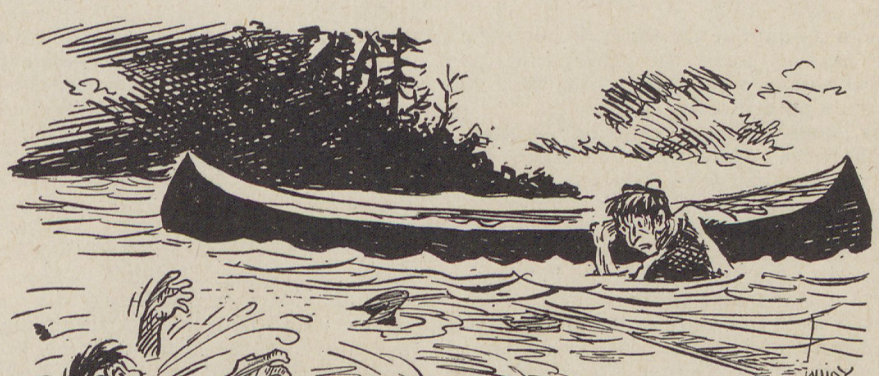
As we went over, I, with the great presence of mind for which I am noted, grabbed the bow of the craft, and as soon as my eyes were free from water, started replacing the things in the half-filled canoe, shouting instructions to my partner, the while. Not getting a reply, I looked around to discover the reason. About thirty yards away was a great geyser that revealed nothing but a pair of wildly flailing hands, and two eyes as big as saucers. These I finally connected with my vanished companion.

In reply to my question as to his occupation, he sputtered: "They s-s-said this river w-w-as s-s-s-shallow, and I t-t-tried to wade out, b-b-but it's too d-d-dam deep. G-g-g-guess I better s-swim." Which he proceeded to do, with many earnest remarks.

I towed the canoe to shore and attempted to climb out of the water, but I couldn't make the grade. I had on a pair of water-proofed pants, tucked into the tops of high boots. The water came in at the belt but could not run out, so that from the waist down I was a perfect Irvin Cobb, while from the belt up, I was brother to Vice President Marshall.

By the time everybody and everything was bailed out, the rain was coming down with a right good will, so we returned to camp because we did not want to be out in the wet.

The mysterious, slim, round package of the landing, unopened in anticipation of an emergency, the central figure of many roseate dreams, carefully guarded, and carried in the canoe in the fear of unannounced visitors, was the only thing lost.



"With the great presence of mind for which I am noted, I grabbed the bow of the craft—"

THEODORE ROOSEVELT said that of the thousands of cartoons made of him during his eight years' administration, the one he liked best was one by Everett E. Lowry. This cartoon hung over President Roosevelt's desk in Washington and then in his home at Oyster Bay, and now forms a part of the Roosevelt memorial collection.

Turn to Page 25 of this magazine and see Mr. Lowry's remarkable cartoon on the Winneshiek drainage project.

The Height of My Ambition

By ELMER E. RAWDON

TO me, ever since I had been able to read an outdoor magazine, a fly fisherman had been the highest order of genus homo. I had placed him just a little higher than painters, sculptors and writers, and as I was but an ordinary young man, I had just about as much hope of becoming a fly fisherman as the ordinary young man has of becoming a sculptor.

I think I would have parted almost with my right arm if somehow I could have become acquainted with a fly fisherman. Just to know him and hear him talk would have been worth almost any possession I had. Oh, yes, I was a fisherman in the same proportion that a house painter is to the portrait painter. I was a cane-pole bluegill, perch and shad fisherman to the 'nth degree. I always had been a fisherman, from the time I could play hookey from school, cut a willow pole and fish for shiners off the old bridge that crossed a little creek back home, and I enjoyed it; in fact, I have spent some of the most pleasant hours of my life that way. Right here I wish to state that I do not discredit the cane-pole fisherman one little bit, for he can be just as much a real sportsman as anyone on earth, if he wishes. I do say, though, if he only knew the thrills and clean sport that is made possible with the fly rod, he'd bid farewell to the old cane pole forever.

THIS Angling Memory was awarded the first prize in our story contest beginning August, 1922, and ending August, 1923. It is a veritable preachment on the fair and square practices and the high morale of the fly fisherman. The story rings with an enthusiasm and sincerity that is sure to stir an answering chord within us all and reminds me greatly of the ardent spirit embodied in this League of ours.

WILL H. DILG
Editor, Angling Memories.

No, I was not satisfied with the cane pole—what I wanted was one of those wonderful five-ounce split bamboo fly rods of which I had read so much.

In all these hopes and ambitions I had a very close companion who was my brother, and many were the times that we spoke to each other concerning rods, reels and black bass. Finally, after a great deal of deliberation and reading of "Dr. Henshall's Book on Black Bass," we decided to purchase a fly rod and the necessary tackle for black bass, bluegills and shad. We paid fifteen dollars for the rod, much to the disgust of our cane-pole friends and our immediate relatives. We still have the old rod laid away, broken and marred, but to us it is one of the most wonderful of our possessions, for with it we received the most thrilling ten minutes of our lives.

At first we practiced in a field at the back of our house. One of us would manipulate the rod while the other would read instructions from "Henshall." I can assure you—Oh, well, you all know what we went through, so we'll not go into that, except to say we broke several tips and nearly hung ourselves at times. Finally one bright afternoon we started for Fritzes Lake, which is at present called Wingfoot. Hope we had none, for we knew only too well how crude we were as fly fishermen. However, hugging our rod, a few bluegill flies and a couple of Callmac bugs, we hired a leaky old fishing boat and my brother bravely rowed out on the water—I say bravely, because it took a brave man to row a boat in which I was manipulating a fly. First I tied on a bluegill fly, and now and then I was able to make it flutter down within twenty feet or so of where I aimed—but more times it didn't come that close. Suffice to say, we caught no bluegills but proceeded to fish just the same, all the time keeping clear of boats to save ourselves any embarrassment.

After a while we stopped to rest and it was then that my brother noticed a slight commotion in the water just off a little point far down the shore. We watched the spot for a minute or so and saw it again. He then started rowing in that direction. As we drew nearer we discovered that it was a whale of a bass chasing minnows among a cluster of lily-pads. I immediately took off the bluegill fly and put on a St. Johns Pal. I didn't know its name then, but I shall always remember it now, and somehow it will always be my favorite bug. As my brother rowed the boat within casting distance, which had to be pretty blamed close for me then, I began trying for the spot where we had last seen the old fellow. What made that bass stay in the same lake with me with that big bug coming down, flop! at every cast is more than I will ever be able to understand, but he did, and he stayed right there among those lily-pads. Finally, somehow or other the bug dropped right between two big pads. No sooner had it touched the water when smash! the old lunker took it and himself at the same time, about two feet out of the water. "Strike," yelled my brother, and I struck. Thank the Lord he yelled, for I'd never have struck if he hadn't. I was just struck nearly dumb. The old boy started right for the boat. I tried to take in line as fast as I could, just as I had read about, but somehow my fingers had suddenly become all thumbs and I was helpless. On he came with a slack line. Right under the boat he went, and then I yelled for my brother to do something. I didn't care what he did—I only remember that I wanted help and I wanted it badly. Somewhere I had read, keep a tight line or you'll surely lose the fish. In the meantime my brother had pulled the boat off the slack line as I started to wilt into the seat exclaiming, "He's gone!"

"No he isn't," shouted my brother; "there he is."

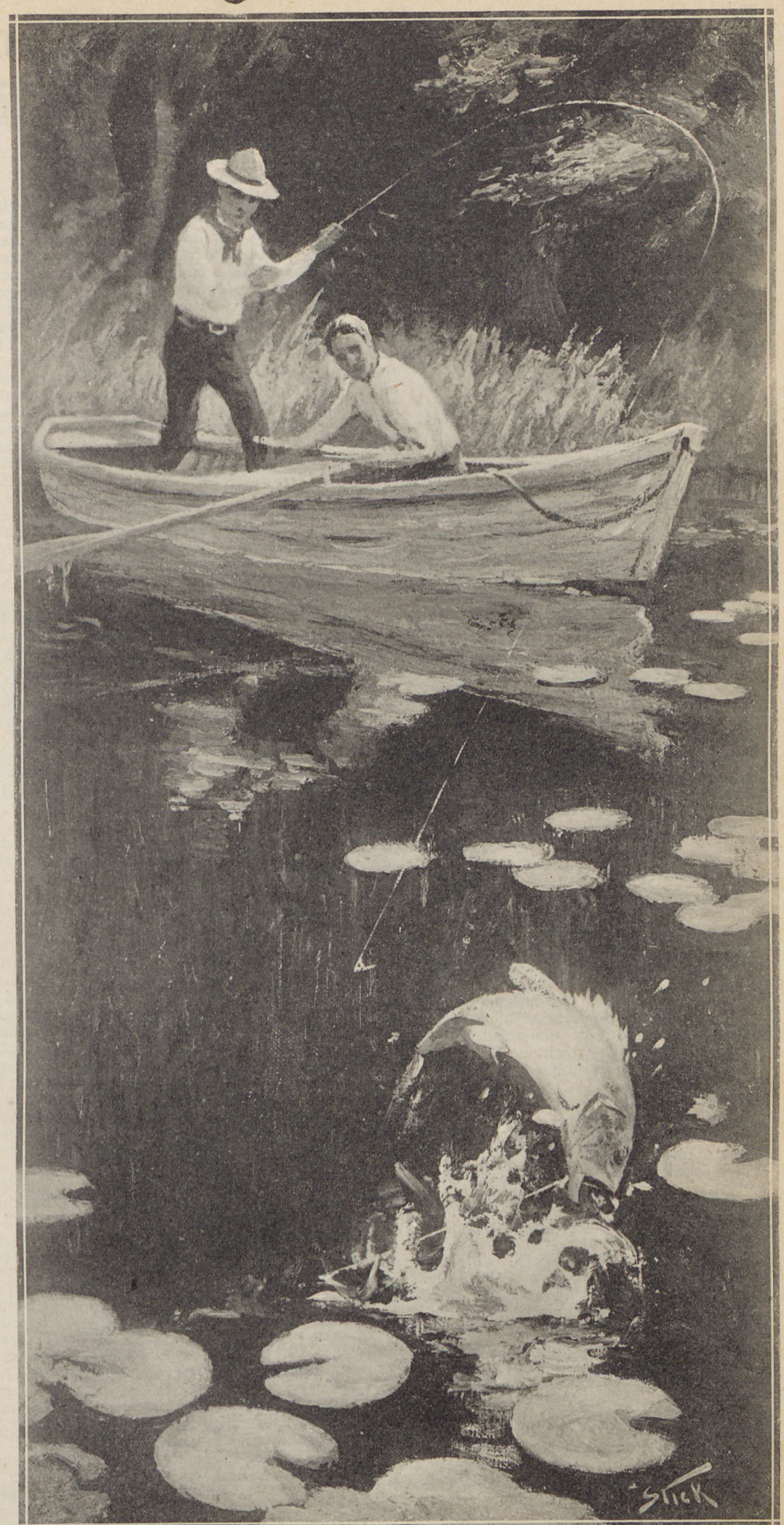
And as he spoke, the big fellow stood on his tail, it seemed for a full minute, shaking his big head like mad. For just an instant I saw his gaping mouth with a little bunch of white feathers clinging to one side. My hope returned and the line tightened as he started for the bottom of the lake. The rod bent like a bow and the line cut the water like the periscope of a miniature submarine. I gave him line sparingly—I had to, for it was all tangled up in the bottom of the boat, and what wasn't tangled up I was standing on. How that line ever came up from the bottom of that boat and passed through the guides of my rod is another mystery of that day that will never be solved. But it did come up, and presently the reel began to sing as Mr. Bass started for the middle of the lake. By this time I had collected myself a little, and I remember of giving the old boy another pretty good strike to make sure the hook was well set. Finally I turned him and he came slowly toward the boat fighting like a demon for every inch of line that I took from him. Sometimes he would dart for the bottom, then

just as suddenly he would make for the surface, clearing the water a foot, shaking his head and lashing his tail like an angry bull. Five times he left the water, and five times he fell back again, making a sound like the slap of an oar on the surface, but each time the little feathered bug clung to those angry jaws. After what seemed ages his rushes became weaker and weaker. Twice I had him up to the side of the boat, but each time he'd make one more dash for the middle of the lake. Then he finally came alongside the boat for the last time. He turned over, and his pretty silver belly blended with the golden setting sun. He was through. He had fought a good fight and now lay perfectly still, completely exhausted. My brother reached down, put his fingers in his great gills and lifted him over the side of the boat. Such a sight for two amateurs on their first trip! There he lay, about four and a half pounds of the fightingest fighter that ever lived. I don't think that either of us will ever again have the feeling of triumph, satisfaction and exultation that we had then as we gazed at that wonderful fish. Our greatest ambitions had at last been realized. We were greater than artists or sculptors. We were real men among men. We had accomplished the impossible—we were fly fishermen.

Just then a boat rowed up alongside of us with two men in it, and one of them said: "Boys, that was the prettiest fight I ever saw. Be careful, though, when you go in, 'cause bass ain't in season yet for four days, and the feller at the boathouse might make some trouble for you." Trouble—we should worry about trouble at a time like this. We'd take the fish in, you bet, and no one would see it, either. Part with a fish like that after we had dreamed of it so long? Not on your tintype! We'd show our cane-pole friends and the folks at home what a real fisherman was, if it cost us a year in jail.

We put the old lunker in a net sack at the back of the boat to keep him alive as long as possible and started for shore. Neither of us were saying much, just thinking. I was thinking of that wonderful fight, but my brother was evidently thinking of something else, for presently he said in a low

(Continued on page 56)



News of the Superior National Forest Recreation Association

By PAUL B. RIIS, Pres. of the Ass'n.

INSEPARABLY linked with the era of conservation in the United States are the names of Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot. To them an inevitable timber shortage was visible at no distant time. The intrepid spirits of these men reacted to the threat of a timber famine. It was Colonel Roosevelt, then President of the United States, who by sheer force of his tremendous personality set aside suitable large tracts, scattered far and wide, for the primary purpose of growing a perpetual stand of timber. This forested domain has been increased until today it covers an area of 156 million acres.

To the United States Department of Agriculture fell the task to administer these tracts with the United States Forest Service in immediate charge of what are now known as the National Forests. So well and creditably have these Forests been managed that the taxpayer, he who pays the freight and gets the benefits, has much cause of self-congratulation.

Most of the forest lands were set aside from public domain as yet unappropriated when the forests were established.

Actually there was not a cent paid for them. Title was just retained in the hands of the citizens of the country. Most of these lands were in the west. In the east the need for large, publicly owned forests was just as great from the standpoint of timber production to support local industries and to protect watersheds. But there was little unappropriated land left there. Not many years ago Congress passed what is known as the "Weeks Law." It provides that lands which have permanent forests on them for watershed protection may be purchased by the United States to serve this purpose. It is necessary for the state legislature to ratify this act before purchases are made and where this has been done there have been forests created out of the slashed and burned waste lands which are best serving when growing timber. These are principally in the east.

The cost of these timberlands when purchased has been extremely low and entirely sound from a business standpoint. The value of future timber has fully justified the price paid for the lands and timber combined, while the economic value of the lands as protected watersheds has considerably enhanced their present valuation.

But further still, nearly all of these lands are invaluable from a recreational standpoint. If no timber production were considered their value as recreation reserves would practically universally justify the government retaining them under public control. They are most valuable to the people of the United States. Even though a timber famine cannot be entirely averted, the situation has been considerably improved by these purchases. Timber production and timber harvest are fulfilling their expections, and further, we have these extensive areas as giant playgrounds.

The preservation and reforestation of watersheds is naturally a slow process and its results do not become at once visible. Its economic benefits, however, forty years to come will be cumulative, ultimately resulting in natural stream and flood control with timber production a secondary object.

Scenic values are little and in many cases perhaps only temporarily marred under accepted present-day methods of silviculture. The Forest Service religiously aims to protect scenic values along the natural highways of travel, harvesting only mature timber. Thus, many of our National Forests to all intents and purposes serve in the dual capacity of timber lands and recreational areas, their esthetic values little harmed through rational economic exploitation. The important thought presented here is that all economic functions of a forest may be carried on without materially injuring recreational values present if a logical plan and policy are followed.

The United States Forest Service long ago sensed the recreational possibilities of the lands in their keeping. However, being primarily technically trained foresters, rather than experts in recreation planning and development, they have invited the co-operation and suggestions from associations living near the Forests and specifically formed to assist through advice or otherwise in the recreational development of certain Forests. All of these associations but one are of a purely local scope and the results from this co-operative arrangement have been mutually beneficial.

The Superior National Forest Recreation Association is the only one nationally organized. Its officers, directors and members come from all points of the compass. This was the result of the Duluth Conference in April concerning the threatened mishandling of the Superior National Forest. Formed from the floor of the conference it was charged with aiding the recreational development of the Superior National Forest. Its functions are similar to those of like associations, though with a larger vision of forest recreation serving the nation. While official recognition by the Forest Service remains but a matter of form, every courtesy has been extended to the association by the Service and its advice sought principally in matters of forest roads.

A highly satisfactory decision reached by the Forest Service and based on suggestions offered by the national conservation organizations, but more clearly articulated by the newly formed association canceled for the present the entire Ely-Buyck road and a part of the Ely-Gunflint and Grand Marais-Gunflint roads. The latter roads as originally planned were to form auto tourists' circle roads via Duluth-Ely-Gunflint-Grand Marais-Duluth.

Now the Forest Service contemplates the building of a low-grade forest administration road, on two locations where they are badly needed from a fire protection standpoint. The base of one will be at Ely and its terminus at the Fernberg Lookout Station. The association approved of this road inasmuch as it conforms to a mutually acceptable policy for forest administrative roads and does not touch upon lakes and waterways now serving as regular canoe routes which are the charm of this forest, nor does it otherwise impair recreational values.

The Grand Marais-Gunflint Road, lying in the eastern part of the Superior National Forest, will be built as a serviceable auto road as far as Gunflint Lake which is the first one of the boundary waters encountered. Other means of transportation except over an intricate canoe trail are impractical as traffic lines reaching this part of the forest and this motor highway will place the traveler quickly on a motor boat trunk line from which as a base he may choose his trail. He may travel Gunflint over the boundary waters or branch off over canoe trails into the interior of the Forest as he wills.

This road also puts the Forest Service on trunk water lines from whence they are able to reach a large part of the Forest by canoe. Still other roads, as yet tentatively considered, may be built later, as administrative trunk lines serving lateral pack-horse trails that will put every part of the Forest within reach of fire crews in a few hours' travel.

The United States Forest Service, to follow recommendations of the association and in order to proceed with these roads, was obliged to forego $160,000 of state and county funds, pledged for auto highways. There can be no question of the lasting gratitude of our friends, the people of the United States and the association towards this action of the United States Forest Service. It definitely identifies them as deeply sympathetic with human contact with woodland places which has made of us the foremost nation that has gathered its strength of body and high ideals in the wholesome surroundings of God-made forms. It has definitely demonstrated that officials of this governmental bureau recognize a forest value not measured in board feet, pounds of beef or units of horsepower. They have taken a great progressive step in protecting the essential recreation values of the Superior Forest. At present it appears nothing short of the heroic to burn behind them the bridges of financial aid. As time goes on the wisdom of this action will become apparent. But it behooves us and our friends to show our gratitude in concrete form by supporting the Forest Service in every forward move in conserving the priceless recreational values in the National Forests wherever they may be located.

There are still other questions deeply affecting the future of the Superior National Forest that have come to the attention of the association. These as well as the road problems are intimately linked with the ultimate public ownership of the entire area. The purchase of private lands within the Forest and the extension of its present range are of paramount importance. To accomplish this our friends must again stand

(Continued on page 52)

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

Help Save the Winneshiek Bottoms

DO you realize that good natured old Uncle Sam is still permitting private interests, under one excuse or another, to lop off this country's natural resources with a broadax? It's a fact. Greed is cutting into the quick, and it hurts.

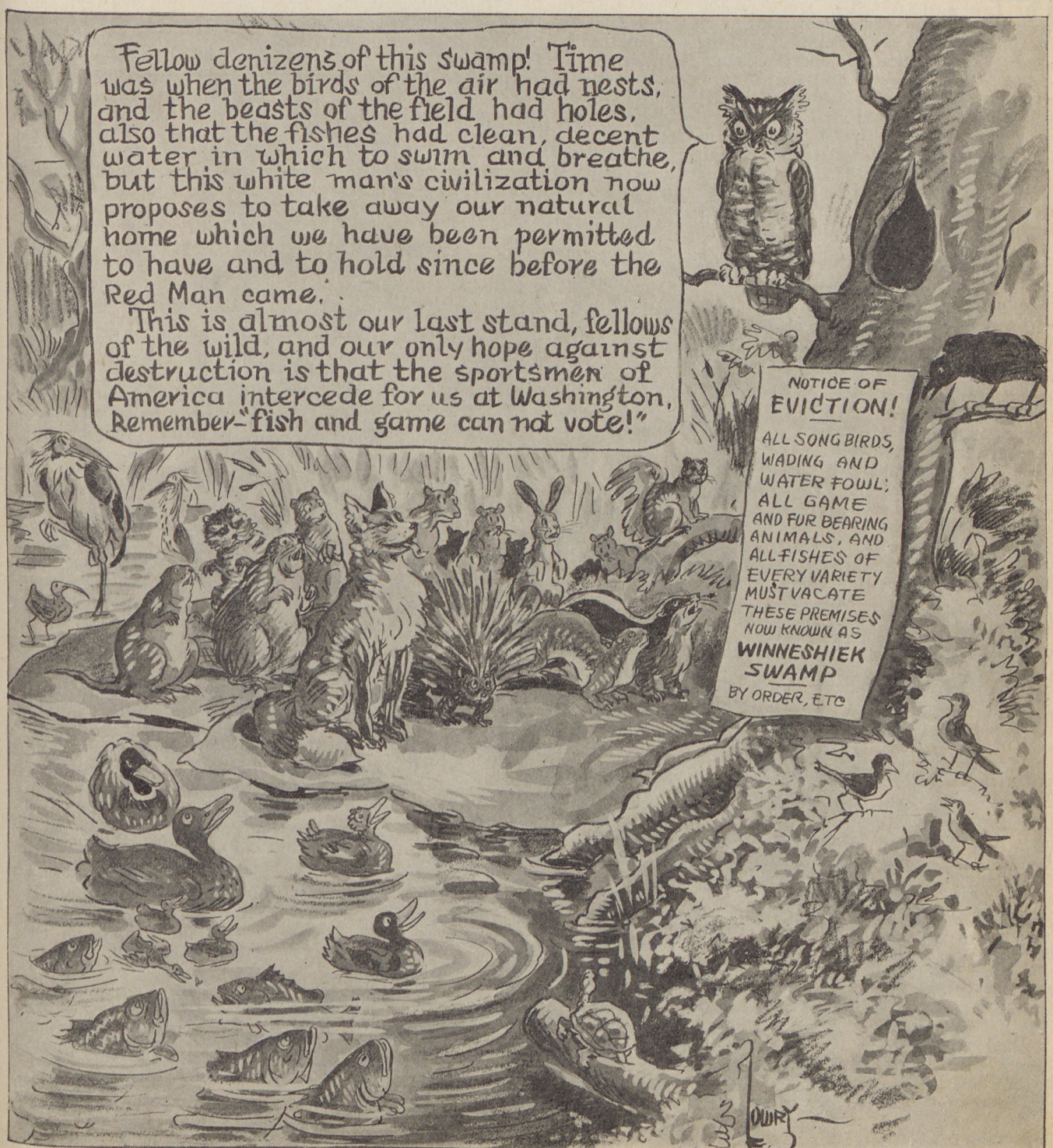
Three hundred miles of Upper Mississippi river bottom lands lying between Wabasha, Minn., and Rock Island, Ill., one of the very few remaining spots in this country left safe for wild things—is now about to be drained.

Our utterly harmless, yet game wild creatures have already been driven by the ruthless hand of man into the swamps and far places until now all they ask of us is to be allowed to live. And yet, under the dubious pretext of reclaiming a few sour, hungry acres of soil for farming purposes, this great rich country proposes to allow the last haunt and covert of the wild fowl, the last dim trail of the shy four-footer, the last dark lurking pool of the gamey bass to be erased forever from our map.

It is all too apparent that wild life in America is rapidly approaching the vanishing point, and unless you wish your children to glean their knowledge of natural history from books, or musty museums, it is, to quote the words of that great conservationist, the late Emerson Hough, "TIME TO CALL A HALT!"

Detach this page, if you are in favor of this Upper Mississippi tract being set aside by the Government, and mail it in protest to the man you sent to represent you at Washington. He is just as human as you are, and will, no doubt, feel as indignant as you feel over this proposed extermination of our breeding grounds for wild life. The Izaak Walton League of America can only win this fight with YOUR HELP. Don't expect George to do it. You do it yourself and then maybe George will do it too. If you won't cut out this page with Mr. Lowry's heart appealing picture, how can you expect "the other fellow" to do it? UNDERSTAND—your Congressmen and your Senators will vote for this National Preserve IF enough sportsmen and lovers of Outdoor America make it their business to let them know that they expect them to vote YES.

SPEND A STAMP AND EASE YOUR CONSCIENCE.


Fellow denizens of this swamp! Time was when the birds of the air had nests, and the beasts of the field had holes, also that the fishes had clean, decent water in which to swim and breathe, but this white man's civilization now proposes to take away our natural home which we have been permitted to have and to hold since before the Red Man came.
This is almost our last stand, fellows of the wild, and our only hope against destruction is that the sportsmen of America intercede for us at Washington. Remember—"fish and game can not vote!"
NOTICE OF EVICTION!
ALL SONG BIRDS, WADING AND WATER FOWL; ALL GAME AND FUR BEARING ANIMALS, AND ALL FISHES OF EVERY VARIETY MUST VACATE THESE PREMISES NOW KNOWN AS WINNESHIEK SWAMP
BY ORDER, ETC
LOWRY

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

Bird Lore

by

Bob Becker

WELL, by the time you read this, we will be on the trail of some of our northern species of birds, to say nothing of stalking various species of fish that inhabit the lakes and streams of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Canada. You sometimes meet some queer "boids" along a trout stream, or on the trail, so no telling what kind of a natural history discussion you may see in this department, next month.

When you hit for the woods this summer (if you have not already gone), don't forget to take your camera along. We want to see some of the pictures you take this summer if no one else is interested in them at all. Maybe we can do a little swapping in the fall. I will show you some of mine and you can let me have a look at some of yours.

You know, it isn't always necessary to have a special outfit and an expensive camera to get a good picture. Witness this photograph of the "partridges" taken by Edison Rogers of Grosse Pointe Village. Pretty good shot, say we. He writes us like this:

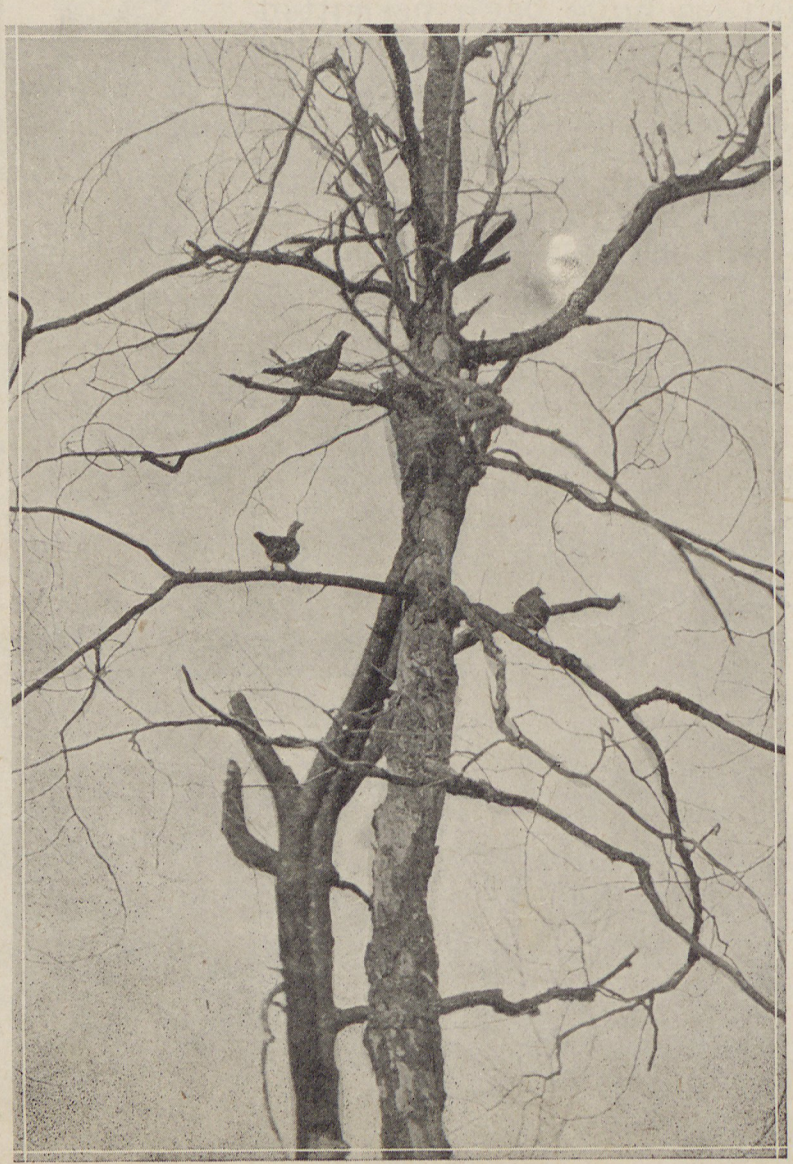
Dear Mr. Becker:

I am enclosing under separate cover an enlargement of a bird picture taken last fall, using my 3A camera, ordinary lens.

It was about November 12, and a bunch of us had started on a deer hunt in Northern Michigan. The day was bright and quite warm. We had travelled several miles when we saw the partridge, eight in number, fly off the road ahead of us, lighting in different trees.

"What a picture those birds would make," one of the boys exclaimed.

"No sooner said, than done," I replied, and laid down my rifle.



Partridges—Picture entered in 125 page camera contest by Dr. E. E. Rogers, Grosse Pt. Village, Michigan

The distance on the camera was twenty-five feet, and the picture was taken before nine o'clock.

EDISON E. ROGERS, D. D. S.

One of the birds familiar to the fisherman is the kingfisher. We're one of the bunch that admires this noisy old boy along the lakes and streams. Many a time we have sat in a boat, the only fisherman on a quiet secluded little lake, watching the kingfisher as he apparently scolded us for intruding upon his domain. The kingfisher comes north early and is a welcome sight when spring begins to show up, but he is just as welcome a sight in midsummer. This bird sure is a good lesson to us as far as his patience is concerned. I wish I had the patience the kingfisher has.

Herbert Hatfield who hails from Freeport, New York, is another fisherman and bird fan, and he tells us of an interesting thing he saw one day along a stream which we are going to pass along to you.

H. F. writes:

"Although an ardent fisherman, I have also a keen interest in the feathered neighbors of lake and stream and have acquired a fair knowledge of the whys and wherefores of this branch of natural history. During my many trips a-fishing, I have observed many odd and interesting incidents relating to bird life. The following observation may be of such common occurrence as not to be of any importance; and, on the other hand, it may be so unbelievable as to cause comment. I do not know. However, I do know that it seemed most novel and unusual to me.

One evening as I was slowly wading along the edge of a pond; fly rod in hand, water in boots,

(Cont'd on page 53)

Trout Fishing *in* Glacier National Park

Etching by Lee Sturges

By O. J. McGILLIS

"God made its mountains—and lakes—and grouped them in an entrancing pattern."

LITTLE credit is due to the powers of Government for the scenic grandeur of Glacier National Park. God made its mountains, glaciers and lakes, the mumuring brooks, the roaring torrents and the flower carpeted meadows and grouped them in an entrancing pattern of incomparable beauty but with respect to an omnipotent Creator, allow me as an humble disciple to give thanks for all followers of Ike Walton to our dear Uncle Sam for "making" the millions of game trout that inhabit the waters of the Park. Several million baby trout, developed in the hatchery at Glacier Park from tiny coral eggs, have been delivered annually during the past five years to the waters of Glacier Park. The result, as I see it, is the near accomplishment of an ambition on the part of park officials to make the waters of Glacier Park the finest game fishing ground in America.

But long before the establishment of a hatchery or the building of comfortable hotels, automobile highways and wide saddlehorse trails, the waters of the region were being prepared for sportsmen who would come in after years and find good fishing. As a boy, about twelve years ago, I was detailed one night at Glacier Park Station to manipulate a dipper in a score of milk cans to keep life and pep in thousands of baby Cutthroat which had arrived during the evening by train and would be transported early in the morning to the Upper Two Medicine Lake, part of the way by motor truck, a short distance by wagon trail and several miles by pack horse. Planting trout in the mountain lakes and streams at that time was hard, tedious work, but it was done ungrudgingly, yes lovingly, by pioneer sportsmen in the service of the State because they could foresee the joy to another generation of Americans who would come with rod and fly and know perhaps that not alone by skill and good fisherman's luck had they daily filled their creels with Cutthroat, Eastern Brook and Rainbow.

Gratitude for the thoughtful labor of these hardy pioneers filled me one evening last September as I trailed my way back from Josephine, the most beautiful of several lakes in the Swift Current Region burdened with ten of the finest specimen of the Salmo iridens I had ever seen. I had fished for Cutthroat in the Lower Two Medicine and in the beaver ponds along the Cut Bank and had helped to furnish Eastern Brook trout for beach dinners of bacon, bread, fish and coffee at Paradise Point on the Middle Two Medicine but I think I enjoyed my early September evening on Josephine Lake more than any fishing experience up to that time.

The day itself was perfect. A light snow had fallen the night before, the air was crisp and cool, the sky was lightly overcast and the surface of the lake was rippled by a light breeze from the west. I fished from a gravel bar along the east shore where one can wade into a

(Continued on page 61)

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

Conservation, Mr. Camper

By WILL BAIRD

THE purpose of writing this article is not to reach the timber hog or the game glutton because they do not read this magazine. But I have hopes of reaching a few of the seemingly innocent, who are just as guilty, even though not convicted, due to a legal species of ignorance.

After canoeing hundreds of miles each summer for the last ten years I must confess that I have seen some awful destruction in a timbered way by campers. You can't blame the lumberman for all the wilderness mistakes. He has enough for which to account.

Since I have served in the Forestry Department and pleasured in the big outdoors, I a great deal more appreciate the future of our National Playgrounds, as a human asset to the future generation.

Those who love the canoed ways of the wilderness, with her trails and natural beauty resources, well remember the portage and fire signs around the camp sites, such as "SEE THAT YOUR CAMP FIRE IS OUT"; "HALT! Don't forget the fire," etc., but did you appreciate their meaning?

You men, who love the ways of the wilderness in the big outdoors of summer time, don't forget. You are not the last men to have the pleasures of the camp sites, along the canoe routes, trails or portages that you and many others are making, because of nature's wonderful possibilities in a recreational way. Use a little care and judgment with your matches, cigarettes and camp fires.

Sane minded business men of the cities would no more think of throwing lighted matches or cigarettes into waste paper baskets or gasoline tanks than the sane minded farmer would think of throwing lighted matches onto his hay stack or into his hay mow.

Remember that the granite hill land and marshes in most cases are timbered with conifers, the pine tree family, and that all of them have more or less turpentine in their making, whether it is in stumps and windfalls, the branches and needles of the live tree or the brush and dead needles that carpet the earth or granite. They all need little encouragement to burn during the dry season.

Boneheaded careless forgetfulness costs too much. Fires destroy miles

(Continued on page 57)

Leave this camping site as beautiful as you find it.

What chance has a little thing like this in a forest fire?

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

Conclusion of Cover Editorial

Map showing region each side of the Mississippi River for 300 miles which the Izaak Walton League is fighting to make into a National Preserve.

himself or to his fellows. In order to gain money for themselves, some of our fellow citizens have in mind the drainage of the bottom lands of the Mississippi river from Lake Pepin, Minnesota, to Rock Island, Illinois, a distance of some 300 miles.

The bottom lands of the river in the section under discussion form the center of wild life for a vast area. Forests, streams, sloughs; life, health, recreation. This is the incubator of wild life for the whole Mississippi Valley.

It is beyond the limits of time and paper to enumerate the values of these forests and streams to all wild life; therefore to all Americans, for we can not help but profit from it. It is beyond the limits of human expression to explain the utter wrong that is committed by any persons who wish these lands for themselves; to be destroyed as the things they are; to be converted into the things this handful of men desire.

Outdoor America has reached a state wherein it can serve us only by living, only by creating life, health, energy. Any attempt to make it any longer serve us in death is a blind, personally selfish, foolhardy, impossible thing to do.

It does not matter that a few men gain when humanity loses by the transaction.

What does matter, beyond all calculation, is that the woods and the waters and the wild life are giving things to us that we cannot buy; and that in any manipulation of the bottom lands of the Mississippi, all we can do is to destroy these things. What is offered as a substitute does not in the least matter. We have plenty of every single thing that any men can give to us.

The forested bottom lands of the Mississippi, if drained, will be the spoils of a few men, gained at the expense of all Americans. The statement that they will be gained at the expense of all Americans is true. The people of California and of Massachusetts may, at first thought think themselves far removed from Iowa and Minnesota; but when they realize that it is not only the drainage of the Winneshiek bottoms that we are concerned in, but also the policy of all other such projects as determined by this one, then it strikes home.

The bottom lands and river forests of the Mississippi must be saved. They must be forever a fountain of life for the whole surrounding region. **The outdoors of the middle west is so far gone that it would die, were the HEART of it to be cut out.**

This 300 miles of concentrated outdoors must be made a national preserve. It is one naturally, crying for recognition. It must extend from St. Paul to Rock Island. The people only can benefit from this area; **the people only must own it.** It is imposible that any group of men should manipulate these bottom lands, for the reason that no group of men ever can lose by them. If they are destroyed, **it is the loss of all.**

Therefore we must show in a definite way that we realize the vital necessity of preserving what is left of Outdoor America, spending our time and our millions on consolidating what we have conquered.

The fight for the Winneshiek bottoms—to have them taken over by the National Preserve for Posterity forever is a keynote fight. It is a keynote in the saving of outdoor America and it must be struck by outdoor Americans **and there is no other way.**

It is the duty, and it must be the pleasure, of every person who can write his name to call on President Coolidge to set aside this region as a great national preserve. If you can't write your name, **shout it.**

Persons who are not sportsmen, write this letter. Write it because you believe in America; because you realize the importance of preserving for ourselves and for our sons some of those things which have played such important part in the formation of the character of this nation. Write it because, were this protest one of sportsmen only, entered into for selfish reasons, it is not worthy of the signature of the damned.

Sportsmen, write this letter. Write it because you know. Write it because you are fighting for the things you believe in.

Sportsmen's clubs, everywhere, please work for this bit of the outdoors of America. The government is always anxious to know what is the will of the people.

Everybody, write this letter. Write it to save a part of the woods and the waters that do nothing to us but to serve us. Even in our selfishness, we must save them so that they can serve us and our children again. EVERYBODY WRITE THIS LETTER.

The woods stand there, rejuvenating men: silent, cool; guarding quiet waters, crooning over the nests of birds and all wild things. We ask you to write or clip the letter on this page and mail it to our president TODAY.

Letter to the President

President Calvin Coolidge,
White House, Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

Please do what you can to stop the drainage of the Winneshiek bottom lands which lie along the Upper Mississippi river between Lynxville and De Soto, Wis.

Please also do what you can to urge our next National Congress to purchase all of the Upper Mississippi river bottom lands lying between Lake Pepin, Minn., and Rock Island, Ill., so that they may become forever a National Preserve. These regions are, as your Commissioner of the Bureau of Fisheries will tell you, the most prolific breeding grounds for all warm water food and game fishes (especially black bass) in our country. Should these river lands be owned by the nation and then properly protected **billions of game fishes would annually result and these could be used to restock our lakes and streams everywhere.**

The Upper Mississippi country is a natural feeding ground for all kinds of wild fowl. It is also a paradise for song birds and for all species of fur bearing animals.

I ask this not so much for myself as I ask it for the youngsters of today and for the boys of the future—who represent our country's TOMORROW. With all best wishes,

Yours for Outdoor America,

Signed.....

Address .....

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

The Outdoor Woman

By MARGUERITE IVES

ONCE a man and a woman loved a river, lived on the river, trusted it and then one day it seemed to them that the river had betrayed them. Then they hated the river, blamed it and avoided it. It took a long time for the man and the woman to realize what Stevenson with his unfailing perception of the real behind the most plausible "seeming," said—"I would no more change my admiration for a person because I suffered from her than I would for the grace of an aloe because I pricked my finger with it or for the ocean because it drowned for me my dearest friend." So, as the violence of their grief somewhat abated, their feeling towards the river became less passionate and personal but regrettably finally subsided into indifference to both its beauty and its menace. In short, they became "lukewarm," that detestable frame of mind which merited the censure of St. John in his admonition to one of the early churches—"I would thou were hot or cold—because thou art lukewarm I would spew thee from my mouth," or words to that effect.

Being lukewarm means being indifferent and even as are hatred and ingratitude, indifference is a boomerang reacting upon one's self and automatically depriving one of the happifying results which accompany love and gratefulness and a keen interest in all things.

And it was not until the man and the woman began to understand how barren and lonely a detached "lukewarmness" of thought could make them that they again felt the healing closeness with Nature which only her true and ardent lovers know.

There is nothing more dividend-paying than a keen interest in all outdoors. I almost said an attentive interest, as it pays to constantly "stop, look and listen."

Not long ago, I arrived one night, in a certain ugly little suburban town, "Ugh, what a desolate place," I thought, but the words died on my lips as I raised my eyes (if only we would more often raise our eyes) and I gazed enthralled at the beauty of the jewelled skies spread with Godlike impartiality over all the earth, even those portions of it most disfigured by the greed and the carelessness of man.

If we can see no outdoor beauty around us, we can at least reconstruct the scene in our minds and gain the vision of what the place should be, for remember, a vision is never wasted. From someone's dream of beauty will come the Reality of Beauty.

There was once a maker of bricks with straw, a common laborer, one of a thousand other toilers. But this man, as he labored beneath the broiling sun, dreamed of the sunlight falling gently through the branches of great spreading trees which stooped tenderly over little shining brooks; and he dreamed of dark, guarded spots in the forest unreached by the sun's rays which soothed his eyes and heart with unspeakable comfort. He forgot his aching body and his unceasing labors and he fancied he lay down among the tall cool grasses gazing with delight on velvet moss and a cluster of pale wood flowers, and with thankful praise looking up through the tall spired, gently swaying tree tops. The man saw visions—to again quote R. L. S.—"visions of green trees and men ploughing, and larks, and the golden morning clouds breaking and high blue skies."

And the bricks of straw which the man had made were glazed to a marvelous hue and veined miraculously with scenes of surpassing beauty, and all the world acknowledged the genius of the man and called him an artist, which indeed he was, or, which is about the same thing, a maker of bricks with visions. We women are the champion dream and vision makers of the world; we dream of our girlhoods and the futures of our children. The most unimaginative one of us can readily vision her son as President and we are ready at any time to start in all over and "begin again," whether it's a case of the restitching of a ripped seam or the bringing up of another family!

Therefore it is obvious that this crusade of the Izaak Walton League for the restoration as far as possible of Outdoor America for our children involving as it does, both vision and practical accomplishment is one simply calling for our aid.

I am convinced that ultimately every woman's club in the country with their tremendous influence and power will join this movement. In the meantime, Outdoor Women of America, join the League and subscribe for its magazine, and help fight for your boy's share of Outdoors.

Marguerite Ives.

The Trail Through the Woods

By VIOLA C. REELING

The trail through the woods, 'tis enchanting,
'Tween spruces and hemlocks and pines;
Naked tamarack trunks tow'ring skyward
Whose boughs spread above all confines;
Here, like the skirt of Milady,
The balsam flares wide o'er the ground
And tapering gracefully upward
Holds her own with her neighbors around;
The sturdy old hemlock and poplar
Reach high, each one claiming strong
His place in God's glorious sunshine,
Marking time to the zephyr's soft song.

Comes a change in the scene rather sudden;
A hand seems to grip my throat tight;
My heart, it has stopped its glad singing,
Turning cold at the unwonted sight;
Blackened stumps mark the place where a forest
Once reared its head noble and grand—
Toll a fire, fiendish hot, took in passing,
In its wake but charred monuments stand;
And on either side, standing ghostlike,
White birches, tall sentinels stern,
Keep guard o'er the place, as tho' sacred,
Softly shading beneath them the fern.

Tho' the trees have passed into oblivion,
And their beauty a thing past and gone,
Dame Nature is planning new wonders—
Their ashes shall mark a new dawn.

The trail through the woods lures me onward;
The lake, stretching smiling and calm,
With the great forest trees overhanging,
Soothes my soul like a beautiful psalm;

On the water are lengthened reflections
Of trees tow'ring high in the air,
Whose sigh, like a soft benediction,
Frees my heart of its burden of care.

'Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

The sun, ere he drops from my vision,
Blazons forth with his glorious rays;
Reluctant, he seems in his leaving,
To add to the gone yesterdays;

And the heart in me hurts with its fullness;
And the cords in my throat, they pull tight;
And I bow down my head in my homage,
Thanking God for this beautiful sight.

A loon softly calls, "Come on over"
Her notes, like a flute's, low and clear;
A moment—then growing insistent—
"C'mon over. Come—on—over—here."
Other sounds there are 'round about me,
That come with the calm eventide,
And they soothe like a mother's soft croonings
Soothe a child that's pressed close to her side.
Thus the darkness, it closes around me,
With a kindness that reaches me deep
And I murmur the words, "Now I lay me—"
Back to childhood I've gone, "—down to sleep"
Ah, my soul, it seems freed of its burdens;
And my heart, 'tis a child's, full of peace;
The trail through the woods, it has magic—
For me, may its magic ne'er cease.

Taggin' Along

By MRS. BOB BECKER

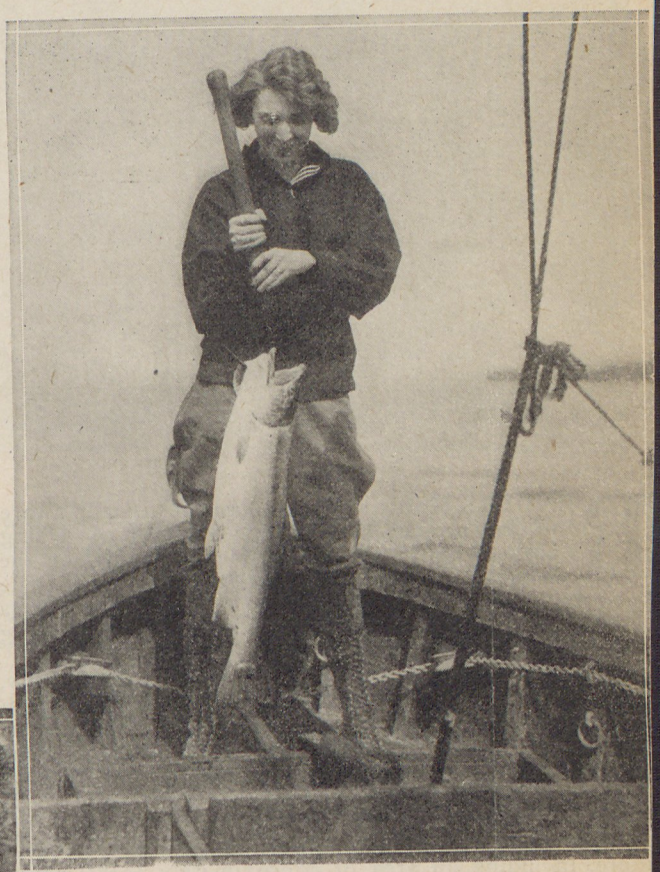
EVERYBODY seems somewhat surprised when they learn that I usually go on all the trips that Mr. Becker makes into the wilds, either for big game hunting or for fishing. But I have never considered it anything unusual as I love the outdoors as much or more (if such a thing is possible!) than he does.

Last year when my friends learned that I was going to Alaska with my "liege lord and master" their surprise was as marked as my delight and everyone of them wanted to know first, how I was going to keep from freezing to death and second, what was I going to do when it came time to taking the trail with a pack train. And I told them that I was going to be right there and there I was on a horse as tall as the Wrigley building!

I believe that every woman should give the outdoor life a trial. No one can say whether she will like it or not until she has tried it. It deserves a trial if for no other reason than for health's sake. I gained thirteen pounds while on the hunting trip in the Northland last summer. But as I weighed under one hundred pounds before I started I did not feel that dieting was necessary!

Ready for a long day in the saddle.

If a woman is a good sport she can be a regular pal to her husband while in the outdoors. Another reason for "taggin' along!" Of course on a trip such as the one last summer there were some times when you weren't as comfortable as at home but those moments make the rest of the time seem all the more enjoyable.

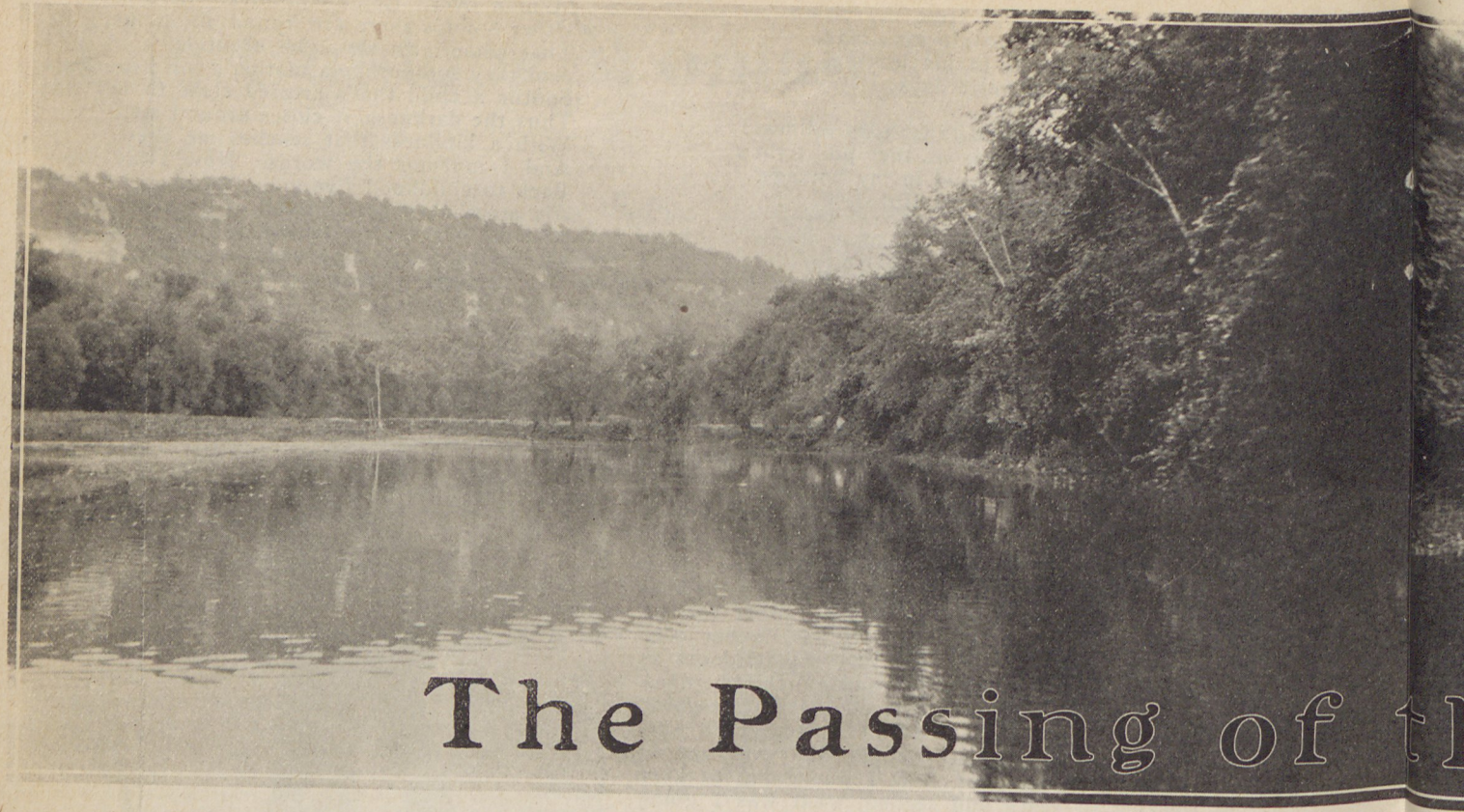


Proving that she does not "tag along" in vain.

As for being comfortable while on a tri I found that clothes play a great part. Th best way to do, I believe, is to dress muc like the men from hob-nailed boots to a ma nish hat. Then you can climb mountains ar get through the brush with much more eas I even wore those heavy, terrible lookin rubber pacs at one time, which are anythin but lovely to look at. But when Sir Hu band said, "Wear 'em to keep your feet d and warm," why wear 'em I did, and I fou they were just the thing.

I think so many women are of the opinio that they have to be able to shoot a rifle e pertly, handle a shotgun with ease, as well to fish like a veteran in order to enjoy t outdoors. Maybe I am the exception rath than the rule, but I am not proficient in these thing yet I enjoy a trip immensely. I must confess, howev that day by day in every way I HOPE I am learni more about these sports. This summer while in Cana I am going to take some more lessons in the art fishing. This decision is partly in self-defense. I mu have SOME fishing stories to match my husband Another good reason for the wife to accompany h husband on his trips into the outdoors!

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?



The Passing of t

By DR. A. T. RA

MEMBER LACROSSE, W

READERS of this magazine have been made aware of the project that is now on foot of dyking and draining the Winneshiek bottoms, of the Mississippi River, lying on the Wisconsin side between De Soto and Lynxville, comprising an area of between 13,000 and 14,000 acres of the best hunting and fishing grounds in the world.

In the July issue of the Izaak Walton League Monthly, the sportsman's view of that project was ably set forth in the article entitled "The Drainage Crime of a Century." The article referred to, however, made no mention of the fact that there is, at the present time, a similar project proposed on the Iowa side of the river, opposite the one on the Wisconsin side. The Iowa project is even more extensive than that on the Wisconsin shore, including an area of approximately 15,000 acres. What may be said of the Wisconsin project is equally true on the Iowa side. So that instead of from 13,000 to 14,000 acres being involved, there is, in reality, an area of from 28,000 to 29,000 acres in jeopardy at this one point in the course of the Upper Mississippi River, extending for a distance of approximately twenty miles on each side.

On the Wisconsin side, however, the War Department has already granted permission to drain it, and the plan has been sanctioned by a Wisconsin Court. The only reason it is not now being dyked is the fact that an appeal has been taken to the Supreme Court of Wisconsin. This appeal was taken largely as a result of the activities of the La Crosse Rod and Gun Club in cooperation with a number of the land owners, and other individuals and clubs interested in preventing the consummation of the scheme. Later the McGregor Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America was organized and has been active in the opposition. Incidentally the La Crosse Rod and Gun Club recently affiliated with the Izaak Walton League of America in order to be better able to co-operate with the forces that stand for a real out-door America.

Who's Who.

Now what are the facts pertaining to the ownership and reasons for draining these bottoms?

We are told that 75 per cent of the land is owned by two individuals, most of it being purchased only recently, with the drainage project in view. Thus when it is stated that 90 per cent of the land owners petitioned for the drainage project it does not mean that any large number of individuals were in favor of it, and further, the fact that many of the land owners have been and are opposed to the whole scheme is evidence that there is no general demand for the land being drained.

The Economic Side of the Question.

From the standpoint of economics, that is, figured in dollars and cents, these bottom lands are worth more in the condition they are than they will ever be if drained. While there may be some land that would make good agricultural land if drained, the best authorities, who are entirely disinterested in the matter, agree that, by far, the biggest portion of it will **not make good agricultural land.** Therefore the argument of making farm land out of it does not hold.

Secondly, the argument for sanitation and mosquito control is a falsity, for with the dyking and draining carried to completion, as advocated, there would still be large proportions of this land under water. This would all be stagnant water in which mosquitoes would breed most beautifully. This, then, sets at naught the contention that mosquitoes would be materially abated.

Fish for Food and Dollars.

From the standpoint of food production this area is exceedingly valuable in that it produces an almost unlimited number of fish of all varieties. It is, without a doubt, the greatest natural fish hatchery in the United

the Winneshiek

. RASMUSSEN

SSE, WIS., CHAPTER

States. More fish are being produced in this area than in all of the hatcheries of the United States combined. Figuring in dollars and cents, the fish here produced are worth many times as much as all of the corn or other agricultural crops that might be grown on it, if it were all first-class land.

Quoting from a representative of the United States Bureau of Biological Survey, the United States Bureau of Fisheries rescued 23,607,000 fish from the landlocked waters of this area in 1921—almost 24,000,000 fish from the LANDLOCKED waters alone. There is no telling how many hundreds of millions of fish were in the open waters and eventually found their way to other waters in the Mississippi valley.

Taking, for example, the 24,000,000 (approximately) fish removed from the landlocked waters and assuming that only one-half of them mature, and that when mature they will average one pound each (the larger varieties will, of course, run very much more than this), we have 12,000,000 pounds of fish. Figuring the average value of the fish at ten cents a pound, the value of the fish removed from **landlocked waters alone** in the Winneshiek bottoms is $1,200,000. Someone may say these figures are too high—all-right—cut them in two and you still have 6,000,000 pounds of fish produced in a single year in the **landlocked water alone.** This takes place every year. I maintain this is an important asset to the country, and when considering food supply cannot be overlooked.

Safety First.

Then we have the mussels. The clamming and button industry is a very important one in this country. There is not a man, woman or child, who is not "held together" from the cradle to the grave by buttons made from fresh water mussels. The industry gives employment to thousands of people. It is an absolute necessity. Clams need slow running water for their propagation. An extensive drainage program of the Mississippi Valley spells the end of the clamming and button industry. Surely no decent person wants to take chances of coming apart in the middle or having to resort to the use of shingle nails and safety pins entirely.

The fur-bearing animals which live in these bottom lands are of exceedingly great value, commercially. The muskrat has become one of the most important fur-bearing animals in the world. Some of the very finest garments are made from the fur of this little animal. The price received for the pelts is such that the raising of muskrats is a most profitable industry to enter into. The bottom lands referred to are ideal for raising muskrats and other fur-bearing animals such as mink, etc. Unfortunately we have no means of knowing definitely, or even approximately, the number of fur-bearing animals taken in this area, but we do know that thousands of pelts have been taken annually and that if properly handled they could be raised in much larger numbers. From this industry, alone, more revenue can be taken from the land than could possibly be hoped for in agriculture.

Bird Life.

The bird life of these bottom lands is very important. Here live hundreds of species of birds. Most of them are exceedingly valuable both from an agricultural as well as the esthetic point of view. The song bird is not only valuable for its song and the joy it imparts but the untold millions of insects which they destroy would otherwise have to be fought by other and less efficient means. The "birds are the policemen of the air" and are ever on the job. In return for their work, they only ask to be permitted to live.

The wild fowl which inhabit these areas, such as ducks, brant, geese, etc., furnish the much needed recreation for thousands of individuals, whose life is lengthened and efficiency increased as a result of the recreation gained by getting out into God's open in pursuit of these birds.

(Continued on page 54)

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

They Must Not Do This

By MERTON S. HEISS

An interview with the 85 year old chief of the Winnebago Indians

IN a little pocket between the beautiful Upper Mississippi bluffs we found the Winnebago Indian camp. Fred Bell's comfortable cruiser Arbutus brought us twenty miles up the river from McGregor to the mouth of a swamp-bird inhabited slough and from there it was a case of tramp a half dozen miles to the camp. Eleven varieties of song-birds, including the daringly, almost sinfully colored, scarlet tanager and the tiny indigo bird, flashed across the scant paths.

Here nature runs wild. A matronly skunk with four little skunklets, pretty little "woodpussies," crossed the path, gazing curiously but not with hostility at the party. A blue-jay jabbered incoherently and far away came the clear "bob-white" whistle. Occasionally could be glimpsed the bottom lands which sordid commercialism would rob of its aquatic resources, its inspirations and its geographical rights in order to make what scientists and experts say could only in rare cases even produce mediocre farm-lands.

It is hard to imagine how any living human being could stand on any of the bluffs near McGregor, gaze at the lowlands below and absorb the views placed there by The Grand Architect of the Universe and think of dollars and cents. It just cannot be done. From Pike's Peak where Marquette and Joliet discovered and glimpsed for the first time the Father of Waters is a view worth traveling the continent over to obtain. Your soul is filled with a divine admiration for the beautiful, not with the thought of the possibilities of making more farm lands for a nation that already has too many.

But to get back to the Indians, we found them, Fred Bell, the lovable, gentle citizen of McGregor, the artistic Oscar Fryklund, photographer, "Buddy" Bell, six-year-old son of Fred Bell, and the writer.

In the Indian group was Doctor Crow, nearing 85 years, erect, strong as the proverbial ox, eyes keen, raven hair only very slightly streaked with gray, a red-skinned patriarch, a philosopher and reputed skillful in the medicinal use of the herbs and roots of the lowlands, not a doctor by incantation and rattle shaking, but a dispenser of recipes and concoctions

(Continued on page 56)

Dr. Crow, chief of the Winnebagos.

"When good fellows get together—"

Fashioning baskets from pounded birch and willow

The author and W. H. Holt, interpreter, full blood Winnebago Indian.

Do This For Your Children

Reprint from Chicago Journal of Commerce, July 20, 1923

THE youth of today has little enough of God's out-of-doors left to him by wastrel forefathers. That little is constantly threatened by selfishness and greed. One of the greatest of scant heritages of the past is now menaced, perhaps not by greed, but certainly by a misdirected and destructive zeal. Some three hundred miles of bottom land along the Mississippi, stretching from Lake Pepin, Minnesota, to Rock Island, Illinois, and the famous Winneshiek bottom lands along the Mississippi between Lynxville and De Soto, Wisconsin, would be drained for agricultural purposes if plans now under way are given effect.

There are two sides to every question. The one side of this question considers the value to the nation of perpetuating this great piece of outdoor life, and the other the worth of delivering to agricultural purposes the acres which would be drained.

From the outdoor point of view the facts are these: This is the most prolific spawning ground for all warm water, game and food fishes, the greatest breeding ground for small game animals and the greatest hatchery for birds, particularly water fowl, left in this country. To drain it would destroy it for those purposes. Out of the backwaters of this territory, hundreds of millions of small bass are taken annually to stock the lakes and streams of the Middle West, and this is accomplished under conditions that are far from ideal. If the section were properly protected and State and National departments given the men and equipment necessary, ten times as many fish might be transplanted from the backwaters of the Upper Mississippi.

The other side of the question concerns the necessity or desirability of adding these lands to the tillable acreage of the country. Competent authorities have surveyed the district and determined that, even though drained, these lands would be doubtful value for farming purposes. They would range from the utterly worthless to mediocre. Dr. A. L. Bakke, plant physiologist of the Iowa State College, at Ames, Iowa, the greatest agricultural college in the world, reports that the lands are of doubtful value for farming purposes.

More important, however, is the question whether or not it is desirable to turn to farming purposes any more acreage, regardless of its value. We are asked to buy 1,000 bushels of wheat apiece on the Chicago Board of Trade that we may stimulate wheat buying and save the farmer from the blight of too great production and too much acreage. Farm distress has reached a point where it is the paramount political issue and has direct bearing on the future of the American institution of government. Why, then, produce more farm land to be tilled at a loss and to add to the surplus that is a burden to the farmer and a liability to the country?

Every man who has fond memories of a youth spent out-of-doors, every man who cherishes the privilege of going afield for a respite from the ills of maturity, and every man who has an interest in perpetuating for his sons some of the outdoor life it was his privilege to enjoy, should make the strongest representations to his Congressmen and to the President to preserve this cradle of outdoor life.

Every such man also should join hands now with his neighbor similarly minded in a national organization capable not only of the rescue of these Mississippi bottom lands presently threatened, but also of guarding through the years the outdoor life that is left to us. The strongest organization of this sort is the Izaak Walton League, having headquarters in Chicago. The president of this league is a missionary, an evangelist of the outdoors, an idealist of that rare type that can put practice into his idealism. The directors of the organization are leading Chicago business men, who have thoroughly systematized its functions and are attending to the financing of the movement in a businesslike way. Membership in the Izaak Walton League and a contribution to its treasury are the strongest proof of active interest in this great work of conservation.

A Call to Anglers

Reprint from the New York Times, Aug. 5, 1923

THE Izaak Walton League Monthly, in an article by Will H. Dilg, the National President of the league, calls upon anglers to rally for the preservation of the upper Mississippi bottoms. They are threatened by a drainage scheme. Its purpose is to open a large area to cultivation by the American farmer. "The upper Mississippi bottoms," says Mr. Dilg, "are America's most prolific spawning grounds for black bass and for all warm-water game and food fishes." To the Bureau of Fisheries they are invaluable for stocking lakes and streams. Moreover, these bottoms, stretching for many miles along the river, are natural feeding grounds for ducks, brant and geese, and mink, muskrat, raccoon, skunk, squirrel and swamp rabbit are found in abundance, also almost every kind of songbird. On many parts of the river the country is very beautiful. Mr. Dilg describes the Winneshiek district as more picturesque than the Hudson. It is proposed to drain both sides of the river from Lake Pepin, Minnesota, to Rock Island. According to report, the "promoters" have pledged $7,000,000 toward the project, and will ask Congress to appropriate $14,000,000.

If these famous bottoms could be drained to add hundreds of square miles of cultivable ground to the national domain, the Izaak Walton League would have no case. Perhaps its advocate goes too far when he says that the "drainage history of the United States is mostly one long story of swindle," but it is a fact that sometimes reclaimed land has not been good loam but useless sand and barrens. Mr. Dilg carried his case to Secretary Hoover, who told him that the pollution bill had failed to pass Congress, and that "until the people care and let their State Governments and the National Government know that they do care, it is useless to attempt to get anywhere with pollution or any Outdoor America legislation."

Congress rejected the Bird Sanctuary and Public Shooting Ground bill at the last session, although it was desirable legislation. Mr. Dilg submits a report made by A. L. Bakke, Plant Physiologist at the Iowa Experiment Station, to the effect that "the reclaiming of the Winneshiek bottoms," a part of the project, was "economically unjustifiable," because it would produce farm land of little value. This is good evidence, but what do the specialists employed by the "promoters" of the big drainage scheme say about the fertility of the upper Mississippi bottoms generally?

I am invoking the Red Gods to help the League in its great work against draining the shores of the Upper Mississippi. Millions of game fish have been rescued from these overflowed pools and bayous for 30 years. Drainage would put a stop to such work.
J. A. HENSHALL

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

The Izaak Walton League and the Farmer

By
M. S. HEISS

EVERY farmer, grain and fruit grower in the United States should be interested in the Izaak Walton League of America, should enlist under the banner of the League and take an active part in the fight being waged to save Outdoor America.

To the farmer Outdoor America spells life and livelihood. From the soil he gains his living and his sons and daughters through outdoor life are brought to sturdy manhood and womanhood.

The farmer knows the benefits of bird life. He realizes as do few others just how important are the feathered insect and rodent destroyers. Without birds, say the scientists, the world would be overrun with insects and insects would in turn destroy them. He knows that insect and grain eating birds in most cases destroy more insects than grain and that a substantial balance reflects to the credit of the farmer through their activities.

"Some folks tell me the pheasant is destructive," an Iowa farmer said to the writer a few weeks ago, "but even if he is, and that isn't proven, I think it is worth a few dollars to me to have such a rare display of beauty around my farm. I am glad pheasants are protected in Iowa and the Izaak Walton League can do no better work than to investigate and tell the whole truth about the pheasant."

Through contact with the Izaak Walton League chapters farmers are better able to protect their live stock from careless and ruthless hunters and trespassers. In one vicinity farmers have reached the decision to allow no one to hunt on their premises unless they present an Izaak Walton League membership card. "It makes the hunter responsible to his chapter for any misconduct and gives me the feeling that he must be a real sportsman or he wouldn't be a member," was the explanation.

Many city folks by utter disregard of the rights of the farmer have made it difficult for sportsmen to secure permission to hunt and fish. Packs of poorly trained dogs running at random and poorly trained hunters shooting at everything that moves whether it be calf, guinea hen, pheasant, turkey or rabbit, have wrought untold damage.

On the other hand sportsmen cooperating with farmers have saved literally millions of quail from starving during hard winters and have brought to justice dynamiters and fish seiners.

"No Hunting" signs and state laws do not accomplish all the results necessary. Only through instruction and education can protection be brought about and the farmer and the principled sportsman must fight the battle side by side.

So, Mr. Farmer, if you are not already a member of the League either affiliate with the chapter in your nearest city or become a member-at-large and subscribe to and read the Izaak Walton League Monthly, the only magazine ever owned by organized lovers of Outdoor America.

Extracts from Recent Letters

"HEARTY congratulations on the great success of the Monthly. It is now an angling paper of the first class, and one to which Americans can 'point with pride' when they talk with Englishmen."

HENRY VAN DYKE.

"THE July issue is fine, in every way, and continues to improve. I consider the Monthly to be the very best sportsmen's magazine published in any country. It is clean, dignified and wholesome and its pages contain more interesting and reliable information concerning the outdoors than any other."

DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL.

"WAS very glad to notice my article on the forests in your last number. I sure want to do a lot of writing for you in your splendid magazine which is honest to goodness the dandiest, brightest, darlingest publication of the out-of-doors that ever hit off the press. And if my rotten punk writings stand any show of getting in between the covers just call on me. I won't charge a cent and I'll work harder over them than stuff I get a cent a word for. That's fair enough, eh? I'm strong for writing something for you that will be my best, punk as that is. I have a poem on the forests that I'd like to send you. I think out of five hundred printed poems this ought to be my best one. Have you anything special that you want me to write? I want to write up a trip we took in the Adirondacks up among the peaks around Colden. When do I start?"

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN.

"I HAVE read the Izaak Walton League Monthly from cover to cover, and I say without hesitation it is the best of its kind in this or any other country and I have read them all. By this mail I am sending it to the chairman of the Game Conservation Board of B. C., asking him to read, learn and inwardly digest it."

LEWIS CAREY.

Platform of the Izaak Walton League of America
As Adopted by the League at Its First Convention

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.
2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.
3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over the forests of the United States and dependencies, this system to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.
4. Due consideration of the disastrous results of indiscriminate drainage projects and the obstruction of natural water courses.
5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.
6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.
7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game fishes from inland waters.
8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes.
9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.
10. To endorse the recommendations of zoologists who recognize the critical need of building a sufficient number of biological experiment stations by the Federal Government and by the several States, so that the aid of scientifically trained men may always be available to pass upon the natural conditions of waters and the proper species of fishes to be planted therein.
11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.
12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.
13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

NATIONAL OFFICERS OF THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE

DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL, Cincinnati
HONORARY PRESIDENT

WILL. H. DILG, Chicago
PRESIDENT

CHARLES W. FOLDS, Chicago
TREASURER

FRED N. PEET, Chicago
SECRETARY

THOMAS AMBROSE, Chicago
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE, New Jersey
SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT

JAMES O. HEYWORTH, Chicago
THIRD VICE-PRESIDENT

DR. DAVID STARR JORDAN, California
FOURTH VICE-PRESIDENT

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

GEORGE E. SCOTT, Chairman
MARK W. CRESAP
R. M. EASTMAN
CHAS. W. FOLDS
W. V. KELLEY
F. J. LANE
D. R. McLENNAN
GEO. M. SEAMAN
H. H. WINDSOR

NATIONAL DIRECTORS

THOMAS AMBROSE, Chicago
CECIL M. BASKETT, St. Louis
DR. PRESTON BRADLEY, Chicago
W. L. BRANN, New York
R. W. CLEMONS, Chattanooga, Tenn.
A. C. CONNOR, Springfield, Ill.
R. P. CORSE, Chicago
MARK W. CRESAP, Chicago
JACK R. CUNNINGHAM, Kansas City, Mo.
JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD, Owosso, Mich.
ROBERT H. DAVIS, New York
JUDGE J. M. DICKINSON, Chicago
WILL. H. DILG, Chicago
R. M. EASTMAN, Chicago
CHARLES W. FOLDS, Chicago
ALEXANDER FRIEND, Chicago
JUDGE HENRY GRAASS, Green Bay, Wisc.
ZANE GREY, California
GUY GUERNSEY, Chicago
RODNEY D. HEETFIELD, Chicago
GEORGE H. HIGH, Chicago
LEONARD HOPKINS, Chicago
DONALD HOUGH, St. Paul, Minnesota
N. E. HUTCHINS, Toledo, Ohio
W. V. KELLEY, Chicago
FRED J. LANE, Chicago
D. R. McLENNAN, Chicago
JOHN P. NAAS, Dayton, Ohio
FRED N. PEET, Chicago
H. T. PULSIFER, New York
FRANK R. REILLY, Chicago
DR. F. W. SAMUELL, Louisville, Ky.
GEORGE E. SCOTT, Chicago
GEORGE M. SEAMAN, Chicago
O. W. SMITH, Evansville, Wis.
FRANK STICK, Asbury Park, N. J.
CLARKE VENABLE, Indianapolis, Ind.
H. H. WINDSOR, Chicago
JUDGE GEO. W. WOOD, Waterloo, Iowa

IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA
536 Lake Shore Drive
Chicago, Illinois.

Date_____

Enclosed please find $_____**for:**

- ☐ **$1.00 Annual Subscription to the Izaak Walton League Monthly.**
- ☐ **Renewal of Subscription**
- ☐ **$2.00 Membership at Large in the Izaak Walton League of America.**
- ☐ **$25.00 Annual Contributing Member of the League.**
- ☐ **$100.00 National Life Member of the League.**
- ☐ **$500.00 Fellow of the League.**
- ☐ **$1000.00 Founder of the League.**
- ☐ **$5000.00 Patron of the League.**

All Memberships and Contributions include subscriptions to the IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE MONTHLY.

(Make checks payable to Charles W. Folds, Treasurer.)

Name_____

Address_____

If YOU believe in this cause PROVE IT by signing and mailing this coupon

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

What Our Members are Saying and Doing About the Winneshiek

President of the United States,
White House, Washington, D. C.

My Dear Sir:

I have just been reading about the proposed desecration of that wonderful country lying along the Father of Waters, the Mississippi River, from Lake Pepin, Minn., to Rock Island, Ill. It is apparently the intention of men who are seeking the almighty dollar in anything but an honorable manner, to drain this land producing dry land that will be but of little use to any one and in so doing they are going to destroy one of the most wonderful breeding places for fish. It is a place teeming with millions of small fry that make the best kind of fishing for you and me and any one interested in that sport, and besides it is a paradise for game birds because of the wild rice and similar food plants; there is also a wealth of small fur bearing animals that will also be destroyed.

There are probably not many states in the Union where something of this sort has not been done in the past and the resulting land was worthless. I know that in my home town, Marshfield, Mass., there are several square miles of such land that was drained and which in years past was a bone of contention between the pros and antis, some of whom have done time in the county jail following clashes over the matter.

Why not make a proclamation setting apart all those bottom lands between Rock Island and Lake Pepin as a National Park as has been done for such areas as the Sequoia National Park and the similar parks under Federal control. Here you and I and all the other fishermen may have the pleasant and healthful pastime of fishing in a beautiful country and it will be preserved to the coming generation of fishermen.

Yours for a better Out-Door America,
PARKER THAYER BARNES,
1726 Regina Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

DEAR MR. DILG:

Have just mailed copy of your letter to President Harding, appearing in this month's issue, regarding the Upper Mississippi reclamation question.

While I am originally from Ohio, and never expect to do any great amount of hunting or fishing, much as I would like to, I am sure glad of the opportunity which you gave me to say a word, looking towards the preservation of these natural homes and feeding grounds of game fish, and birds. The way the streams of the country are being polluted is an insult to God, and a crime against man.

I believe that some time ago the question came up of reclaiming a certain section in New York state. It was proven that the value of the fish taken from the waters, would more than equal the value of the agricultural products, and this is doubtless true, of other sections, so where is the argument in favor of such work?

This so called reclaiming is going on in the south, particularly in Louisiana and Arkansas, and most of the people are against it. It would be just as sensible for them to come to this section of Michigan, and destroy the huckleberry swamps, and tell the people swamps were no good.

With best wishes for the success of the League, and Monthly, and what they are fighting for, I am,

T. S. ATKINSON,
Dowagiac, Mich.

Let me send application for membership in the Chicago Chapter.

It would seem to me appropriate that every Izaak Walton Chapter in the States between the boundaries of which lie the proposed National preserve should address their several Senators and members of Congress about the time when the reassembling of Congress occurs.

Very sincerely yours,
MEDILL McCORMICK

LETTER FROM ALABAMA FISHERMEN'S AND HUNTER'S ASSOCIATION.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

Please do what you can to stop the drainage of the Winneshiek Bottom lands which lie along the Upper Mississippi river between Lynxville and DeSoto, Wis.

Please also do what you can to urge our next Congress to purchase all of the Upper Mississippi river bottom lands lying between Lake Pepin, Minn., and Rock Island, Ill., so that they may forever become a national preserve. These regions are, as your Commissioner of the Bureau of Fisheries will tell you, the most prolific breeding grounds for all warm water food and game fish in our country. Should these river lands be owned by the nation and then properly protected, billions of game fishes would annually result and these could be used to restock our lakes and streams everywhere.

The Upper Mississippi country is a natural feeding ground for all kinds of wild fowl and a paradise for song birds and all species of fur bearing animals.

I ask this for myself and 3,300 members of this Association and our boys who represents our country's TOMORROW.

Very respectfully,
TED COTTRELL,
Secretary.

PART OF LETTER FROM E. A. MASON OF OUR OKLAHOMA CITY CHAPTER

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

I believe that after investigation it will develop that these lands will be unprofitable for farming purposes should they ever be drained, as they would be subject to overflow and would be unsuitable for farming purposes.

Observations which I have made in our own State of Oklahoma, convinces me that thousands of acres of pasture land has been broken to be used as farms and the farms are practically worthless today—whereas had this been left as pasture land, we would have had natural game preserves and ample grazing for immense herds of stock.

President Izaak Walton League of America,
Dear Sir:

Enclosed please find draft for $50.00 in payment for the pleasure of receiving OUR magazine for the next twelve months and the satisfaction of reading your editorial on "The Drainage Crime of a Century."

Sincerely yours,
THOMAS MacNEILL, Sheboygan, Wis.

Turn Over This Page and Do Your Bit by Signing the Coupon

DEAR EDITOR:

Your editorial on the Winnieshiek Bottoms in the July issue is a splendid article and every loyal "Ike" should respond to your call for help.

In addition to destroying the breeding place of game fish of the upper Mississippi River, the draining of these sloughs and bayous will seriously effect navigation during low water. These sloughs and bayous are reservoirs for, and tributary to the flow of water into the Mississippi River and, if drained, will not act as reservoirs, holding back a suppy of water.

I have written to the President somewhat as requested, calling attention to the above fact, and have also written to the Secretary of War.

I wish to compliment you on your July issue. It is a splendid magazine.

Yours very truly, C. G. DELO.
Chicago, Ill.

Another Important Angle to Consider

IN addition to all you say in regard to the Upper Mississippi drainage project there is still another angle from which to attack, and one which if opened up should bring aid from every river town and city on the lower reaches of the river. Here it is:

Why should the National and State government spend millions on artificial flood storage reservoirs while the War Department issues a permit for the destruction of one of Nature's finest national halting places for flood waters? The drainage project will result rushing the precipitation of the headwater region to the sea in advance of Nature's schedule and lower the ground level in a vast district to the great detriment of agriculture. It will result in the necessity for higher and higher levees down river which will cost somebody else ten times what the drainage scheme will yield to its promoters—plus the flood damage which will occur before the down stream protection can be provided. It will destroy an area which now acts as a factory for the fogs and dews so valuable as a distributor of moisture to agricultural districts contiguous thereto.

It will raise the high water mark of the river and increase the periods of high water. When the peaks have passed given points, it will lower the low water mark and extend the periods of low water with all their ill effects to commerce on the river.

Send out a Paul Revere message to all chapters along the river from Davenport, Iowa, to New Orleans, rousing them to the flood dangers of the scheme and calling upon them to bombard the War Department with demands for the cancellation of the permit.

Get 'em after their senators and congressmen on the same lines.

Get 'em to shout the danger on the streets and acquaint the non-sportsmen with what will come to them in the way of present damage to their homes and firesides, unless this silly scheme is blocked at the outset.

It will not result in but a single wave of devastation, but in wave upon wave, year after year—and tend to break the high spirit of the whole Mississippi Valley which the Lord knows has enough to contend with right now.

The cry of "sport for our children" sinks to insignificance in comparison to the cry of "Flood, Flood!" This will rally the whole population of the valley to the cause for they know what "Flood" means. ROBERT H. CORSON.
Jersey City, N. J.

I read with interest and almost with tears in my eyes your editorial, "The Drainage Crime of the Century," and today I have written the President of the United States, Senator Frank B. Willis and Senator S. D. Fess of Ohio about it, taking the subject matter of my letter from your letter to the President. I have also written the President of The League of Ohio Sportsmen, I. S. Myers, of Akron, Ohio, and he, I know, will use all the influence he can as he is a member of the Advisory Board of the Migratory Bird Treaty.

In our magazine we also expect to give some space to this subject in a near future number and we will bring the influence of The League of Ohio Sportsmen to bear in your behalf.

J. W. STUBER,
Columbus, Ohio.

Excerpt From a Letter to the President Written by C. L. Dewey, Michigan City, Ind.

IT has been absolutely proven by disinterested scientists that trying to make farms out of swamps is an absolute farce and the writer, for one, urges you to do anything which you possibly can to prevent both of these regions from being drained and turn them into National Preserves.

Copy of Telegram Sent to Senators Lenroot and La Follette by Milwaukee Chapter

Milwaukee, Wis., August 3, 1923.
U. S. Senator Robert M. LaFollette,
Madison, Wisconsin.

THE Izaak Walton Chapter of Milwaukee, composed of three hundred and ten leading citizens, by resolution unanimously condemns the drainage of the Winneshiek Bottoms along the upper Mississippi River near La Crosse and Prairie du Chien, involving the destruction of a natural sanctuary and habitat of aquatic birds in almost unbelievable numbers besides destroying the greatest spawning beds for Black Bass and other fish probably existing upon this continent. Fish and aquatic fowl can't vote, but the Izaak Walton League of America is pledged to the conservation of the small remnant of Forest, Glen, Woods and breeding places of fur animals and aquatic and fish life, to the end that the youth of this land and their children's children may enjoy their beauty, recreation and advantages which is their natural heritage and of which commercialism is fast destroying the last remnant. As a Senator from Wisconsin, as a Statesman and an American, will you use every effort in your official capacity for the defeat of this crime against reasonable and honest conservation and against posterity?

IZAAK WALTON CHAPTER
OF MILWAUKEE
By HASKELL NOYES,
President.

A BLACK SPOT IN IOWA

THE Drainage Crime of a Century," in the July issue of the Izaak Walton League Monthly, by Will H. Dilg, calls to mind the unnecessary drainage of some 900 acres of lake bed in Green County, Iowa, known as Goose Lake. This lake was one of the great water reservoirs of the Raccoon River Valley, supplying moisture to the surrounding farms and retaining the snow water and rainfall of each season, and discharging it as Nature intended it to be discharged; but selfish men with the "greed for the Almighty Dollar" saw fit to destroy this mighty asset of Iowa.

Hundreds of dollars' worth of furs were taken each year from this place to say nothing of the fish that were caught. Goose Lake was one of the most wonderful resting places for wild fowls on their flight from north to south. Each year hundreds of sportsmen journeyed to this, the greatest of all Iowa's shooting grounds to enjoy an outing. But now, nothing is left but a BLACK SPOT, good for nothing but obnoxious weeds and swamp owls.

This lake bed will never be fit for cultivation, there being no soil of any consequence, nothing but peat from 4 to 12 feet deep underlaid with blue clay.

Not only was it a crime to destroy this lake, a paradise for fish and game, but the entire state of Iowa has been made "THE GOAT" in having to pay for this drainage. The county officers in charge at the time of draining this lake let the contract for a certain sum, but upon the completion of the primary drainage, for only the lateral mains have been laid, it was found necessary to assess at a higher rate than was contemplated at first to pay for what had been done, knowing full well that the land owners would not and could not pay this excess assessment, conceived the idea that the state of Iowa should pay the bulk of the assessment for this work and spread on the records of the county an assessment against the state of Iowa for its interest in the drainage of 448-10/100 acres $73,377.00 and for 437-63/100 acres owned by private land owners an assessment of $15,285.50 and a special assessment against the three townships in charge of this lake bed, of $1,200.00.

Sportsmen and citizens of other states, "WAKE UP," just such a condition as this, without a doubt, is taking place in your own locality. Here the state of Iowa is asked to pay nearly four times as much for the same amount of land drained as a private land owner is asked to pay, or in other words the state of Iowa is assessed $56,788.50 more for having under its control 10-47/100 acres more of this lake bed than does the private individual; as I said before, AWAKE, GET BUSY, LOOK INTO THIS QUESTION of unnecessary drainage and save yourselves from some of this excessive taxation, and by so doing you will assist in preserving some of our wild life resources.

These things the Izaak Walton League of America is interested in. To do your bit more forcefully (if you do not already belong you should affiliate with this league); get its magazine, through which you may keep abreast with the times and know just what is going on. Every man, woman and child in America should either belong to the league or one of its branches.

S. O. CARTER,
Des Moines, Ia.

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by WILL H. DILG

Every Fisherman Has at Least One Good Fishing Story in His System

Sketches by R. Feyerweather Babcock

Drums

By CHARLES N. BOOTH

IT was my good fortune the other day while traveling to fall in with an enthusiastic young southern sportsman from Alabama and Mississippi.

In the course of our interesting conversation, he told me an amusing little anecdote which I here intend to pass on.

It was about the "drums" in one of the rivers running through his plantation. These "drums" (one of the various species of bass) on certain evenings had the habit of drumming on the bottoms of boats and other floating objects convenient. On one of these particular evenings some time back, my friend took three darkies (none of whom had ever been on that river before nor were acquainted with the "drums") with him in a small boat to set out a line for catfish.

As the party started out somewhat above the point on the opposite bank from where operations would begin, the boat was allowed to float down and across accordingly. Without warning a sudden drumming was heard on the bottom of the boat. The three superstitious Ethiopians stared at each other wild-eyed. Then one ventured in a weak voice, "Mista Cha'lie, ah thinks dose mus' be water fairies."

That started the three of them, and it was some job quieting them. "Mista Cha'lie," did it however, without divulging the cause of the mysterious drumming. As soon as the rowing began, the sound of the drumming was drowned out, and calm was restored.

After all operations had been completed, and the party had rowed upstream a little to do some "exploring," the boat was again allowed to float, down to the original landing. This time the drumming was more vigorous. One of the frightened blacks could stand it no longer. "Put me asho' right now, I'se gwine no fu'ther!"

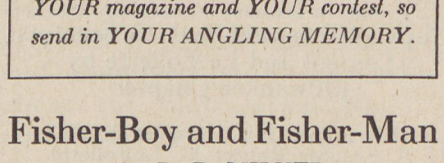
So frantic were his appeals, that it was necessary to comply with his wishes. The poor fellow chose walking through the bushes and brambles and swamp to being at the mercy of the terrible "water fairies." The other two were persuaded to remain in the boat until the landing was reached, but there were three colored gentlemen who didn't go out on that river again for some time.

THIS is the beginning of the second year of our story contest. Angling Memories which have run in the past twelve issues of this magazine have been delightful fishing stories, and undoubtedly have been the source of much pleasure to our readers. Mr. Elmer E. Rawdon won first prize with his story which is reprinted on page 22 of this issue. A list of the four other winners will be given in September and also a list of the prizes, the first prize again being a fifty dollar rod.

Whether or not you have sent in a story, you are eligible for entry again. Some day these stories will be published in book form, and even if you do not win one of the five prizes, it will be an honor to "make" the contest. Above all, this is YOUR magazine and YOUR contest, so send in YOUR ANGLING MEMORY.

Fisher-Boy and Fisher-Man

By D. B. MILNER



GO back a quarter of a century and picture to yourself a raw, little country boy about six years old, whose main idea in life was to fish and hunt—the hunting at that early stage consisting of trapping partridges and similar game, the fishing being as described below. Now also picture a quiet little meadow branch that was clear and pretty as could be, a branch fed by many little springs that bubbled out of mossy, fern-covered banks; imagine here and there broadened out, deep pools with stately trees scattered along the banks and you will have an idea of the setting for this Memory. But if you will allow a harsh and tragic note to interrupt a pleasant memory, it can be truly stated that the little brook is also only a memory now since such intensive farming is carried on along its banks, the soil from the fields has washed in, filling up the stream and drying out the springs. So, such boys as live along the setting for this memory will never have the chance to acquire any such memory as the writer of this little sketch so cherishes.

During the summers when the larger brothers could get off, bait and hooks were gotten together and as soon as supper was over the party would be off through the woods to the branch. The distance from the house is only a matter of a mile but to the young hero of this story it seemed many times longer than any mere mile. The hike through the woods was always an event and there was a thrill in the hearts of all, and contentment in the breast of the young fellow at being out on a mission that he loved so well. His supreme delight came, though, when he was allowed to carry the old kerosene lantern which was used to guide them through the woods. Carrying the lantern automatically gave him permission to lead the party. He would walk along silently watching the ghost-like shadows his legs would cast on the ground. These shadows were grotesque and scary looking, which gave him creepy feelings up and down his spine; nevertheless, he was never willing to give up control of the lantern.

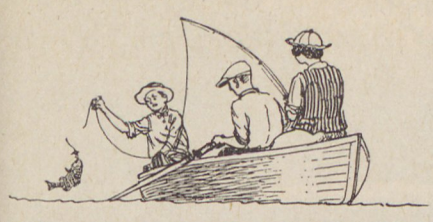
The great moment came to all when they reached the branch. Poles were cut and rigged up, each man fixing for himself about four poles. They were then baited and set along in the best holes, the fish they were after being the common, yellow catfish. When the hooks were all out the party made a large fire, not that it was cold but the fire always gave nerve to these young sportsmen, for, be it said that the brothers of the young fellow were rather young and there were times when the entire party would become frightened. After the hooks had been set for about a half hour the first round was made. Their joy was keenest and hearts beat fastest when they would come in sight of a pole bent down and with something from the dark water giving sharp jerks and tugs—they knew something was on that was worthwhile. About six of these rounds were made before midnight, at which time the party would go home. Fish were caught on nearly every round and some of them seemed very large and fine specimens, the owners being exceedingly proud of them; but now looking back on the occasion the idea suggests itself that maybe the fish were like the distance from the house to the stream, they just seemed large.

But that young fisherman has grown into a man, a man who uses a four ounce fly rod and who gets joy in trying to follow the dictates of a true sportsman and angler and who is thrilled with each cast of his rod, yet he will never again experience such delightful thrills as he got when a small boy fishing on his little meadow branch for common yellow cats.

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

The Helpful Sex

By SARAH LOUISE LINTHICUM



IT was on the Transquakin River, near Cambridge, Maryland; the rain was beating down steadily; it took two men to bail and paddle while I was delegated the important duty of handling the casting rod, and artificial bait.

Four beautiful large mouth bass lay in the bottom of the watery boat, ranging from 3 to 3½ pounds each; twice I had to reprimand the two men in the boat about talking too much; their excuse was they had to talk to keep warm, and it did not scare the fish, anyhow; anyway there wasn't anything else to do when you had a back lash which would not come out. Isn't that just like men, they accuse the women of doing all the talking and yet they cannot even keep quiet when the bass are biting.

Conditions must have been just right, for the bass already caught had taken the plug with an evil rush, and things looked good for a record day, and perhaps a "big one," which all of us dream about at one time or another. The fish were lying in close to shore under a high bank, in deep water; a cast had to almost hit the shore to produce results. A good cast—if I do say it myself, the men won't give me any credit—landed my lure within six inches of the bank and at the root of an old water-logged stump, an ideal place for a fish; in the twinkling of an eye there was a boiling swirl, a rush that almost took the rod from my trembling fingers, and a "big one" was solidly hooked and the stage set.

Out of the water he came and shook his big dog-like head savagely in a vain effort to dislodge the annoying, clinging object; the fight was between the boat and the shore; one desperate effort he made to go under the boat, but a little careful snubbing brought him back towards shore, where he made another clear leap out of the water; by this time the fish had begun to tire with his strenuous efforts to escape, and on account of the character of the battlefield I made every effort to get him quickly to the side of the boat, where I admit I made a grave mistake. As I drew him alongside, still fighting and testing the tackle to the utmost, the officious man who had been bailing and issuing instructions how to handle the fish, reached over and grabbed the line just above the leader and tried to lift the struggling, slashing bass into the boat; the man's intentions doubtless were good but a fray in the line at the bait, a snap, and away went Mr. Bass with my best plug lodged in his jaw.

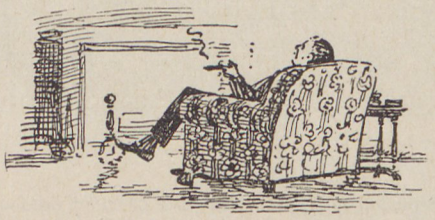
In tragic moments, men swear and women weep; I did both. He was the biggest bass I ever hooked, weighing at least—Oh, what's the use; my favorite bait was gone, I had lost my biggest fish, and my whole day was utterly ruined.

There is always sunshine somewhere, for we got other fish that memorable day, but not so large as the one that got away. The men stopped talking, which was a relief, and a few days later some one found my plug clinging to the lily pads, near the tragic spot, which also helped.

I am going back some day after that six pounder if I live long enough; but the next time I shall see that the man who tried to lift my record fish either attends to his own job or stays at home.

Dreaming by the Fireside

By HASKELL WRIGHT

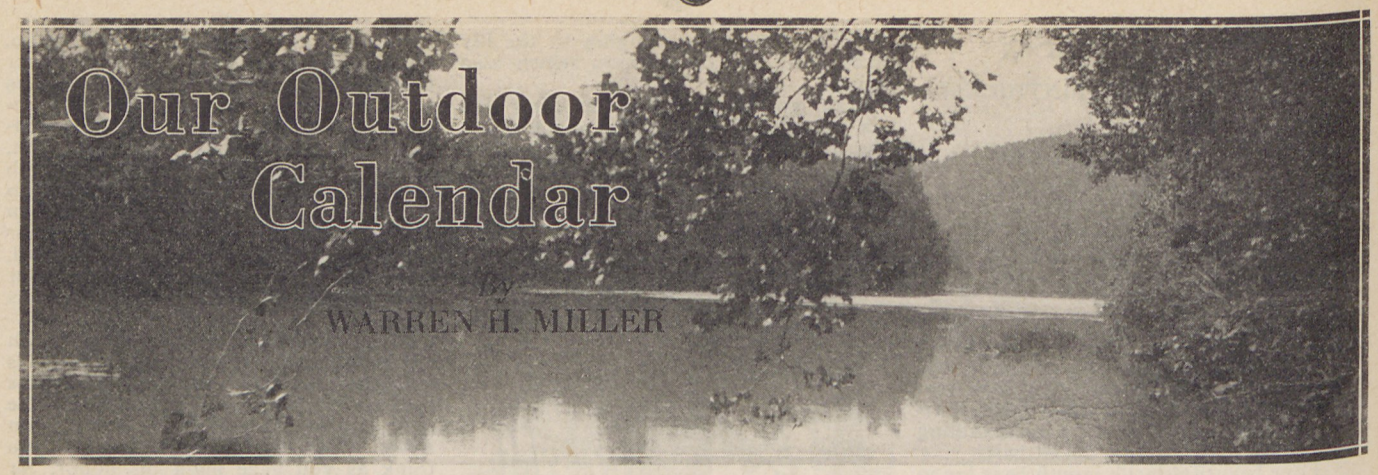


THE warmth of the glowing embers delights me as I snuggle back in the ol' arm chair. The folks have gone to the movies and here alone in restful peace I sit—with easy shoes and jimmy pipe—my eyes half closed in dreamy musings. There!—among the flickering flames I see him! His freckled face and dancing eyes gayly beckon. He calls—"Come on, ol' pal, back to the good ol' days of yore!" With willow pole and little "fly hooks," we will once more joyfully tread the dusty road, feel the warm sand ooze through our toes—hear the winged dreadnaught, the grasshopper, as he wings his way along the road side at our approach. The moan of the wind as it breezes through the piny woods sets the heart aglow, once more, with the fire of youth. Do the stickers hurt our feet? Well—no wonder, forty years of shoes is not conducive to frisking among the sand-burrs. Ah, a sweet gum tree—we hasten over, regardless of the fact that the barbed wire fence leaves us with a six inch rip in the trouser seat. As truly as the early bird gets the worm, so does the early lad get the sweet gum; or at least the pick of the lot and the rush is worth the trouble. On we go once more—into the woodland road. Already the gleam of blue water sparkles through the trees and spurs us on to a dog trot with jingling pole. Too good to be true, there she lies; good ol' lake, the reddish hue of the sun reflects in its mirror-like surface and here and there little patches of mist float to and fro. The rising fish in quest of an early breakfast alone disturb its mirrorlike calm. "There! see him jump!" "Oh, boy, a whopper, I'll say!" And off we go, each to his favorite "hole" in quest of our finny friends. "These little red worms are best." "I'll try one of these." "No, don't hook him through the middle." "This way, see? So he can wiggle." "And oh, yes, don't forget to spit on your bait, Gosh no!" "I'll try here by this ol' root—out on the other side of that weed bed's good too." And we settle down in quietness, the little bobber peacefully floating on the green waters. How strange, it was a perfume bottle cork once! Suddenly it moves—just ever so slightly, and tiny rings encircle it, gently enlarging—then a downward tip, and up, up again—more rings but larger this time; a nibble sure! Then down she goes through the cool green depths, a foot almost, a whopper sure! With a twist of the wrist the hook is set, the willow pole bends double and the line cuts the water as back and forth he rushes—almost under the ol' snag too, but he's out now, and in the open water the tide of battle turns and out he comes up on the bank, flopping lustily as becomes such a valiant warrior—his brilliant colors flashing as he bounds about, and nearer the water each time. "Grab him quick, he's off the hook," and you do it too, only you let him loose with even more vim than you took him on, for this finny brave is not so easily downed. A trickle of red marks the place on your hand where his spiny dorsal has left its mark.

However, he is quickly regained, with more caution this time, before he reaches his water habitat. And soon he graces the willow fork your pal has cut—the long end securely tied to a stump on shore. "My, but he is a beauty," you think as you gaze upon his honor, Sir Pumpkin Seed—and truly he is, the colors of the rainbow are harbored in his plump little body—"like a newly minted coin" you remember having read as you muse over this royal scrapper—but here, that will never do! You didn't read that 'til forty years later!! Your musings are suddenly interrupted by a shout from Pal—he's got one too, tho' not as big as yours, thank goodness! A half-pounder, by the way. And thus it goes, 'tis royal sport, worthy of its niche in the Elysian fields, and here old timer catches a catfish and you land a mud turtle. Gradually the biting slows up and the sun beams hot overhead. A wind has sprung up and the surface is rippled with waves that lap and break on the sandy shore. The cooling water has an entrancing gleam, and soon the biting is over. Two minds with but a single thought, and soon the lines are laid away, the finny monsters having retired for the day, off go the overalls and shirt and with a run and a shout we breast the sparkling waters. "Can you swim?"—almost forgotten how—years behind the desk are not productive of proficiency in this noble sport. To dive from the limb of the ol' hickory tree was the height of your delight—and daring, too. Ask Pal, who could dive out of the top, an' Tommy Brown who jumped out from the top of the old willow tree around the bend—much too daring for you. Soon the sun is over head—you experience a vast feeling of emptiness about the waist line and Pal does not have to suggest it twice before you are out on the bank struggling into your clothes. You gather up the poles and down to the water side you go—you'll take turns carrying the fish home, the arrangements are made as you pull them out. But wait! what's this! the bottom two are gone, at least all but the heads, and you turn to see ol' Snapper as he scuttles through the shallow weeds into the depths, a futile stone or two speeds his escape. But why worry—there's twenty whole ones left. Thus you turn your tired but happy steps homeward—the hoppers jump by the road side and the breeze moans through the pines. The cow bells jingle in the nearby pasture and the dusty road warms your feet as you plod—homeward bound!

Sitting by the fireside—eyes half closed, the flames in the fireplace die into a glowing mass of coals, to pop and crack and send fiery projectiles off into space the old Jimmy pipe long since cold having angling memories!

And I think of the famous words of F. D. Pryce, "Anglers dream of their favorite sport more than do other men of theirs."



Our Outdoor Calendar

by
WARREN H. MILLER

August

This department of fascinating and practical outdoor lore will appear regularly and will be conducted by Warren H. Miller, former editor of Field and Stream. There is no better authority in America on camping and living in the open than Warren H. Miller. —The Editor.

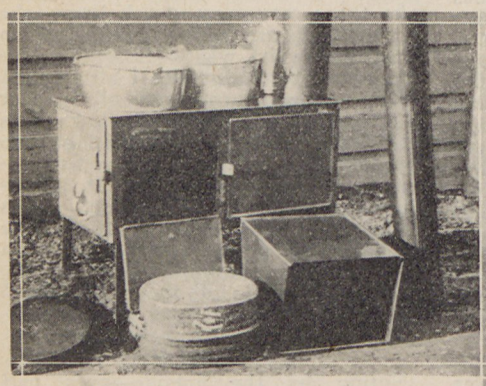
THE Midsummer Moon. I have a name of my own for it, which has to do with the moon but more with the sun—The Loafer's Glory. August is a bewildering month for the outer, since there is so much to do, so many varieties of life in the open claiming his time that it is difficult to choose. For him who **must** be fishing or unhappy it is a poor month in the woods, as trout and bass alike are lethargic, but in salt water the fishing is in its glory. More of that later; to my mind August is the great month for the Annual Outing for your sportsman's organization. It is vacation time for most of us. The weather is settled and dry. Nights are warm enough for light blanketing. The dampness of the woods is at a minimum.

It is true that the Camp Fire Club selects June for its Annual Outing, but a number of years of attendance convinces me that it is too early. More than once we run into a period of northeast storm. August provides plentiful thunderstorms, but in the main it is settled, summer southwest-wind weather.

The great aim of these outings is solidarity. A group of men are interested in the great outdoors and meet in the winter for active work and banquets in which much good cheer flows. But outers know well that you do not get to know and love your fellow club-man until you have camped with him. Therefore, for Heaven's sake, as you profess to love the forest, go out and camp in it all together! As objectives to provide continuous activities stretching over a period of four or five days, competitions are provided; rifle matches, shotgun events, fly and bait casting tournaments, woodcraft stunts. An active core for the club is thus formed, men who love and esteem each other through the friendly rivalries of the encampment, who will go through fire for each other, and give freely of their time and effort during the winter to help each other out in the serious work of game protection and forest conservation. Without such a midsummer encampment the club becomes rather vague, with all its winter work falling on a few devoted leaders. Many a committeman of valuable activities has arisen out of obscurity through his prowess with rod or gun during the summer encampment. Successful in the practice of the outdoors, he was soon found successful in the active work of game legislation, once given his chance.

The Camp Fire Club encampment lasts five days. During the winter ardent enthusiasts are selected to take charge of the various events, the rifle matches, the trap tournaments, the fly and bait casting events, the canoe and portage races, the best tent and outfit competitions, the tomahawk, archery, fire-making and flap-jack contests. Land, a large tract of field and forest, is loaned or rented for the occasion. The committemen get on the ground before the encampment date, dig rifle pits for targets, set up trap fixtures, build a tournament dock for the fly and bait casting men, allot camp sites for members' tents, provide a forest eating tent for the whole crowd, engage a negro chef and his assistants for the culinary department.

Then comes opening day, with the members trailing in burdened down with knapsacks and tents, rod cases, rifles and shotguns. Whooping and singing they arrive, to greet one another with the hearty enthusiasm of campers, and each sets about putting up his own forest home. White, green, and brown tents dot the forest everywhere; voices of happy men, tent-mates wrestling with their belongings, gossip of visiting parties, hilarity. The camp Committee has provided poles and hay for those



Cook stove for permanent camping

Channel Bass at New Inlet, N. J.

Shelter tents for beach camping along the Dunes

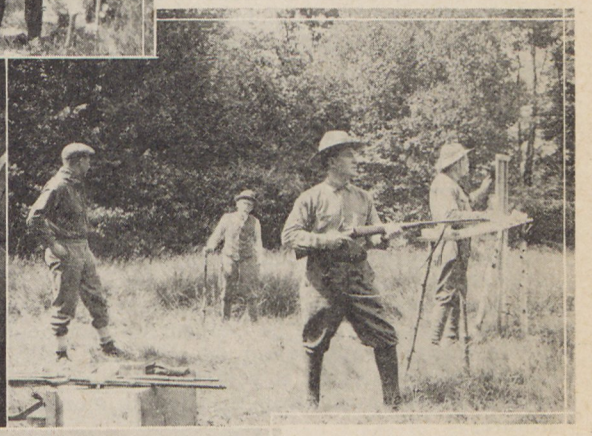
who do not use camp cots but need duffle to stuff mattress bags with. There is a guest's tent for those lethargic souls who have not enthusiasm enough to bring their own beloved little tent.

A big and hilarious feed under the eating tent, (which may be no more than a large fly with board table and benches under it) then the roaring camp fire by nightfall, singing, stunts, stories. A happy time; a time when freindships are cemented, newer depths of character discovered among men who were but mere acquaintances before, plans for serious work in the coming winter discussed by all.

The following morning a grand "Field Day," as it is called in the Army and Navy, in which tents are slicked up, trenches dug, outfits displayed, all made ready for the inspection of the Best Tent committee. Long and arduous are the deliberations of that body. The best practical wilderness outfit, self-sustaining no matter how far in from the nearest railroad, is the desideratum. A man's tent, sleeping rig, cook kit, axes, knives, and accessories, medicine chest, etc., are examined and the award made on points totalling a hundred.

Trap shooting stand

W. T. Hornaday, John M Phillips, Emerson McMillan, Ernest Thompson Seton, Phinister Proctor and Augustus Post in group.



The rifle match, Ed Morse up.

Fly casting tournament, Eugene Dupont up

Meanwhile the other committees are completing their arrangements, and by afternoon the whang of rifles, the pop-pop-pop of shotguns at the traps, the swish of fly rods and the whirr of bait-casting reels make the afternoon noisy with competition. Everybody is having a grand time. Both rod and gun events are so specified that practical wilderness conditions are approximated. Instead of targets for the rifles we have a disappearing bear who is in sight three seconds, rising up out of a pit a hundred yards away against a forest background. He looks as big as a cow and easy to hit at the range of a hundred yards—but, try it! He is as gray as the landscape back of him, and frightfully easy to miss entire. No warning is given. He is there, like a ghost; then gone in three seconds. The worst shots on him were expert military riflemen. A few "possibles" of fifty are scored on him each year, mainly by experienced big-game hunters. The writer's best was 42x50 during five years.

Then we have the running deer, who races out of a bush hiding and shoots across an open glade seventy-five feet wide. Each brisket hit counts ten; haunch shots seven. Unless you swing ahead, as on a real deer, you will score but haunch shots. The standing event is a mountain sheep facing the shooter in profile. He is reduced to present the same target at a hundred yards as himself life-size at three hundred. Kneeling, prone, or standing position. No time limit. That little ram is easy to miss!

For the wing shooters there is, first, the standard trap event at sixteen yards rise, fifty up. Then doubles; and finally the Quail Shoot, in which three birds rise at once while the shooter creeps up toward the trap backstop. No warning. The object is to get two out of the three if possible.

In our fishing events we try to keep as far away from the tournament idea as possible. Special outfits are barred (as are telescope sights and small bores and Shuetzen rifles in the rifle events) Standard trout tackle for stream use. Standard bait-casting outfit, with line not less than twelve pounds breaking strength (No. Five Kingfisher) and real lure, not less than an ounce. The bass of our lake have often butted into the tournament, been played in, landed and set free, and the tournament resumed. The fly events are distance and accuracy (as are the bait-casting). Then come the woodcraft events: canoe and portage, in which teams of two compete with a canoe and a hundred pounds of duffle over a lake and trail course; horse packing, in which one packs his cayuse, throws the diamond hitch, and rides over a trail leading the pack horse; flap-jack making, an event of unbounded hilarity, in which a measure of flour and a strip of pork and one match are given to each contestant. The flour is self-rising. The entrys, at the word "Go," start

(Continued on page 58)

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

Dogs, Game Birds and Sportsmen

This Department will be conducted monthly by Mr. Carman, who is one of America's foremost authorities on dogs. In his own words, "I dedicate this Department not to Dogs, but to man's greater understanding of Dogs." Mr. Carman is glad to receive letters, photographs, stories, experiences and enquiries from all lovers of dogs and readers of this Department.

Warren G. Harding's Tribute to a Dog

A kindly, human, honest, sincere and able President has died and the country mourns with Mrs. Harding his loss. When he was editor of The Marion Star he lost a Boston terrier who had been his daily companion for many years and he wrote the following to his memory reprinted from the Boston Post by special permission:

"EDGEWOOD Hub in the register is a mark of his breeding; but to us just Hub, a little Boston terrier, whose sentient eye mirrored the fidelity and devotion of his loyal heart. The veterinary said he was poisoned; perhaps he was, his mute suffering suggested it.

"One is reluctant to believe that a human being who claims man's estate could be so hateful a coward as to ruthlessly torture and kill a trusting victim, made defenceless through his confidence in the human master, but there are such.

"One honest look from Hub's trusting eyes was worth a hundred lying greetings from such inhuman beings, though they wear the habiliments of men.

"Perhaps you wouldn't devote these lines to a dog. But Hub was a Star office visitor nearly every day of the six years in which he deepened attachment.

"He was a grateful and devoted dog, with a dozen lovable attributes and it somehow voices the yearnings of broken companionship to pay his memory deserved tribute.

"It isn't orthodox to ascribe a soul to a dog—if soul means immortality. But Hub was loving and loyal, with the jealousy that tests its quality.

"He was reverent, patient, faithful; he was sympathetic, more than humanly so sometimes, for no lure could be devised to call him from the sick-bed of mistress or master.

"He minded his own affairs, especially worthy of human emulation, and he would kill nor wound no living thing.

"He was modest and submissive where these were becoming, yet he assumed a guardianship of the home he sentineled, until entry was properly vouched.

"He couldn't speak our language, though he somehow understood, but he could be, and was, eloquent with uttering eye and wagging tail, and the other expressions of knowing dogs.

"No, perhaps he has no soul, but in these things are the essence of soul and the spirit of lovable life.

"Whether the Creator planned it so or environment and human companionship have made it so, men may learn richly through the love and fidelity of a brave and devoted dog.

"Such loyalty might easily add lustre to a crown of immortality."

To My Old Pal

By DOROTHY SHEPARD McCOMB

EDITOR'S NOTE: It is difficult to find a more beautiful interpretation of the dog in all his loving, eager service and devotion than in the following verses by Dorothy Shepard McComb.

YOU look at me with eyes so full of love and eagerness,
You press your nose so hard against my knee,
And wildly wag your stumpy tail, in effort to express
The wish that you would get across to me.

I know, old pal, although the only language you command
Is one of signs, what you would tell me of,
For man and beast and bird can, interchanging, understand
The universal language of their love.

Your years are past for hunting now but in your day you were
The best retriever ever, barring none.
So "when the ducks come down," lest I should hurt your feelings, sir

You couldn't push nor jump, and under which you couldn't crawl,
Though I stayed hours, you used to sit and wait.

I'm not so young myself, old pal, and I've seen loved ones go
On that Great Journey, when 'twas hard to find
The reason they must leave so soon and I must lag so slow,
Suff'ring the hurt of being left behind.

We do not know, of course, but I have always thought Out There
Souls must always travel upward toward the Light,
Shedding their mortal fetters, as they grow in Spirit, fair
And everlasting, perfect in His sight.

If that be true, they've gone so long, perhaps they have

Skunks, Owls and Cats

DEAR Brother Waltonian:
In the May issue of the Walton Monthly I note your article, "Concerning Vermin," and I wish to take friendly issue with you regarding the amount of destruction you attribute to skunks and owls.

Of skunks you state they are "tireless in their foraging—birds, eggs and chicks are particularly favorite selections for their diet." Did you ever make any particular study of the skunk, his habits and diet, did you ever make close examination of their droppings? If not, do it and you will find principally the remains of grasshoppers, beetles, grubs and their like—occasionally the remains of a mouse or similar rodent. I have yet to find traces of birds or eggs in my examinations. I admit that an occasional skunk, like an occasional human, goes wrong, develops perverted tastes and preys on the chicken coop or perhaps birds nesting on the ground, but even that is rare.

I have known a hen turkey to nest within twenty feet of a skunk den and neither eggs nor young were molested, though not less than eight skunks occupied the den. I consider the skunk, ouside of its fur value, one of the most valuable animals to the farmer, and would not allow one to be killed on the place were I farming.

I consider that the owl does very little damage to game birds and animals except to catch an occasional rabbit. Examine closely their droppings and stomach residue, and I think you will find this verified. Their principal food, in my experience, has been mice and similar vermin that are a damage to the farmer. These have been my personal observations during a long period of years.

However you hit the nail on the head when you include the cat, both the semi-wild and the lap tabby. They are the worst bird and game killer we have, and any one of them will account for more bird life than all the skunks in a whole county. They forage every country lane and by-road day and night, and no bird is safe on the ground, in trees or in the brush. I make it a practice to kill every cat seen on my hunting trips. Two years ago after having eight nests of robbins cleaned up on my property here in town, I shot twenty eight cats and had no one in the neighborhood claim to loose his pet, most of them were mangy, rough and scarred toms.

Most people I find are too prone to condemn both birds and animals as vermin, without taking into consideration their value in other lines and to give them far too much credit as predatory killers that careful observation will not verify.

Trusting you will take my criticism in the manner in which I mean it, I remain.

Yours truly,
C. M. CLARKE,
Stoughton, Wisconsin.

* * *

We are indebted to Mr. Clarke for his excellent and highly interesting letter.

The editor's attack upon owls and skunks is based on his observation of them (not the members) as president for fifteen years of the Tunxis Hunting, Fishing and Outing Club which is located in Hampden County Massachusetts—The Berkshire Hills Country.

A long and finally successful effort was made at the Club to raise English-Mongolian pheasants and Mallard ducks. The pheasants and ducks were hatched and cared for by Rhode Island Red mothers until about six weeks old when the pheasants were turned into the covers and the ducks put out on the ponds.

Of the many enemies that waged constant warfare upon the young pheasants, we found the skunk conspicuous as a slayer, and shot three in one night that had eaten seven pheasants the night before and had returned for another meal.

Mallard ducks that had the daring to sleep in the open were frequently killed and partially eaten or carried off by the Great Horned Owl, a number of which we eventually trapped.

It is interesting however to learn that in Mr. Clarke's opinion, with the exception of the skunks that "go wrong" the great majority prove valuable to the farmer, and do little damage to game and song birds; also that the owl does very little damage to birds in general.

Is it not obvious, however that a game farm rearing, as did the Tunxis Club, upwards of a thousand pheasants and five hundred or more ducks, offers a temptation beyond the powers of skunks and Great Horned Owls to resist? And if this is so are not skunks and Horned Owls "safer" dead than alive wherever game and song birds are desired and effort made to raise them?

Has any other reader of the Monthly a contribution on this subject to offer this department?

IZAAK WALTON.

With Justice to All And Malice Towards None

The following letters are gladly published in the spirit of fairness.

June 28th, 1923.

EDITOR, Izaak Walton League Monthly.
Dear Sir:

In your May number there is an article entitled "Your Game Warden" which maliciously and untruthfully maligns the Great Northern Paper Company.

May I at the earliest time receive from you an explanation.

Yours truly,
GREAT NORTHERN PAPER COMPANY,
By F. A. GILBERT, Second Vice President.

* * *

June 27, 1923.

Editor Izaak Walton League Monthly.
Dear Sir:

My attention has been called to an altogether erroneous article in the May issue of your magazine, in which you not only reflect upon the wardens of this state, but do a gross injustice to the Great Northern Paper Company. This corporation not only observes the laws but notifies its employees that any infringement of the Maine game laws by its men will be followed by prompt discharge. Certainly no corporation in Maine is more courteous to wardens and more willing to co-operate with the Fish and Game Department of this State than the Great Northern.

Knowing, with your reputation for fairness, that you would not care to do anyone an injustice, I am addressing this letter to you that you may make proper correction.

At our Sportsmen's Association meetings this corporation has been frequently commended for its assistance in creating public sentiment in the Maine woods for conservation of its wild life and the firm stand its management has taken to uphold the Maine fish and game laws.

Yours truly,
WILLIS E. PARSONS,
Commissioner, Inland Fisheries & Game,
State of Maine, Augusta.

The brief article referred to is republished herewith that these letters may be read with full appreciation of the denial which they contain.

Your Game Warden

Reprint from May issue

CHECK up on your Fish and Game Warden. Is he doing his duty or as a political appointee only camouflaging and getting away with it?

It isn't the occasional raid on the ice box of some poor inn-keeper that counts.

Make it your business to know the Fish and Game Warden of your district. He would do his duty if he dared, and he would dare if he had public sentiment behind him—yours and the other fellow's.

The Great Northern Paper Company of Maine is so powerful politically, I have been told by Maine guides, that it disregards all of that state's game laws. Deer and moose are shot in season and out. Sawdust is permitted to pollute trout streams and trout are taken whenever they can be caught.

The Wardens are helpless, they declare, for were one of them to arrest a Great Northern Paper Company employee he would lose his job. Public sentiment can do much to save the deer, moose and trout in Maine by backing up the Fish and Game Wardens and insisting that they do their duty regardless of political influence to the contrary.

Each state has its own Great Northern Paper Company in one lawless form or another. Make it **your** business to see that it is made to observe the Fish and Game Laws and that your Wardens are not subservient to it.

Were Fish and Game Wardens appointed under the Civil Service System and thus removed from all political influence, a mighty forward step would have to be taken in the protection and conservation of game, fish and birds.

DOG AND CAMERA PRIZE CONTEST

No guns may be carried when photographs for this contest are taken. The contest is open and will close on November 1.

First Prize	- -	**Eastman Kodak**
Second Prize	- -	**Ingersoll Wrist Watch**
Third Prize	- -	**Dog Collar**

Each photograph must be accompanied by a statement of conditions under which it is taken, name of dog, and his age; the time, place, species of game pointed, picture of camera-hunter, his name, address, and any other information of interest.

All readers of the I. W. L. Monthly are eligible. Send photographs and information to The Editor of "Dogs, Game Birds and Sportsmen" care of the I. W. L. Monthly.

The prizes will be awarded by Marguerite Ives, Donald Hough, and Travers D. Carman, who will act as judges.

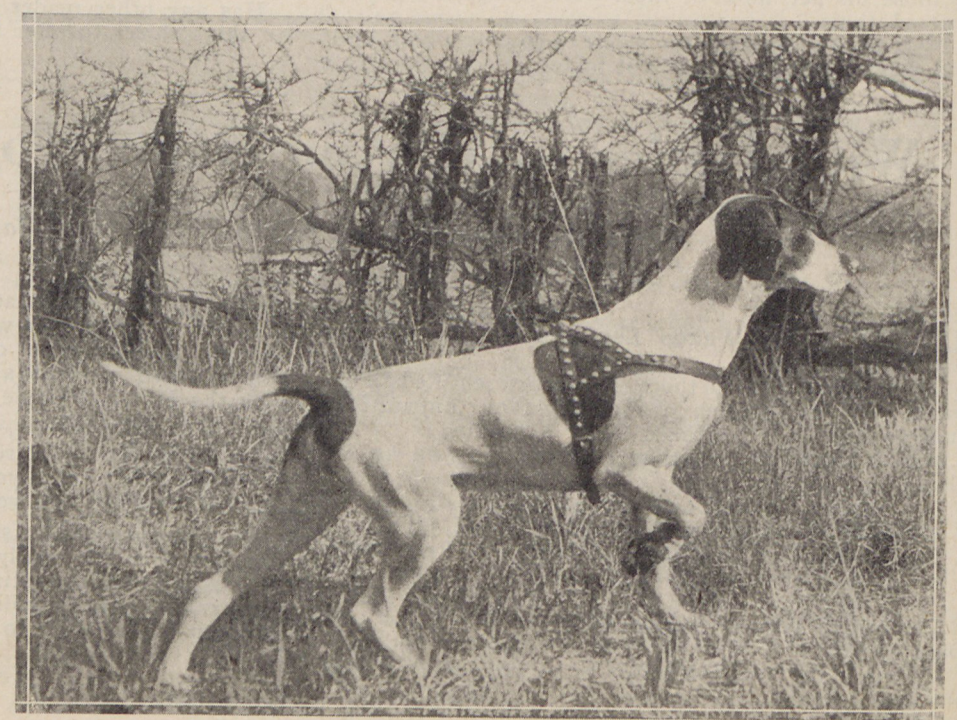
First entry in the Dog and Camera contest is this picture from Dr. Walter Ritchie, State President of the Illinois Division of the I. W. L. A.

EDITOR Dogs, Game Birds and Sportsmen.

Dear Mr. Carman: About three weeks ago I had the most satisfactory hunt in which I have ever participated, and in evidence of the fact, I am sending you a picture of my pointer pup, "Babe," which is about a year old.

With dog and camera I started out in my car in search of game. I took more than a dozen good pictures, but the one which I am sending you turned out so perfectly that the taking of this picture alone has proven more gratifying to me than killing the limit of any sort of game at any time! "Babe" was pointing a hen pheasant and stood staunch while I put a film in my camera and took two pictures. In fact she never moved a muscle until I flushed the bird, and that is surely a source of great satisfaction to a man working with a young dog.

Sincerely yours,
Walter Ritchie,
State Pres., Illinois Division
I. W. L. A.



"Babe," pointer pup owned by Dr. Walter Ritchie, Bloomington, Ill.

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by THOMAS AMBROSE
Vice-President of the I. W. L. A.

Books for review may be sent direct to Thomas Ambrose, 330 East 22nd St., Chicago.

A BOOK ON ANGLING, being a Complete Treatise on the Art of Angling in Every Branch by Francis Francis, with an Introduction by Sir Herbert Maxwell. New Edition, green cloth in decorative jacket, illustrated, 364 pp. $4.50. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Company, Philadelphia, 1923.

Francis Francis probably knew more of the habits of trout and salmon and how to take them as a sportsman than any other angler of his time, and as Angling Editor of the Field, all the best waters of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales were open to him. The first edition appeared in 1867 and was immediately recognized as authoritative.

The late Call J. McCarthy, of "Callmack" fame, told the writer that when he, Call, was serving apprenticeship to his father in the art of fly dressing, that A Book on Angling always lay upon the work table and was used as a text-book to resolve any "knotty" questions.

Sir Herbert Maxwell says: "I have never handled any book which gives such succinct and trustworthy instruction in every form of fresh-water angling."

Francis' book covers the entire field of angling for coarse as well as for game fishes, and his observations and directions, for the most part, are applicable to present-day conditions.

Of especial value are his descriptions of trout and salmon flies and how to dress them. No other writer gives more exact information for the fly-tyer.

There are six color-plates of salmon flies; one of natural trout flies, one of imitations of grubs, several cuts of tackle of various kinds, and a number of pleasing water side scenes in photogravure.

The new edition is a good book made better, and indispensable to the collector of technical works on angling.

REMINISCENT TALES OF A HUMBLE ANGLER by Dr. Frank Mackie Johnson. Green linen weave with illuminated slip cover, 12 mo., 109 pp., $1.50. Published by Stewart Kid Company, Cincinnati, 1921.

Here be eighteen reminiscent tales of an angler, more or less humble, told in familiar camp-fire talk, seasoned with strong adjectives, and of pre-Volsteadian flavor.

Dr. Henshall, Nestor of the Fraternity, writes the Introduction in his usual happy and eloquent manner, in which reference is made to "Forest, Lake and River," the sumptuous and monumental work by the same author.

The Humble Angler has cast a fly in widely separated waters, including, of course, the Lakes of Killarney, where he must have bussed the Blarney Stone and possibly the blue eyed, black haired, barefooted guide. He may not have visited near-by Cork, with which he was already familiar from seeing many drawings of it.

Returning to his native land he finds the Eighteenth Amendment and deforestation doing all they can to make the country dry, and takes sorrowful leave of the one-time favorite St. Croix in the lament:

Gone are the goodly salmon,
Gone is the good old booze.

It would be safe to say that any one who has had the good fortune to accompany the sunny and jovial Doctor (M. D. not D. D.) upon one of his piscatory picnics would enjoy many a pleasant retrospect as the declining sun of Time gilds the high places of Memory.

In the Introduction we learn that the gifted author of Fyshying With an Angle was 108 years old, if living when her book was first published, 1496, evidence that angling contributes to longevity. Walton angled to the ripe age of four score and ten, and according to Byron "Boone lived hunting up to ninety." We do not know if Thomas Parr, **obit** 152, was an angler, albeit his name indicates kinship to the salmon, but the Reverend Doctor who edited the first American edition of The Compleat Angler introduces one Henry Jenkins, famous angler, who lived to be 196. He testified in a court of justice to a happening of 120 years before and boasted that he could "dub a fly as well as any man in Yorkshire."

If you want to live long, "Hate contentions, and love virtue, and quietness, **and Angling,**" to attain which, join the League and become a Waltonian.

THE ANGLER'S COMPANION TO THE RIVERS AND LOCHS OF SCOTLAND, by Thomas Tod Stoddart. Edited with an Introduction by Sir Herbert Maxwell. New Edition, green cloth, in decorative jacket, illustrated, 338 pp., $4.50. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Company, Philadelphia, 1923.

First published in 1847, the Angler's Companion has remained the standard authority on all that pertains to fish and fishing in Scottish waters, and is now modernized and brought down to date by Sir Herbert Maxwell, a recognized authority of the modern school.

The author was a keen-witted observer and his views apply as shrewdly to present-day conditions as they did seventy years ago. Almost anything the angler wishes or needs to know is found within the covers of this book—the habits of trout and salmon, and the best tackle with which to take them—are given in detail.

Fly dressing and fly fishing are treated by an expert.

There are four color-plates of trout and salmon flies, seventeen other illustrations in black and white, and eighteen line drawings.

Of course there is the well known portrait of the venerable angler with flowing white beard selecting the "recht flee" for the evening rise.

This is a book which one may read with interest from cover to cover, and as he reads, the feeling grows that surely no country on earth is so bountifully blessed with good fishing waters as bonnie Scotland.

MARVELS OF THE WORLD'S FISHERIES. Interesting Descriptions of the Many Curious Methods of Fishing in all Parts of the World—by Sidney Wright. Decorated cloth, illustrated, 249 pp., $3.50. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Company, Philadelphia, 1923.

This is a condensation of the author's larger book entitled "The Romance of the World's Fisheries," and is written in popular style for the general reader.

The scope of the book may be indicated by a summary of its contents: Fisherman's Tools, Trawling, Line Fishing, Salmon Fishing as an Industry and as a Sport, Codfishing, The Oyster, American Fish & Fishermen, Herring Fishing, The Mediterranean Fisheries, The Sturgeon, Lobsters and Crabs, Irish Fisheries, The Far East, Some Strange Fish and Fishermen, Pearl Diving, Whales and Whaling.

All the "Romance" has not been squeezed out in the process of condensation, for we read of the trawl that brought up a pot of golden guineas, another that scooped up a whole colony of soles, worth £400, of condensed milk made from the lacteal fluid of whales, of the maids of The Land of Fire, who braid their tresses into fish lines, and of the natives of New Guinea, who entice gigantic spiders to weave six-foot webs in bamboo frames to serve as landing nets for fishes.

THE OUTDOORSMAN'S HANDBOOK. Edited by Hy. S. Watson and Capt. Paul A. Curtis, Jr. Sixth Edition, flexible linen covers in decorative jacket. 12 mo., 320 pp., illustrated, $1.50. Published by Stewart Kid Company, Cincinnati, May, 1923.

Here indeed is wealth of information in compact form, **multum in parvo.** A book of useful facts and figures on the technology of the outdoors, for the hunter, angler, and wilderness traveler. It makes no difference where you go or what you do, if it be outdoors you will, in this little volume, find information of real value, and it is readable. In testing some of the subjects treated I found myself beguiled into reading page after page, from sheer interest.

There is a timely chapter on Dry-Fly Fishing by E. M. Gill, and in the list of trout flies are informative descriptions of natural flies, which are supposed to be imitated.

In the chapter on **Knots,** the "Wemyss" for the dry fly is good and not generally known, and there is another which should be better known by its **real** name. It was christened in England after its inventor, Major Turle of the British Army, but in nearly all American books descriptive of angling devices, Turle turns "Turtle."

Space is given to Rules of the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs and to the names of winners of events from 1910 to 1920.

A mighty handy little book to have on your work table at home, or in your kit when on vacation.

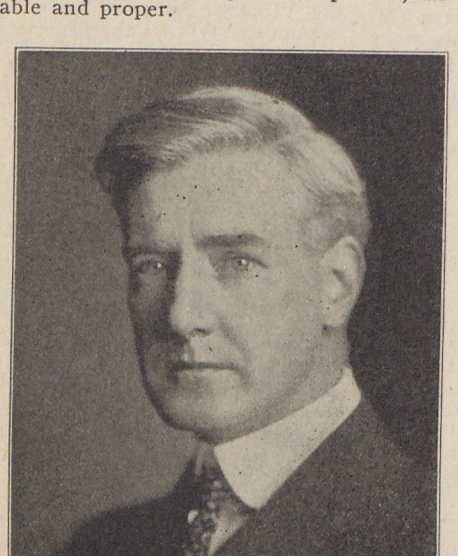
Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

Brief News of the Chapters of the

Milwaukee

MR. SHERMAN BROWN, treasurer of the Milwaukee Chapter, is leaving for the Nipigon to make what he hopes will be a great motion picture. He goes to Nipigon Lake first to get some picturesque scenes of the last remnant of the Ojibway Indians living upon this lake. His hopes are very high that this will prove one of the most interesting pictures the camera has turned out and in this he has our good wishes.

The picture is being financed by members of the Izaak Walton Chapter of Milwaukee for use by the various Chapters of America and the Chapter's expenses in this way to be reimbursed for the making of the picture, all of which is reasonable and proper.



JACK B. MCCREADY,
Sec. Fond du Lac, Wis., Chapter

The Milwaukee Chapter has sent telegrams, a copy of which will be found on page 39, to United States Senators Lenroot and LaFollette at their respective residences.

Mr. Haskell Noyes, President of the Chapter, has also called the attention of Waltonian Cargill, Publisher of the Milwaukee Sentinel, to the telegrams of protest the Chapter has sent to the Wisconsin State Senators, and requested that protest against the drainage of these waters and this commercialization of bird and fish sanctuaries be made in as strong a language as that paper will stand for.

This drainage project can be defeated as was the Superior National Forest proposal of automobile roads. All it requires is industrious, intelligent direction and an absolute faith in what the Izaak Walton League can accomplish when once it sets to work. The Milwaukee Chapter hopes and believes that the League can add this second splendid jewel to its crown of achievements.

The officers of the Milwaukee Chapter are: President, Haskell Noyes; Secretary, August C. O. Peters; Treasurer, Sherman Brown.

C. G. WALLINE,
President, Chattanooga Chapter

Dayton

THREE hundred additional local sportsmen have joined the Chapter making it seven hundred strong.

The Dayton Chapter has secured a lease for a piece of ground near West Milton, which has six large ponds that are fed by natural springs, making an ideal place for a fish hatchery.

Recently Mr. J. Naas, President of the local Chapter, assisted by the Hatchery Committee, secured a carload of mature fish from Sandusky, Ohio, and distributed them in the streams of our vicinity, viz., Miami, Stillwater, Wolf Creek and Mad River.

S. G. MACE,
President, Moline, Ill., Chapter

Without any hesitation they are making preparations for another consignment as soon as the state hatchery can supply more.

This should be encouraging to the "anglers" of this community.

Address President Dayton Chapter, Mr. J. P. Naas; Vice-President, Dr. Ralph Lambert; Secretary, C. T. Warman; Treasurer, Wm. J. Johnson.

The eloquent appeal of John P. Naas, president of Dayton Chapter, Izaak Walton League, to Miami Valley sportsmen to unite themselves with a national conservation program, made at Troy Friday night, bore fruit quickly. An even hundred sportsmen outside of the Dayton delegation attended the meeting in Masonic temple, and 76 immediately signed as charter members of the newly born Troy chapter of the league. Naas, in a forceful resume of purposes behind the organization of the league, urged that sportsmen band themselves together to protect the vanishing fish and game which are without protection because they can not vote; asked that action be taken to clean up stream pollution; endorsed the angler's license of 50 cents for all residents of Ohio over 18 years of age, and attacked the new administration's action in ripping up the state fish and game department for political purposes. He also questioned the new policy of the fish and game division, under the alleged lack of leadership on the part of John Bliss, which has re-

Izaak Walton League of America

sulted in failure to operate a completed hatchery at Defiance and the impairment of the Newton hatchery, through lack of water facilities which pend on completion of $50 worth of construction. Naas said that expenditure of this $50 would complete four new ponds at the hatchery, increasing its capacity a third.

Millville, N. J. THE officers and members of the Millville Chapter have been instrumental in starting a chapter in Vineland. I don't believe you can find a more lively or active branch in a town of 15,000 than our city, if so, report. The members are all (nearly) wage earners, it being a glass center. We have very few professional men.

Yours,
LEVI HINDLEY,
Secretary Millville, N. J., Chapter.

Formal Opening of the new clubhouse of the Izaak Walton Chapter—Day will be filled with interesting events—Bridgeton to have chapter. Extensive plans are being made by the Izaak Walton League to assure a great success for their "Izaak Walton Day" at The Union on Wednesday, August 1.

From noon until midnight every minute will be occupied. Sports of all kinds will take up the afternoon and there is

DR. F. W. SAMUELLS,
President, Louisville Chapter

enough variety to suit any taste. There will be a blue rock shoot, three-legged race, tub races and swimming races. At 3 o'clock the sportsmen's ball club will play the Pen and Pencil Club ball tossers.

One of the most important sporting events will be the casting tournament. There is a great rivalry between the members of the club and the champion will be crowned after this event. Appropriate prizes will be awarded.

The committee in charge, with Dr. Ralph Brown as chairman, have planned every minute. A monster clam bake and wiener roast will be held early in the evening, with plenty of good things to eat.

Two exceptionally good speakers will be heard in the evening. Dr. Van Deusen, curator of the Philadelphia Aquarium, will give an address. The other speaker will be announced at a later date.

The public is especially invited to attend the affair, there being no admission fee to anything. The whole event will be held at The Union, to which busses will run from the city at frequent intervals.

This gala day in the annals of the Izaak Waltons will mark the formal opening of their club house, which has been completely renovated. The house is large and comfortable and makes an ideal headquarters for the sportsmen.

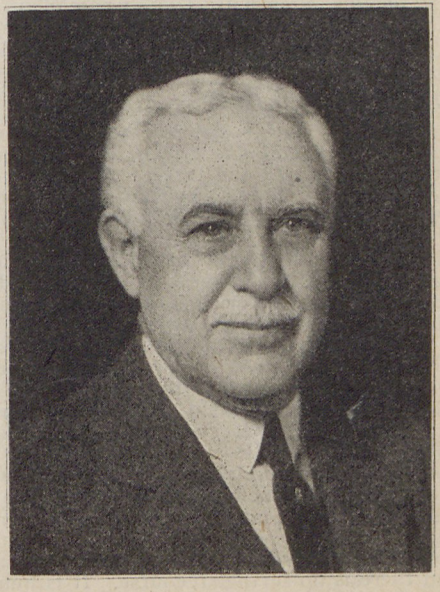
The organization is growing rapidly and its influence is fast spreading to other localities. The chapter recently installed in Vineland by the local organization is going along nicely at last reports. In the near future a chapter is to be organized in Bridgeton with the help of the Millville branch. This leadership of Millville is gratifying and in a great measure the success of the local organization comes through the untiring effort and the ability of its president, Walter Scoble. Mr. Scoble earnestly invites everyone to come see the Izaak Waltons play and enjoy themselves on Izaak Walton Day.

Officers of the Millville, N. J., Chapter are: Walter Scoble, President; Levi Hindley, Vice-President; Allen J. Corson, Secretary; William P. Adams, Treasurer.

EARL WETZEL,
President, Sycamore, Ill., Chapter

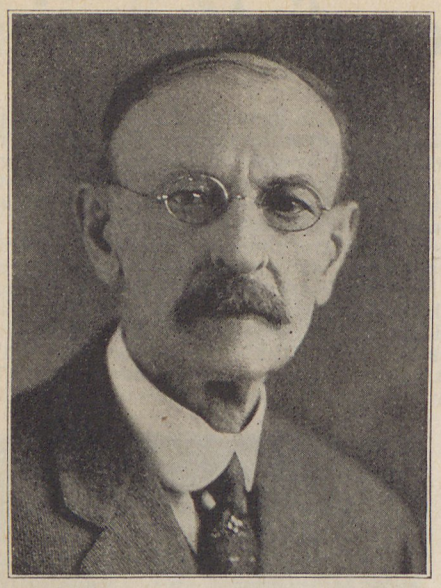
Kansas City YOUR action in again publishing news of the various chapters will be welcomed, I am sure, by every "Ike."

The Heart of America Chapter now has about 600 members and without any special campaign on, we are getting several new members every week. We have had two large open meetings, where the size of the crowds has been tre-



HARRY S. THOMPSON,
Sec. St. Paul Chapter

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?



C. E. SNIVELY,
President, Canton Chapter, Canton, Ill.

mendous. We had some fine pictures and some excellent talks of the work of the league.

We will get busy again early in September, after the vacation season is over. Our first effort will probably be something in the nature of a big picnic for the members and their families to celebrate the opening of the New Fish Hatchery in Swope Park.

For some time past the members have been watching for violations of the fish and game laws and reporting same to this chapter, we in turn giving the information to the State Game and Fish Department. We hope to accomplish some good in this way.

This State is lacking in adequate laws to protect fish and about all we can do is to persuade people to conserve and protect and to hope that at the next Legislative Session we will be able to get a bill passed which will give us a large measure of protection.

I recently was able to get the Kansas City Southern Outing Club, in which I hold membership, to prohibit fishing with more than one hook and next year hope to have a closed season during the spawning season.

I recently spent a week in the Ozarks and find members of the League are very active in watching for violations of the laws and doing a great deal to persuade people to stop taking small fish and more than they can use.

Fraternally yours,
S. C. WILSON, Secretary.

Other officers of the Heart of America Chapter are: Rev. B. A. Jenkins, President; T. T. Crittenden, First Vice-President; F. H. DeCou, Second Vice-President; J. R. Cunningham, Treasurer.

Moline, Ill.

MOLINE Chapter officers have asked state officials to investigate the sewage project at Geneseo, Illinois; the outlet being Green River, a small stream, but twenty-five feet wide and three feet deep at low water. Being accused of "meddling" by the salaried engineers in charge, President Mace sent the following reply to the local press.

The friendly discussion over the Geneseo sewage project has the appearance of a tempest in a teapot. It is not a subject of controversy between local Waltons and Geneseo city officials or their salaried engineers, though it is to be expected, and rightfully, that they should explain and defend their position. Being aware the project had been approved by the Division of Waterways, it is only logical to suppose that local chapter officers would request the detail information in which they are interested direct from State officials. Walton officials in the State are investigating the sufficiency of State laws respecting pollution of streams and should they be found inadequate, remedial legislation will be sought in the next session of the State legislature. The mere fact that a sewage project has been approved by the State Superintendent of Waterways does not necessarily mean that this is final and there is no further recourse. It is human to err, and in case there is reasonable doubt that the public interest is not fully protected, the individual or any organization may proceed by injunction and secure a review of the case in court. National and State Walton officials are acting as a unit in applying this policy and it will be used where necessary.

The waterways of today may reasonably be compared with the roadways of yesterday, when it was considered good form to pitch all sorts of waste matter over the fence into a vacant lot, or pile it in the alley, if not in the front street. Today no one would attempt justifying such a practice. Our streams stand in exactly the same place our streets did fifty years ago. The public regards them as a convenient and proper place for the dumping of refuse. It is essential to develop public sentiment against this abuse, and to educate the people to appreciate the need for keeping the streams as clean as the streets of our well kept cities.

The pollution of streams is one of the most serious problems the Izaak Walton League will have to solve. On March 4th, Mr. Will H. Dilg, President of the Izaak Walton League, had a talk with Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover (he is a member of the Washington, D. C. Chapter), and while discussing the pollution of streams, Mr. Hoover said, "My pollution bill failed to pass, as you know. It never had a chance. Official Washington had but little evidence going to prove that the people give a damn about pollution. **And until the people care and let their State Government and the National Government know that they do care it is useless to attempt to get anywhere with pollution or any Outdoor America's legislation.**" Here you have it straight from the shoulder. In those two sentences Secretary Hoover said it all.

One hundred eighty-five men and women, members of the Local Chapter, do care, and they propose to let their State and Federal Official know that they care.

Officers of the Moline Chapter are: S. G. Mace, President; W. O. O'Hare, Secretary; W. C. Jirdinston, Vice-President; D. H. Hartwell, Treasurer.

St. Paul

ON June 7 last, in response to a call sent out by Mr. Donald Hough, National Director for Minnesota, a meeting was held at the Ryan Hotel, attended by about thirty gentlemen interested in the various object for which the Izaak Walton League stands.

At this meeting a St. Paul Chapter of the League was organized by the election of officers and the appointment of a committee to formulate a constitution and by-laws. Mr. Fred Lovell was elected president and Mr. Dietrich Lange, vice-president. At a subsequent meeting the constitution and by-laws were adopted and various committees appointed.

Having thus perfected the organization, the chapter called a real get-together meeting on July 5 and the members were entertained with moving pictures of Canadian woodland, mountain and stream.

The organization has grown to over a hundred members in less than two months, is receiving generous support from the press, and will soon be able to command attention and exert an influence in furthering the interests of the League.

Officers of the St. Paul Chapter are: Fred Lovell, President; D. Lange, Vice-President; Harry S. Thompson, Secretary.

BURRIS A. JENKINS,
President, Kansas City, Mo., Chapter

DUBUQUE TELEGRAPH-HERALD
June 6, 1923.

Dubuque

ORGANIZATION of a Dubuque branch of the Izaak Walton League gives promise that local sportsmen will join effectively in the movement for conservation of natural resources.

The league is interested especially in the conservation of fish, but all phases of this movement are inter-related. Any special effort to protect fish redounds to the benefit of some other form of wild life, as the league recognizes in its pledges to strive to restore "the outdoor America of our ancestors."

When we scrutinize honestly the beginnings of our history we find the commercial instinct most responsible for the rapid settlement of the country. A short route to the dazzling wealth of the orient was the prime motive of the early discoverers.

The romantic story of the Pilgrim fathers has tended to obscure the fact that most of the settlements were based on eminently practical motives and were expected to yield profits.

English settlements survived and finally eclipsed the others because the English mind was more practical and discovered soonest that real wealth lay not in fountains of youth and Eldorados, but in timber, tobacco, furs of animals and similar products.

Even our own Julien Dubuque was a mineralogist who was not interested in pretty pebbles or discovery of scientific truth, but in the development of lead mines.

Not that one should quarrel with this practical bent of our early development. It was necessary. We should have failed miserably in the stern work to be done if our ancestors all had been Audubons and Fennimore Coopers.

The trouble is we have gone too far with the practical and commercial to the detriment of the spiritual. We now can afford to pause and enjoy the sight of a quail, not because it would be delicious on toast, but because it is a bit of interesting wild life. We should begin to delight in trees not as material for houses and wood pulp, but for their own sakes; and a stream should no longer be regarded solely as "white coal" capable of developing so many units of power, but as a thing of beauty in which both human beings and fish may swim without pollution.

In sportsmen such as organize Izaak Walton Leagues are found a happy blending of the practical and sentimental. May their worthy aims find realization!

Officers of the Dubuque Chapter are: Dr. W. E. Costello, President; W. W. Moffatt, Vice-President; Dr. W. J. Baumgartner, Secretary; W. W. Lilly, Treasurer.

Philadelphia

YES, there is a Philadelphia Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, that meets the fourth Tuesday of every month in the Bank Building, Germantown Avenue above Somerset Street. We bid the local Waltonians welcome.

We are co-operating with the League in their efforts. We are working with fish and game associations all over the state for the betterment of wild life conditions. We report things that are contrary to the law and help prosecute violations.

We represent the ideals of true, clean sportsmanship and invite all principled Philadelphia County anglers and sportsmen to help us in our efforts by joining with the local chapter.

Philadelphia Chapter of the Izaak Walton League,
C. H. Goepel, Jr., Secretary,
310 Olney Ave., Phila., Pa.

Aurora

THE Aurora Chapter held its first annual stag picnic in Watt Cutter's woods, eight miles below Aurora on the Fox river. In spite of the fact that there were many other attractions in the way of automobile races and baseball nearly 200 members were present.

Two hundred dollars' worth of prizes, donated by Aurora merchants, were awarded to winners in fly and bait casting contests and other events. County and state officials from Kane, Kendall, Will and DuPage counties were present including a number of deputy game wardens as special guests.

Three members of the local chapter have been deputized as deputy sheriffs and are now serving as deputy game wardens in this vicinity to see that the new game and fish laws are enforced. It is planned to have at least a half dozen more men sworn in.

A keen interest has been aroused here against the pollution of the Fox river by city sewers and local factories which empty their poisonous waste matter into the river. Last spring and the spring before bass and other game fish were killed by the thousands all the way from Aurora to the Illinois river as a result of this nuisance.

Petitions are now in circulation protesting against further pollution of the stream. These petitions when filled out will be presented to the rivers and lake commission and to the city of Aurora asking them to enforce an order entered in 1916 by the rivers and lakes commission instructing the city of Aurora to cease polluting the stream with its sewage. The rivers and lakes commission entered this order after complaint had been made to that body in 1913.

The Aurora Chapter, organized early last spring, now has nearly 500 members including many of the leading business men, lawyers, doctors and other professional men of the city.

Officers of the Aurora Chapter are: C. A. Whonsetler, President; A. E. Ashling, Secretary; Harry W. Reker, Vice-President; L. A. Frauenhoff, Treasurer.

DEAN SWIFT
President, Edgerton, Wis., Chapter

Fremont, Mich.

THROUGH the efforts of the local chapter of the Izaak Walton League, the carp are being seined from Fremont Lake. A pen has been built at the mouth of Darling creek in which the carp are kept alive until ready to ship. They are shipped alive to New York City where they bring a good price.

The work is being done by Ed. Oswald of Spring Lake, under the supervision of a State game warden. Neither the State nor the local club are at any expense, the contractor doing the work in exchange for the fish taken.

CHARLES VICKSTROM,
Secretary of Fremont Chapter.

Ida Grove, Ia.

PRESIDENT Izaak Walton Walton League.

My dear Mr. Dilg:—Your letter regarding the drainage of the Mississippi bottom received and I want to let you know our chapter here is getting busy. We have several petition forms around town already and every member of the Ida Grove Chapter has been notified to call and sign up his protest to the President of the United States. Of all the mean, disreputable things I ever dreamed of—this takes the cake. Rest assured that we will do all we can to help kill this project. Don't be afraid to call on us for anything that will be of any benefit to our beloved outdoors. And we will appreciate being called upon often. In haste,

D. D. CONGER,
President Ida Grove Chapter No. 8, I. W. L. A.

P. S.—Only last week our nearby lakes received a large shipment of bass from the bottoms.

Ida Grove Chapter No. 8, I. W. L. A., held their first official business meeting at Ida Grove, Iowa, on August 6, 1923. Permanent officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: D. D. Conger, President; G. H. Moore, Vice-President; George D. Van Tilburg, Secretary; George H. Clark, Treasurer.

Many topics of great importance to Ida County sportsmen were discussed and the Chapter intends getting busy at once on several issues that came up. The Chapter also outlined steps for an extensive membership campaign.

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

The Passing of the Twenty-nine

(Continued from page 6)

Each of these four had a hole bigger than my thumb back of the shoulder exactly where I'd aim to put a bullet to cut the big veins and arteries just where they enter the top of the heart; an animal shot there by a heavy bullet rarely moves. These four had died in their sleep as far as the signs read; certainly they had not moved after the hole was made back of their shoulder —in line with the little rock heap back there.

Several others lay flat on one side or the other, mostly headed northeast, with the same kind of a hole back of the shoulder on the right hand side.

Two lay at the foot of the little bank that marked the rim of the bowl; both of these were fifty or sixty yards from the main bunch and headed away from the center of the bowl; both had the hole in the hide back of the shoulder but not quite in the right place; one had a broken foreleg that hung back under him so he drove a portion of broken bone into the soil when he finally fell on the ground; there was another hole, left side, in this poor devil, high up toward the hump and pointing down for the heart; he had been finished with a closeup that spoke well for the killer; he had been humane enough to finish what he had begun, and botched.

So I read the story of how the Twenty-nine had been butchered by government killers who killed merely to eliminate the Indian's commissary-on-the-hoof.

Two men had crept up behind the little pile of rocks, leaving their horses a little way in the rear; they were cavalry men without much doubt, for nobody but the army used a 50 calibre Springfield gun up there and nobody ever went anywhere afoot.

They killed at midday after the Buffalo had fed, drank and bedded down for midday rest.

They knew Buffalo, for they kept out of sight and shot to kill; they opened up and got two apiece before the bewildered herd got on its feet; they got eight or ten more while the herd stood stupidly milling, unable to locate the source of the thing that was killing them; two were hit a little out of line; these had tried to get away but were mortally hurt and could not climb the little pitch at the bowl rim and were killed after the herd had gone.

The herd had finally located the killers and then it broke northeast for the hole in the rim where the overflow wash went out and two fell on the way, close to the main bunch of dead, two more near the break where the herd had jammed and crowded thru in panic.

The bowl must have been full of Buffalo when the killing began, for a lot of them had stampeded to jam in the break and hold up the rear long enough for the killers to load and fire after the main run had started to run.

Plainly it was all written there in terms of mummy carcasses of huge wild cattle that were left as they fell.

Not a knife had been stuck into a carcass, not a tongue taken, not a boss-rib; not a hide disturbed, not a head taken.

Plainly then it wasn't the work of the professional hide hunter, nor the head hunting sportman, nor the meat hunter, nor of a hungry man, nor yet of the Indian for he never wasted.

Government cartridges; no meat gone; Twenty-nine dead in a heap practically, and that report of General Miles about the Indians' commissary on the hoof. Men who carry rations don't need fresh meat nor Buffalo tongues nor robes. The army carried rations.

Twenty-nine dead in a heap there in the stillness of the desert where their death could benefit no one—except an army that hated Indians.

Grim little story, wasn't it, Brother?

Aye! The story of a murder as plain writ as tho in staring print; a wholesale, wanton, bitterly useless murder done by the cold blooded white man—the greatest killer—the most uselessly destructive animal the sun shines on!

And some day, some way, nature outraged, will take her toll and make him pay—aye, pay—for the balance must be restored, some way—some day.

Brother, that is law and as the law is, so is the law, and some day the score will be evened for those twenty-nine silent mummies I left there to keep their lonely watch under the desert sun.

Superior Forest Recreation Association

(Continued from page 24)

by us when the appeal is made that every member of Congress may be reached in support of it.

Waltonians have reasons to congratulate themselves on the results of their efforts and those of cooperating conservation organizations in protecting America's greatest canoe country in the Superior National. We must all stand ready to help in maintaining the present ground won in getting proper recognition of the inestimable scenic values in this lakeland wilderness and help, too, in pushing farther ahead in this important undertaking.

The next issue of the League Monthly, will give a detailed account of how the meagre portion of the Superior Country can be preserved for all time to come for the lovers of Outdoor America. We need your assistance, we are counting on it.

You Will Help Our Izaak Walton League Monthly
By mentioning its name when you write to advertisers

Own Your Fishing Hole
One acre with 100 feet frontage on the best bass stream in the Ozarks, unimproved, timber, accessible by car or boat. $100, $5 monthly.
HAROLD HUBBARD
1973 North Fifth Kansas City, Kans.

BUTTERNUT BULLETIN
Wisconsin Resort Magazine. Tells you where to go and how to get 'em. Bass, Musky, Pike and Trout.
Send 25c in stamps
Butternut Bulletin, Three Lakes, Wisconsin

NEARLY 10,000
Fishermen have written for HILDEBRANDT'S HINTS on Fly and Spinner fishing. Your copy is waiting for you. Write for it today.
The John J. Hildebrandt Co.
384 High St., Logansport, Ind.

GENE STRATTON-PORTER
was once asked what she believed to be the secret that had made her America's best beloved and most widely read author; she answered that the only secret was to make other people love and understand the outdoors as she loved it. Her lovely Indian poem—legend of
THE FIRE BIRD
is a book all outdoor lovers should have— ***Price $1.75***
Published by
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., NEW YORK

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

The Coney Island Cod

(Continued from page 14)

mean for the water throughout the fifty years tabulated.

Some years ago, the Danish (I believe) investigator, Dannevig, while in the employ of the Australian Fisheries Department, disclosed a four year lag between seasons of favourable winds and seasons of large fish production. This time lag cropped out at once when the low temperature of 1917-18 was noted in connection with the 1921-22 fishing, and it exactly coincided with the time required for the cod to reach maturity. Digging back still further, the great fishing in the vicinity of New York in 1907 was recalled, and a similar coincidence observed, the water of 1903 being four degrees below normal. Old timers were then consulted and named still other years of great cod fishing: to wit, 1896 and 1888. The same four year time lag had elapsed between these years and the low marks in the water of 1892 and 1884.

Light certainly appeared to be dawning, and the method of study of fluctuations in the numbers of other fishes makes a most strenuous appeal.

The downs are as interesting as the ups.

The chart discloses a period from 1906 to 1914, inclusive, when but one year drops into the range thought to be favourable, and that year (1911-12) by but one degree. No doubt a hatch took place each year, but what about the proper and most highly necessary infant food in such warm water? One can perceive, in the succession of high temperatures during this period of nine years, a threat of great post-larval mortality, possibly becoming total in such a season as 1908-09.

What then should be expected but a tremendous diminution in the tribe? But in such seasons as those from 1872 to 1881, when every second year registers good, and six successive seasons follow without a rise above normal, how heavy is the evidence on the other side, and what a surplus must have been provided to carry into, and probably through, the five successive poor years in which a peak of seven degrees above normal shows for 1889-90, the maximum for the whole fifty seasons!

The steady production of three mature fish from a pair would mean a 50 per cent increase in the tribe. Out of the million and a half of eggs which the fish average, even so small a number would cause so great an augmentation to the stock as to be dangerous to life on the land, if it became general throughout the sea. One may be justified in estimating at a sea-wide average of about 1,001 mature fish from 500 average size mature pairs as being sufficient to maintain the race and supply the annual haul, yet even so small a gain may be hopeless locally in many of the years indicated.

But then come occasions when 2,000 mature fish may come from 500 pairs, and the tribe of "Coney Island" cod doubles itself in a single season!

It is to be remarked that the seasons appearing good, and those appearing bad, exactly balance for the fifty year term. Thus it may be true to assume, considering these cod in time-blocks of fifty years, that their even maintenance is assured.

From the indications of recent years on the chart, a condition similar to that developing between 1872 and 1887 seems to be recurring, as five seasons out of the past seven show favourable conditions, thus suggesting the continuance of good fishing as far into the future as the winter of 1925-26 at least, and probably with slight relaxation still further, even though a series of bad years should immediately ensue. Special mention is to be made of the possibility which this method of study suggests of looking clearly into the future of fish for four years.

The writer expresses the hope that this, or some similar method of study, is possible of application to all other fishes of which equal facts are at hand with regard to spawning and rearing temperatures, provided we may depend upon temperature and salinity to provide the proper food to carry a considerable number of fry through the critical post-larval period of their existence.

A fundamental of the hypothesis is that mean air temperature along a coast, and for considerable distances inland, is dictated by sea water temperature. Such a view accepted, the rises and falls in contiguous sea water temperatures are seen to be readily deducible from the resultant rises and falls of monthly means in air temperatures as recorded at conveniently located meteorological stations, and obtainable for many years back into the past.

In seasons when the drop is as much as three degrees below normal, it may be assumed with confidence that a long period ensues in which the water temperature continues favourable to the chemical production of such minute plankton food as is required in larval and post-larval stages of growth, in which circumstances large numbers of fry may be expected to come through to fingerling size, and be reasonably safe on their way to maturity. Four seasons later these schools are contributing an exceedingly large accretion of mature fish to begin their functions. Should this season of maturity prove favourable to the growth of its fry, a geometrical accretion occurs. Reference to the chart will disclose a remarkable and interwoven succession of such geometrical accretions between 1872 and 1887.

In the first year named a temperature of 40 is found. In 1876 the mature fish of the 1872 class find a temperature of 41 in which to reproduce. In 1880 the classes of both 1872 and 1876 run into a 40 degree temperature, and, should sterility not have overtaken the first-named class (who knows about this possibility?), we find two classes surrounded by favourable conditions for reproduction. Four years later comes another good year, while 1888 provides the fourth quadrennial recurrence. Can it be possible that the class of 1872 is still able, in 1888, to muster a few individuals of fecundity?

Interwoven with this succession of favourable conditions, quadrennial coincidences occur in 1874, 1878, 1882 and 1886, each maturing class of which contribute in the excellent years of the first on-rolling cycle, placing the geometrical augmentation of biennial occurrence, the whole culminating in the three successive prosperous years of 1885, 1886 and 1887!

What then must have been the magnitude of the stock provided by Nature to carry through the four unfavourable years 1888 to 1891? In 1892, a new cycle of smaller magnitude begins and is traceable to 1905. In the latter year disaster to the cod rolls in and rages until 1915 with but a slight let-up in 1911. In 1915 and 1916, relief appears, and in 1917, it is most marked. Four years after 1917 the great fishing of 1921 broke out, but, more than that, 1919 and 1921 show another biennial cycle to have been in motion since 1915, with all its suggestions of geometrical augmentation to the stock of reproductive fish.

Is man, with his hatcheries, able to improve upon this stupendous machine?

One wonders, but doubts!

Bird Lore

(Continued from page 26)

and a couple of trout in my creel, and as a natural result great joy and contentment in my heart; I disturbed a Teter-Snipe (Spotted Landpiper). He started off on his semi-circular flight over the pond, sounding his familiar whistle. Suddenly the whistle turned to a high pitched note of alarm and Mr. Tipup disappeared with a splash. A sharp-shinned hawk which had emerged, unseen in the failing light, from the opposite fringing woods, passed directly over the spot where the snipe had vanished. After he had entered the woods the little bird emerged from the water like a tiny bombshell alighting a short distance down the shore. He had quite evidently chosen to enter the element with which he was unfamiliar in order to escape from his old enemy.

BOOKS ABOUT THE REAL SOUTH

"Plantation Game Trails"

"The best book on the deer, the alligator and the wild turkey."—N. Y. Evening Post.

"One of the best books of the day."—Richmond (Va.) Times Dispatch.

"Simply invaluable as giving the real, the romantic South."—Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal

"A pure delight to every lover of nature."—Detroit Journal

"This book by a native of the South is a genuine contribution to our literature of the great out-doors"—Boston Transcript.

300 pages; Illustrated; $3.50 postpaid.

HOUGHTON-MIFFLIN CO
Publishers
Boston, Mass.

"Old Plantation Days"

"Thrilling camp-fire tales by a veteran hunter and story-teller."

"A book for all who love the spirit of the South in its truest and most picturesque setting."

"Full of the flavor of outdoor adventure in the far South."

"One of the few books in which the reader can find the genuine South."

"While making no pretense to be 'literature' it is literature of the highest quality."

350 pages; Illustrated; $2.50 postpaid.

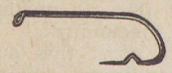
FREDERICK STOKES CO
Publishers
New York, N. Y.

ORDER FROM THE AUTHOR
ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE
MERCERSBURG, PA.

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

Jamison's Barbless Hook

Patented in United States, Great Britain and Canada



Help Save the Trout Fishing

by using flies made on Jamison's Barbless Hooks. The wonderful penetrating needle point hooks nearly every fish that strikes and holds them. If an undersized fish is taken it can be returned to the water unharmed.

WILL H. DILG

National President of Izaak Walton League,

says:

"I used your new barbless trout flies on a recent trip with fine success. As near as I could tell this hook holds the fish as well as any barb, yet it can be removed very easily without tearing the flesh or injuring the fish. I see no reason why any man who has used this barbless should ever go back to the barbed hook again."

EDW. G. TAYLOR

Noted Writer, and Angler and Fishing Editor of Chicago Daily News,

says:

"I am delighted with your new barbless trout flies. Have just returned from a trip to the Nemakagon where I gave them a good trial. I had only one of your barbless flies of the pattern the trout were taking but I took eleven nice ones on it and did not lose any.

As soon as you have some larger hooks let me know and I will have you make me some flies for bass and also for the large trout in the Nipigon river in Canada. I am anxious to give them a trial in these waters."

It Holds Too Good

We have even had complaints that this hook holds the fish too securely. That it is necessary to remove the fish from the hook with the hand as they do not seem to be able to shake it out. This is true. They do not find it very easy to shake out, but that need not bother you as the hook itself does no more damage to the fish than a straight sharp pointed wire would, and it is removed so easily that a mere touch usually does it. It is not necessary to harm even the smallest trout in the least in removing it.

We positively guarantee our Barbless Flies to give absolute satisfaction or your money will be refunded.

We realize our claims are very strong and sound "fishy" to many, but one trial will convince the most skeptical.

Made only in the twelve following patterns and in Dry Fly Style

Jamison's Barbless Hook Dry Flies

No. 8, 10 and 12 Hook

Black Gnat	Jamison's McGinty
Brown Hackle	March Brown
Cahill	Professor
Coachman	Royal Coachman
Cowdung	Rube Wood
Gray Hackle	Wickham's Fancy

Price, $3.00 per dozen

Send 25 cents for a sample, or a dollar bill for four, and give it a trial. You will have the surprise of your life.

Send for catalog of artificial baits, flies, bait casting lines, leaders, etc.

THE W. J. JAMISON CO.

Dept. W, 739 So. California Avenue

CHICAGO ILLINOIS

The Passing of the Winneshiek

(Continued from page 33)

Aquatic Farming

The possibilities of these lowlands from the standpoint of aquatic farming, that is, raising of plants which are natural to overflow land, has not, as yet, been worked out in this country. There are, however, some things which we know can be raised profitably. Let me merely mention the arrowhead which is a much prized vegetable in many countries and appreciated by many people in this country. The American Lotus, with its banana-like tuber, is another important plant, the possibilities of which, as a food product, is very great. It is a most delicious tuber and botanists tell me it can be grown in practically all of our Mississippi River bottom lands. The grasses and reeds, used in furniture and rug making, are two other important types of plants which can be profitably raised in many places.

Reforestation

The possibilities of these lowlands from the standpoint of forestry are almost unlimited. Many varieties of trees flourish in these bottoms, and with our forest areas being diminished, constantly, as they are, it is a well established fact that this nation must formulate a definite program of reforestation. These bottom lands should receive the consideration which they deserve from this point of view. **They will not raise good farm crops, but they will grow fine timber.** The lumber and fuel that could be produced on these great areas is beyond even our wildest dreams.

Water Levels, Floods, Flood Control

The matter of distribution of moisture, floods, and flood control is a problem which this nation faces, and which will have to be solved in the near future. Nature has provided means for holding the moisture in the woods, marshes, etc., permitting it to run off slowly, keeping the streams, both large and small, as nearly as possible, at a constant stage. With the destruction of timber areas that has already occurred, and the clearing off of the uplands for agricultural purposes, the rainfall is carried off the land, to the streams, at a much more rapid rate than formerly, causing erosion of the soil, to a marked degree, in many instances. As the timber and brush is cleared off, so increases this problem.

The water, having reached the smaller streams, is rushed more or less rapidly towards the larger rivers such as the Mississippi and its larger tributaries. As the land is cleared about the headwaters of the streams, and the small streams straightened and cleared up, the rush of water, to the larger streams, becomes more rapid, with consequently greater erosion of the banks, and the destruction of much valuable land.

Once the water has reached the main river, either the Mississippi or its larger tributaries, it spreads over the vast areas of bottom lands, which nature has provided to take care of any sudden rush of waters to the main stream. Every Outdoor American is familiar with the sight of our great rivers spreading over thousands of acres of these overflow lands, causing the river to be many miles wide in some places. This spreading over the lowlands prevents the waters being rushed, at a dangerous rate, through the main channel of the river causing great erosion, endangering communities along its banks, and flooding the country in the southern sections of the Mississippi valley, by causing a rise in the Mississippi River, higher than the levees confining it.

Once the waters have spread over these vast bottom lands, the vegetation therein, such as trees, brush, etc., have a tendency to retard the flow of the water thereby holding back the floods which would otherwise endanger the whole section below as mentioned above. In this way a more nearly constant flow of water is maintained in the river.

Navigation

Navigation is also helped materially by these great reservoirs, which impound the water during the spring and summer rises, and deliver it more slowly to the main stream, thereby preventing a much greater rise and fall in the water level. River transportation depends more upon a constant water level than it does upon any particular depth, for boats can be built to comply with the water conditions as they are, provided such conditions remain somewhat constant. If these great natural reservoirs are removed, by dykeing, there will not be sufficient water, in the Northern section, to keep the channel of the river filled, except at times of high water, when it will rise relatively much higher because of the restricted channel to which it is confined. It is, therefore, highly important, from the standpoint of commerce, that the **natural reservoirs, for impounding the flood waters, be maintained as they are.** I venture to say that if they are dyked, to any great extent, the next move will be to build artificial reservoirs, such as has been done in other sections of the country. **Let us not destroy the hundreds of thousands of acres of natural reservoirs and then attempt to restore them with the little projects which man can build.**

Then, after the flood waters have run off these areas, they still act as great sponges, so to speak, holding the moisture, keeping up the general water level, and doing the part that an all-wise God intended them to do, in maintaining the fertility and productiveness of the surrounding country.

Not a Local Question

We must not forget the duty the nation has towards our Fellows of the South. They already have the great problem of flood control. If the information which I have before me is correct, and I believe it is, the state of Louisiana, alone, has sixteen Levee Districts, each in charge of a Levee Commission. These sixteen commissions are composed of one hundred and eight men acting as commissioners, for the purpose of keeping up their levees.

In addition, there is constantly employed a vast army of men who are at work policeing, building, and repairing the levees all the time. This is a tremendous expense and one which we have no moral right to increase. We may run the water out of the Northern section more rapidly, but as surely as we do it our Fellows of the South will be fighting for their lives harder and harder each year, to prevent being inundated by the flood waters, as they rise higher and higher every year.

Levees may be built high, but as

surely as floods come they will break and each time there is greater loss of both property and life.

THIS DANGER MUST NOT BE INCREASED.

A Place to Play

The Mississippi valley, from Rock Island to St. Paul, is one of the country's greatest playgrounds. Thousands of tourists, each year, drive hundreds of miles to see the Mississippi River. More thousands will do so every year as the beauty of this section becomes better known. The proposition of making a national park of the islands and bottom lands of the Upper Mississippi, as first proposed two years ago by C. F. Culler, at a conference at Fairport, Iowa (at least in so far as I know, this was the first time such a proposition was set forth), is a perfectly feasible plan, and the more one thinks of it the more practical it appears, for the time will surely come when the Federal Government must control, in so far as water, and the control of water is concerned, all of the land lying at the head waters of the Mississippi River, and its tributaries. In other words all the land drained by such rivers.

We cannot go on indefinitely without a very well defined program for controlling the distribution of moisture and the prevention of floods. We have only to look to other countries, such as Korea and China, to see examples of what neglect will mean. In taking up the plan of making these lands a National Park, the Izaak Walton League of America is in a position to do a great deal of good and it is to be hoped that no stone will be left unturned in accomplishing that end.

Failures of the Past

The folly of dykeing and training areas such as the Winneshiek Bottoms, and similar tracts along the Mississippi, is shown by the failures of the past. Most large drainage projects are a failure from every point of view. They do not make good farm lands, and if they do the expense is so great as to offset all of the advantage gained.

A case in point is that in which the State of Iowa, at the last session of its legislature, was obliged to appropriate $83,000 to pay the assessment against the land in a project near Muscatine. In most cases the cost of dykeing and draining is more than the land is worth and the upkeep greater than the revenue derived therefrom.

A Pointed Question—The Answer

Then, my dear readers, you will ask, why does anyone want to drain these lands? The answer is: **For Dollars and Cents.** For be it known that these projects are usually financed by selling bonds, the security for which is the land itself. The companies doing the draining get paid out of the bond issue. Therefore, in so far as such companies are concerned, it matters not whether the project is a success or a failure. They have their money.

This is an awful picture. A terrible state of affairs. Would that I had the ability to present it in its true light, so that every red blooded American citizen could see the dangers that lurk in such a program of destruction of our great natural resources! I have merely touched upon a few of the high spots. I ask the readers of this magazine to carefully think for themselves.

I have unbounded faith in the judgment of the American people. I have not the slightest doubt that when, as a nation, we become aware of the great value and possibilities of the bottom lands in question, we will rise up, almost to a man, and demand that it be left as Nature made it, to be used for the purposes which Nature intended. Man cannot buck Nature and get by with it very long. Nature always has the last word in every argument with man.

The Remedy

How can this thing be stopped? ORGANIZE! THEN ACT!

The Izaak Walton League of America is a **National** organization, standing with both feet upon the proposition that the Mississippi River bottom lands be maintained in their natural condition, for the purposes for which a wise Creator placed them there. Join forces with this organization and act in co-operation with it, and every other organization that stands for these great principles.

This is a **National Problem.** It requires **National Organization** to cope with it.

Tell the President of the United States, your representatives in Congress, and your State Legislators what you want in this respect. Insist upon it. Your representatives must and will do what their constituents want. Do this yourself and see to it that your neighbor and friends do the same. Get your shoulder to the wheel and push, push, PUSH.

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

Your Baggage Coming Back

The hide of that old grizzly—a thrill you'll remember for the rest of your life—the big mountain ram that proved your endurance and marksmanship—the moose with massive antlers or the big buck that had you guessing.

And When They're Mounted

the excitement, adventure and thrill of the hunt are lived over again and again. Try a real trophy trip but be sure to go into the right districts. If you want grizzlies, black and brown bear, moose, bighorn sheep, mountain goats, caribou or deer get reliable information now and plan your trip via

Canadian Pacific

Write to A. O. Seymour
General Tourist Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway
Montreal, Canada

Three Airedales for Sale

One thoroughly trained, the other two partly trained. Watch dogs, pets, hunting dogs, etc. Good for all-around work.

C. A. CARLISLE, JR.
826 Forest Ave. South Bend, Ind.

"If it's about dogs, write to DOG WORLD"

DOG WORLD

Eight years old, published monthly. Discusses all breeds, with instructive articles on the care, breeding, showing and training of dogs. Gives dog news from all parts of the world. The most practical and helpful dog journal published.

$2 year Free sample copy

1922 Lake St. CHICAGO

POLICE DOGS

Sturdy Northern stock sired by a brother of "Strongheart" with over thirty champions in their pedigree.

Van Den Norden Kennels
ASHLAND, WISCONSIN

Seven Thoroughbred Lewellyn Setter Pups

Three weeks old. For sale cheap.
$25.00 for the females and $50.00 for the dogs
J. W. DAVIS Evart, Mich.

ZIP-ZIP

(Patented)

Just the thing for a Scout, ask him how he learned to be such a good shot and he will tell you that he started with a Zip-Zip shooter. Boys learn to get that quick and sure aim. Where a gun is sold a Zip-Zip is sold; if your dealer happens not to have them order from us. Zip-Zip shooter only 35c or three for $1.00.

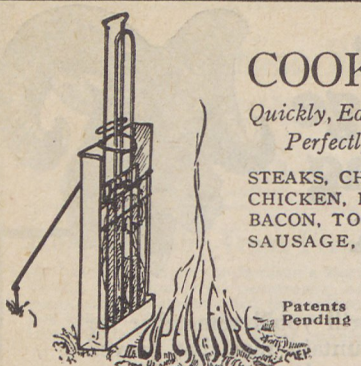
Automatic Rubber Co.
Dept. 25, Columbia, S. C.

FREE OUTDOOR MAGAZINE

Are you interested in **Dogs, Hunting, Fishing, Camping, Trapping and Outdoor Sports?** If so send today for FREE copy this month's issue of **Sportsman's Digest.** It contains many special stories and informative articles for Anglers, Trappers, Kennelmen and Gun enthusiasts. A **FREE COPY** is ready for you. Send name and address to

SPORTSMAN'S DIGEST
D 8 Butler Bldg. Cincinnati, O.

AIREDALES THAT ARE AIREDALES I BREED THE REAL STUFF.
DR. KNOX, BOX 150, DANBURY, CONN.



COOKS

Quickly, Easily, Perfectly

STEAKS, CHOPS, CHICKEN, FISH, BACON, TOAST, SAUSAGE, ETC.

Patents Pending

It Stands Upright Beside The Fire

The Harding Open Fire Broiler

Offers the best method for cooking in the open yet discovered. With this device the food to be cooked is presented to the direct heat of the fire away from the smoke and flame. The Open Fire Broiler is the result of extensive experimenting in all forms of outdoor cooking. It surpasses other devices.

This is, beyond doubt, the finest broiler for outdoor cooking that I have ever used and I will make this proposition. I will personally refund the price of the Broiler to any one of our subscribers buying it and not finding it perfectly satisfactory. I can make this promise because I am positive it will give the most satisfactory results when used in camping or for a picnic party. Try it, boys, and gain the same satisfaction that I have found.

WILL H. DILG.

IMPROVED TYPE—Two Sizes

Size No. 1 ---------- $2.00
Size No. 2 ---------- 2.25

No. 1 will hold a 3-lb. steak (bone removed) or a 3-lb. chicken. All juices of the cooking meat are preserved in the pan at the bottom.

Prompt Mail Deliveries Made on Receipt of Price
Dealers Supplied. Write

OPEN FIRE BROILER CO.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Waltonians who have read Harold T. Pulsifer's essays on angling with barbless hooks will enjoy

MOTHERS AND MEN

Poems by

Harold T. Pulsifer

President of The Outlook Company

"A heartening book for those to whom the earliest and oldest forms of love and patriotism are dear."—*Hamilton W. Mabie.*

New Edition, $1.25

HOUGHTON-MIFFLIN CO.

The Height of My Ambition

(Continued from page 23)

voice, so low I could hardly hear him: "I just wonder if we are real fly fishermen?" For reply I pointed at the back of the boat. "No," he said; "I don't mean that, but I was just wondering if a real fly fisherman wouldn't put him back, since they're out of season." At first I was astounded. What difference would four days make? I thought it over and over, and the more I thought, the more I believed he was right. Who ever heard of a fly fisherman taking a fish out of season? I finally decided that my brother was the only real sport in that boat, but I'd darned soon be one, too. We lifted the net sack with tender hands, took one more sacred look at the big fellow, turned it upside down and watched him slip silently into the deep water and disappear from our sight forever. I know that the lake rose just a little then, for a big tear rolled down my cheek and into the water. Then I heard a big sigh and someone said, "Gee, wasn't he wonderful?" We went home and slept the sleep of the just that night, for at last we were real fly fishermen.

They Must Not Do This

(Continued from page 34)

handed down these many centuries by Winnebago doctors. His wife presided over a mass of bark strips, cunningly fashioning baskets from the pounded birch and willow. W. H. Holt, full blood Winnebago, was our interpreter. Holt formerly was in the government service and had much to do with stamping out white rum-runners. Jake Decorah, veteran maker of the famous willow canoes of the Winnebagos plied his knives with the skill of the master craftsman. Emma Big Bear, wife of Holt, presided at the stew savorly steaming at the camp-fire. Younger members of the tribe watched the drying ginseng roots gathered by sharp-eyed hunters. A hound dog of uncertain ancestry paced about like a sentinel. Last winter she caught 23 minks.

To Holt was explained in detail the proposed drainage and he was asked to convey the information to Doctor Crow and the others, who speak only Winnebago.

The face of the Indian reflects no emotion. Strange thoughts come into the mind of a person under unusual conditions. When other things should have been on his mind the writer could not help but think "Gad, what a wonderful poker player Doctor Crow would make." He listened attentively to Holt and there was a great deal of Winnebago conversation immediately afterwards.

"Doctor Crow says," announced Holt, "'Why should they destroy these lands? The Winnebagos were always the friend of the white man, they were not the fighting Indians. Why take these lands away?'" It was explained that money was involved.

"Doctor Crow says," repeated Holt, "'There are too many lands for farming now, all around are good lands for grain, but where are other good lands for arrow plants, for lotus, for birds, for fur, for fish?'"

Then came the first facial change, the first flash of aged but piercing black eyes, the first gesture of red fist. Almost did it seem that Doctor Crow was excited.

"What did he say?" we asked.

"He says," emphasized Holt, "'Thev MUST NOT do this.'"

And Doctor Crow would say no more.

Perhaps behind that patriarchal brow were being crowded memories of olden days, memories of the days when these bottom lands were indeed Happy Hunting Grounds. At all events the interview was ended. Certainly it was a short interview, but did not Doctor Crow say it all in five words, at least in the five English-translated words, "They Must Not Do This." In flower decked verbiage orators have declaimed why the bottom lands should not be drained, writers in plain, but fiery words, have proved that there should be no drainage, scientists and experts on aquatic life and agricultural possibilities of soil culture and formation have proved by cold-blooded theses that it should not be done and every argument could be condensed into the 5-word "interview" with Doctor Crow, "They Must Not Do This."

Returning by the down-hill paths to the vicinity of the Arbutus, past the lotus beds, the rank acres of arrow plants, through the waving swamp grasses presided over by twittering black birds the words of the old Indian attained a prophetic height.

Old Doctor Crow, we confidently felt, saw into the near future, not with the eyes of a seer, but with the vision of a thinking red man, he uttered a prophetic truth, "They Must Not Do This."

Emerson Hough and the Barbless Hooks

(Continued from page 19)

of doctrines had the power to sacrifice momentarily their ideas and speak to men on their level. Only will true conservation come when the teachers speak to the masses both in language and practice they understand.

What a lugubrious farce our efforts always are when we try to teach ideals mostly gained from theories, before we try to understand the souls of our listeners! In our striving for fish and game conservation we must have the patience of the Master, full willingness to listen and condemning nothing until we are sure of our grounds. We must ridicule no angler's ideas until we have studied him individually and his environments. Then let our preachings be powerful but full of a gentle respect for the other fellow's feelings and the stride in conservation will be immediate.

Again strangely how the silence of night continues to give play to thought. I gained the top of the eminence as the big moon topped the spruce and Bear Cove became rippled with silver. I could almost see Emerson Hough sitting on the same spot we did in the Ozarks talking about barbless hooks.

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

Conservation, Mr. Camper!

(Cotninued from page 28)

of valuable timber. Beautiful tree-covered shore lines and timbered hills are ravaged, leaving nothing but black snags, devastation and death, destroying the natural development of a century. This is the history of carelessness, the price of a moment, that every Ranger of the Forestry Department must face during the dry season of almost every year in his service.

When you leave live coals in what was your camp fire behind you or drop lighted matches or cigarettes along the timbered way, you make yourself an operator of an instrument of death, that is as truly destructive as the bomb or torpedo in the hands of the operator of a submarine. I am pretty sure, Mr. Reader, if you had ever experienced, in service, as a ranger or patrolman, fire fighting with squads ranging from six to forty men—yes, fighting fires for weeks that covered miles and not only burning off sections but townships, you might care a little more for the privilege that has been granted you in our National Playgrounds.

Our National Reserves have been set aside for re-foresting and as a place where animal and bird life are protected, that they may breed and rear their young, in safety.

The amount of wild life that meets death in a forest fire is unbelievable. Birds and the young animals are killed by the thousands. They are suffocated in the smoke and heat and die of exhaustion. Young deer and moose are often found by the fire fighters, burned to a crisp, having been pocketed in caldrons of fire, along wind-swept ravines.

The fire experience of one state is evidence enough. The fire history of Minnesota, such as the Hinkley, Baudette and the recent Moose Lake fire, should be convincing. Small towns were left in ashes, thousands of acres of timbered area were burned, thousands of homes crumbled to ashes and hundreds of human lives were lost.

Don't forget, Mr. Camper, that it is impossible to kill a forest fire that is working in a big timbered interior, when it is in the grip of a high wind. The heat dries up what little moisture the vegetation contains hundreds of yards ahead of its march. Such fires are impossible to check on account of the density of smoke and the terrific heat that plays in the course of the winds. Fires under such conditions will jump a half mile of water way and continue their destructive way.

A match, a cigarette, a camp fire unsoused; someone too thoughtless, too careless, too lazy, while enjoying the wilds to help protect them, is the source of this terrible destruction of a beautiful land of flowers and moss-matted timbered hills, with clean-watered lakes and streams where birds and wild fowl, moose, deer and many fur bearing animals live in contented harmony. A lake land where the big fish bite best, the scenic reality of one's dreams, a true sportsman's paradise.

Yes, use these playgrounds, enjoy them and return again but always souse the fire. Leave your trade mark of appreciation at the camp sites and along the trails you travel.

By Will Baird.

Once a forestry patrolman and member of the Springfield, Ill., Chapter.

CHICAGO AND NORTH WESTERN LINE

August and September

are ideal vacation months in Northern

WISCONSIN Upper MICHIGAN

Fishing, bathing, golfing, hiking, canoeing—summer is in all its glory in the Great North Woods. Hotel, cottage, camp accommodations.

2 Fishermen's Specials

Wisconsin Lakes Special

Leaves Chicago 7:00 p. m. (Standard Time) daily except Sunday, arriving Northern resorts early the next morning. Standard Pullman, drawing room and open section sleeping cars, observation-lounging car, serving buffet luncheon and breakfast.

Ashland Limited

Leaves Chicago 5:00 p. m. daily (Standard Time).

Ask to have your name placed on mailing list to receive fishing bulletins regularly.

Bargain Vacation Fares

Write for illustrated folder "Summer Outings" with large detailed map, information about fares and list of resorts.

Chicago Passenger Terminal

C. A. CAIRNS, Passenger Traffic Mgr.
CHICAGO AND NORTH WESTERN RY.
226 W. Jackson St., Chicago

30-A

For Your Outings

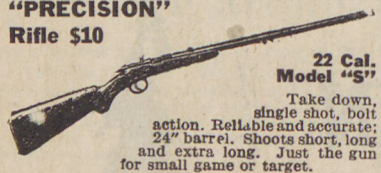
A small-calibre Shotgun, Rifle or Pistol is almost a necessity. A pair of Binoculars will add greatly to your pleasure.

"101" Shot Guns

12, 16 and 20 Gauge. A finely finished, accurate gun in all grades, $25, $50, $75, $100 and up, for Double-Barrel. Single-Barrel.....$12.50

High Grade Imported Shot Guns $100 "Over and Under" double barrel, with 30/30 rifle underneath. The great "Stoeger" drilling $200. Imported 5 shot Automatic Shot gun; 16 gauge $100.

"PRECISION" Rifle $10



22 Cal. Model "S"

Take down, single shot, bolt action. Reliable and accurate; 24" barrel. Shoots short, long and extra long. Just the gun for small game or target.

LONG LUGERS 6" and 8" Barrel
Genuine Pre-War

We are closing out the few remaining of these guaranteed mechanically perfect, but slightly used, Automatics. A special bargain.

9mm. cal. 6" at $25. 8" at $30.

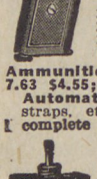
GENUINE LUGER AUTOMATICS: Regular model 30 Cal.—$25; HOLSTERS: 30 Cal.—$2.50; AMMUNITION: 30 Cal.—$4.55; 9mm. Cal.—$4.75; WOOD STOCK complete with Leather Holster, pouch, etc. —$12.50; WOOD STOCK only—$3. LUGER Magazines: 32 shot for any Luger—$15.

Genuine MAUSER

Flat and fits pocket. Has safety devices—one of the best pistols made.

25 Cal., Vest Pocket, 8 shots....$14
25 Cal., Reg. Model, 10 shots ... 14
32 Cal., Reg. Model, 9 shots 15
Mauser Holsters, either cal...$1.50

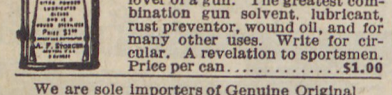
Ammunition per 100. 25 Cal. $2.90; 32 Cal. $3.15 7.63 $4.55; 9mm. $5.50 .763 Cal. Mauser **Automatic**, with wood holster stock, leather straps, etc. 10 shot pistol or rifle. All complete $35.00



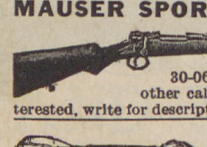
The Only Combination Gun Oil "STOEGEROL"

Worth its weight in gold to every lover of a gun. The greatest combination gun solvent, lubricant, rust preventor, wound oil, and for many other uses. Write for circular. A revelation to sportsmen. Price per can.....$1.00

We are sole importers of Genuine Original
MAUSER SPORTING RIFLES



30-06 Gov't. Rifles and all other calibers and styles. If interested, write for descriptive circular.



Finest Imported BINOCULARS $25

A light compact glass. Achromatic day and night lenses; 21mm objective, individual eye adjustment. Guaranteed perfect, complete.

A complete stock of Repair Parts and Ammunition always on hand. Every Mauser or Luger Firearm sold by us is guaranteed new and genuine. Beware of imitations. Send money order or draft. No C.O.D.'s. Satisfaction or money back.

A. F. STOEGER

Sole Authorized Importer of Genuine MAUSER AND LUGER ARMS
And Mauser and Luger Ammunition
224-226 EAST 42d ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
One block from Grand Central Station

The Outdoor Calendar

(Continued from page 43)

chopping wood and building a fire. Then on with the pan, to get grease, and at the same time mixing their flour to a batter. The first one to present an edible flapjack, not burnt, before the judges, wins. A variant is the water-boiling contest, which involves thermometers to register 212 in your pail and a quart measure to give each man the same amount. A separate thermometer is needed for each pail. Water is not boiling when the first bubbles start!

Minor events are, revolver shooting, tomahawk throwing, making fire with the bow drill and fire stick, lariat throwing, bull whip, and archery. If there is time these can be sandwiched in, but it is well to arrange the major events so that one man can attend all of them in turn, for not only are first and second prizes awarded for each, but also two grand prizes are allowed, to the man who wins the most points in all events, and to his second.

The effect of all this encampment is solidarity in the sportsman's organization. If only it is not allowed to degenerate into a mere competition, the encampment does incalculable good in promoting intimacies among the members and good fellowship over all. The only danger is that the acquisitive element in any club should not be allowed to turn the affair into a matter of prize-grabbing and fierce competition. The older men are there to enjoy the blessed woods and enter what competitions they can, all in a spirit of friendly good-feeling and helping the game along. Not for them are the strenuosities of the canoe-and-portage, the horse-packing; but our gray-beards win frequently in rifle, rod and shotgun, where skill counts. The moment the younger and prize-grabbing element begins to turn the thing into a quarrelsome and hostile competition, the whole game is lost. It is for the older men to steer the club away from such policies, by abolishing the grand prize entirely if necessary. August is Opening Month for salt water fishing. The great fascination of ocean fishing is that one never knows what is going to strike one's hook. Also, nearly everything taken out of the sea is toothsomely edible. What camps I have had along the sandy dunes! Great wide stretches of beach, extending endlessly north and south, bordered with the restless and pounding surf on the one hand and the green dunes on the other. A long Jersey surf rod with thirteen-ounce tip, a surf reel of five or six hundred yards' capacity, a tackle-bag of 4-oz. sinkers, three-way swivels, twisted gut leaders, an assortment of hand-forged steel hooks from 2/0 to 12/0, a leather rod rest, a pair of hip boots—and the owner of all these is happy for weeks on end down by the surf. Weakfish, bluefish, croakers, flounders, striped bass, kingfish, and channel bass form the northern coast fisherman's bill of fare. Take along a light, small tent with three sides open to the breeze, a cook-kit, some staple provisions, a can of squid bait preserved in salt—and see life! A big tent is a nuisance, for the winds that howl over the dunes at night are of gale strength and long poles for the tent are hard to find among the driftwood. A small, low tent, wind-proof with ordinary stakes driven into the sand; mosquito bar sewed in all around. I prefer the tent openable on three sides, because, since most of the fishing is at night, one sleeps in the daytime when a closed tent would be unendurably hot and one needs the breeze while at the same time being protected from beach flies.

By sundown the fun begins. A big beach fire of driftwood is started as night falls. Ferocious strikes at your bait result in sharp battles, in which weakfish of the eight-pound variety, bluefish, or stout four-pound croakers are landed. Then comes a stealthy tug, and you wait, letting him pick it up again—for a large channel bass is nosing around your bait! Then you strike; and bulldog tugs that nearly jerk your rod out of your hands answer your strike. He will not be denied, and starts out to sea against the protest of your brake set to the limit of the rod's strength. Two hundred yards; three hundred! At length he sulks, or else begins swimming parallel to the shore, worked inward with steady turns of the reel. At the first line of surf he takes alarm and starts out again, to the accompaniment of vicious jerks on the rod such as a bucking broncho might give. And so it keeps up for half an hour; when a long, pearly shape appears in the wall of surf, is cast up on the beach, and you seize him deftly by the gills—a twenty-seven-pound channel bass and a beauty!

Beach fishing is fascinating, with its utter freedom, its wide open stretches of sand and sky and sea, its hilarious asides after the festive clam and the fighting crab; but so few of the bulk of our outdoorsmen live within reach of the ocean that I cannot give it enough space here. Rather let us consider the Poor Man's outing, the permanant summer camp of August which so many thousands of us take. It needs a lake or a river to camp beside, first. Boats and canoes. A tent. A cooking outfit. Really, that is all. The rest you make.

If the site is reachable by boat or wagon, a large tent with fly will answer, say 9x15 for a small party, 12x20 for more. Poles for it are cut in the forest. Beds, army folding cots if you can afford it; or make them yourself, of poles spiked to billets of wood at head and foot and a length of duck canvas tacked tight across. Mattresses, bags of unbleached muslin, 30 inches by seven feet, to be filled with dry leaves or hay. To floor the tent, simply pave the space in between the beds with large flat stones, or lay down boards. A rain trench is to be dug around the tent under the guy ropes and channeled off downhill somewhere. Chairs, tables, stands, easily to be made of birch poles and birch bark.

There is much to do in such a camp besides fishing. Nature study, a collection of moths and butterflies, a herbarium, wild animal photography, a wild plant photography (did you ever stop to think how valuable such a collection would be)?

Above all there is pottering around camp. The home-building instinct has free play here. First you put up the tent. Then you furnish it. Then, looking further afield, there is a dock for the boats and an outhouse to be built. Then a spring house for perishable provisions. Then a screened-in lounging place, built of poles and netting under the shade-fly of the tent. And, if you are interested in Indian industries, there is basketry, both birch bark and woven rush, to try; also weaving with wool yarn. I once thoroughly enjoyed a camp where the fishing had

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

gone off because of the hot weather by making a Navaho loom and weaving a wide wool serapé strip on it. Believe me, it was fascinating to get those figures in the pattern to come out right! If you are collecting birds or reptiles, there is taxidermy to take your time. Just to make a handsome birch bark basket, digging your own spruce roots; or, harder, making a basket oak one or a spiral willow and grass one, is an interesting stunt. And if you find a flint nodule, try arrow making. The Indians (and one white man today), take but eleven minutes to turn out an arrow head complete. But one tool is used, a bone-dry flaker. An old deer horn or just an old toothbrush handle is the thing. The whole stunt is pressure on the edge of the flint. Strong pressure spalls off a large flake; light, a small one. The flint is held on edge in a shallow groove in a board or stump. . . . .

Really there are a thousand and one things to do besides catching fish in the summer camp. Go into the woods with an open mind and some fixed and useful programme in hand and you will be happy and busy.

The desideratum is a complete change of interest and occupation from what you have been toiling at home. Fishing answers for a time; then it palls for active-minded people, and the real interest remains, the getting acquainted with that great world of Mother Nature in which we are camping out.

One word as to the permanent camp kitchen. For this camp I had a small pot stove which I made myself out of 28 gauge sheet steel and which weighed two and three-quarter pounds and had three two-quart pots of aluminum such as you see in fireless cookers. The three made a circle which just fitted inside on the pot stove and cooked three things at once. A fry-pan which fitted atop the stove followed them; and then an aluminum baking pan, which could be capsized when the under side of the cake was done and the upper side baked. This kitchen looked into one wall of the living room in a small lean-to of its own.

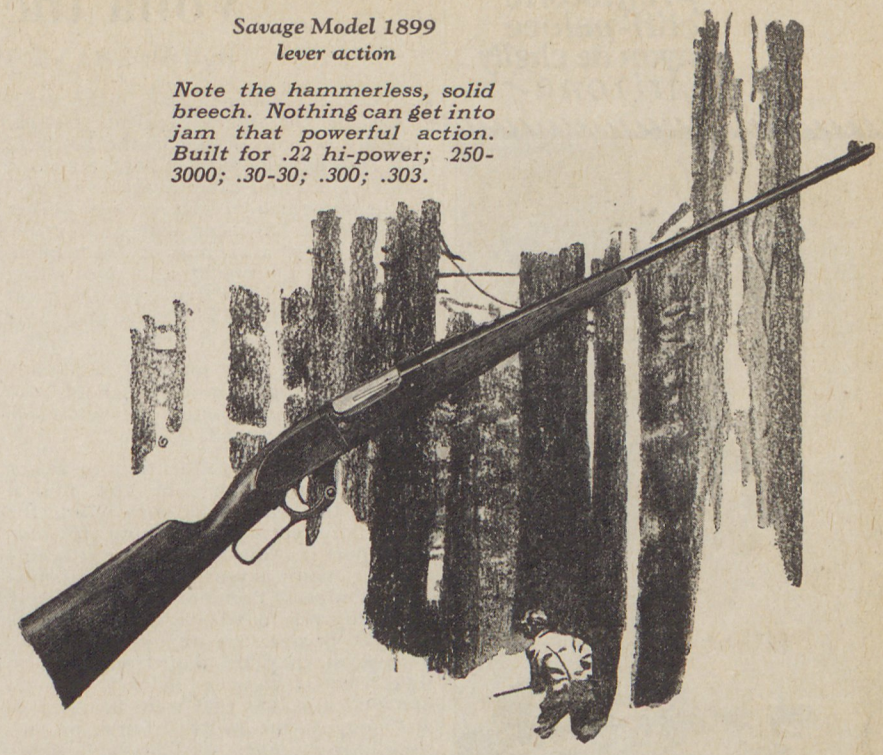
Such a stove is not on the market, but I show here a very good one, with oven, meat roaster and room atop for two large pots and the inevitable coffee pot. In a permanent camp such a stove is a necessity, for it is economical of fuel, and "wodding" becomes a bore if big logs must be cut. Need I say that it should be located out of the sleeping and living quarters and adjoining the eating fly, if there is one? The whole secret of managing such stoves is plenty of lower draft, a hot pipe, and good wood. Not trashy stuff with no heat in it, like balsam and white pine, but such hot-coal as yellow birch, blackjack oak and dead red maple. With them she steams like a major and the cook grins.

Yes, we may have no bananas today, but the permanent summer camp is an enjoyable and inexpensive vacation!

Man is looked upon by all wild life as a natural enemy. Sign the petition against the plan of extermination embodied in the Winneshiek Drainage Project and show that he at the worst is a "FRIENDLY ENEMY"

Savage Model 1899
lever action

Note the hammerless, solid breech. Nothing can get into jam that powerful action. Built for .22 hi-power; .250-3000; .30-30; .300; .303.



That smooth powerful action never fails

When you reach for your Savage, you're *ready*. For your Savage is always ready—that smooth, powerful action never fails.

A Savage is light, too—not an extra ounce anywhere. But so perfect is the balance that a Savage holds steady as a rock.

And your soft-points are *never* dented. You can cram the magazine full without fear of battering a nose. For each cartridge is gripped at the base—recoil can't reach them.

A *Savage for every kind of American game*

.22 hi-power. The amazing Imp. Ideal for woodchuck, fox and wolf. Accurate at long and unknown ranges.

.30-30. The old reliable—choice of seasoned hunters for deer and medium size game at moderate ranges.

.303. A hard, knockdown hitter—has dropped deer, bear and caribou for 20 years.

.250-3000. An all-around rifle. Terrific speed and accuracy make it *the* gun for mountain sheep, goats, and deer at extreme ranges.

.300. Delivers a crashing blow. Powerful enough for any American game.

Ask at your dealer's or write direct for our interesting catalog.

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION
Department 231, Utica, N. Y.
Owners and Operators of the J. Stevens Arms Company.

Savage Model 1920
bolt-action

Note the solid locking lugs, short throw of bolt-handle. There's strength and speed there. It won't jam. Built for .250 - 3000 and .300.

SAVAGE

Prehistoric cliff-palace Canyon de chelly Arizona

Santa Fe

Santa Fe Summer

Xcursions

offer you unordinary Outwest Outings
California - Colorado Grand Canyon, National Park
Yosemite - Big Trees
New Mexico and Arizona Rockies

mail this

Mr. W. J. BLACK, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines
1157 Railway Exchange, Chicago
Please mail to me following Santa Fe booklets:
California Picture Book — Colorado Summer
Grand Canyon Outings — Off The Beaten Path
(*Mark with X those wanted*)
Also details as to cost of trip to _____

Voila the Barbless!

By DR. FRANK MACKIE JOHNSON

I REALLY wonder how many readers of the Izaak Walton League Monthly actually fished in the hours of happy childhood with a bent pin as a hook? I did and caught wee fishes and maybe the thrill of victory was keener then than it has been since. A crude pole cut from a sapling or from bush-growth near a brooklet, a piece of string and a cheap hook replaced the bent pin in turn and the fish taken increased in size.

Let me dream once more of childhood,
When, a truant from the school,
I went roaming through the wildwood,
Searching for a shady pool.

It is far from my intention to weary you with a history of the radical changes that have been born within the past half century pertaining to outdoor sport in America. To me it seems that for many a year utter carelessness and blindness dominated so strongly that progress in the right pathway of thought became an impossibility.

True, it may be that from time to time, earnest pioneers did try to point out vital mistakes that were being made and suggest the proper course to pursue. After dinner speakers at Fishing Clubs and Associations were warmly applauded for their zeal and the sentiments expressed. But nothing was accomplished. Those who listened were loath to accept the single hook lure and light tackle and better enforcement of laws as the remedies deserving an impartial trial.

The fairy Queen of the Waters has changed the Pin Hook into the Barbless Hook. The result is a dainty perfection. One that may test your skill, no doubt, but one welcomed by every true fisherman. Just a few reasons will be convincing. The fish that rise and strike will give better sport. The barbless hook does not hurt or injure them at all. If you care to free the fish taken, the removal of the hook is simple. There is a feeling of complete satisfaction in the capture where fair play has been given; a satisfaction that never comes if other and maybe surer methods have been employed. Light tackle and barbless hooks mark the fly caster as a true sportsman. His methods win applause while a heavy creel with fish taken with sure death lures only receive comment that is unfavorable. The single hook at last conquered all devices with multiple hooks. The barbless hook will now excel the single hook. Only it will not take so long a time to bring this about as it did to prove that the single hook excelled the killer lures. If the present generation will only begin in the right way, just realize what it means to them. Finished, perfect fly casters from the start. All the weary years of faulty experience eliminated. The Izaak Walton League of America will save our forests, fish and game. I know it. I feel it. My days are almost numbered. My earnest pleading is for the youths who seek the joys and pleasures of the great woods as keenly as was our wont in days of yore. Should not all of us do our best to bring this result about? The barbless hook will stop anything like slaughter. This will help greatly. The manufacturers of tackle will produce only such lures for which a demand has been created. Most of them, I am glad to say, would prefer to offer only single hook and barbless hook lures. Each one of you from now on do your share and watch results. There is much to conquer at this time. Pollution of streams, forest fires, cruel and horrible lures, invasion of fishing grounds by automobiles whose occupants care nothing about laws, and a host of trying things. But with an immense increase in membership in the League, every obstacle can be overcome and outdoor America saved.

Let us act! Talk is cheap! Use the barbless hook now! No matter if you don't get as many fish! You're not in the fish business! Let there be union and harmony! The dangers at the present hour are greater than you suppose them to be! Wake up! Lend your aid. Act! Act! Act!

The Lure of Green Things Growing

(Continued from page 3)

hension said, 'It will not be necessary to cut down these patriarchal trees. Why not run the sidewalks around them?' And this was done; and the town flourished and prospered, all the better for its restful shade. The granite building was set off as it never could have been, standing beneath the blue publicity of the sky, with no enveloping greenness to give it added beauty.

"We tear down too much. We are afraid of the old sanctities. We lose our very souls, sometimes, in our passion for Utility. The thing that makes Paris such a hospitable city is its miles on miles of boulevards bordered with gigantic trees. Ah! if American Chambers of Commerce would but consider the work of landscape architects, how the weariness would vanish from the eyes of our people who must hive in great cities!

"If parks are necessary for tired folk, how much more necessary are those vast expanses of forest in which the country is so rich? Green and blue—these are Nature's chief colors. We cannot, even in this mad age, wipe out the blue of heaven; but we are in danger of erasing the green that peacefully shadows the earth. And if we do . . . . Oh, if we do, there will be a dreadful penalty to pay. For trees are a gift from on high. They are symbols, just as the stars and the moon and the sun are symbols of the Divine Goodness; and he who wilfully destroys even one tree is a murderer in his heart."

High-Grade Split Bamboo
FISHING RODS
Write for Special Booklet describing
Thomas Special and Dirigo Rods
Made at the Rod Shop of
THOMAS ROD COMPANY
BANGOR, MAINE
Manufacturers of the Fishing Rod of Quality

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

Trout Fishing in Glacier National Park

(Continued from page 27)

foot of water and drop a fly just over a precipitous ledge under the surface of the lake. For the first cast I chose a black gnat and it had just struck the water when I saw the flash of a rainbow's iridescent belly and felt the thrilling pull of a vigorous three-pounder, well hooked but determined not to leave his watery home without a battle. And a battle it was. Time and again he broke the water in a spectacular swirling effort to release himself before I could get him into shallow water and fatigued enough to attempt the use of my net. When I had him safely landed I had an impulse to shout, but the only creatures within hearing distance were a couple of mule deer from over the range who loitered inquisitively near the mouth of a tiny stream about a hundred yards from where I stood—and why frighten them? Why disturb a scene so charmingly peaceful? Instead I quietly examined my fly and found it bent and almost bare. I replaced it with another gnat, and before the pink and gold had faded from the sky over Mt. Gould and the purple pall of night had fallen on the mountain tops, there were ten such battles and ten beautiful rainbow tucked safely in my creel.

There might have been more than ten as they struck viciously about the time the sun slipped behind the mountain and they do not stop for the dark of early night, but ten fish per day per man is the limit wisely set by the National Park Service and I had over twenty-five pounds of trout and enough thrilling sport for one day.

A twenty-minute hike through the darkening woods brought me to the Many-Glacier Hotel in time for a late dinner. The string of trout aroused the dinner. I gave the remainder of the evening over to reflection on the joyous angling sport which will be found in these cool, clear lakes and crystal streams by fishermen who will come to them in future years.

It seemed but a few short years since the interest in fishing at Glacier Park was centered on the lower streams and lakes and the first fingerling Rainbow and Eastern Brook were dipped into the McDermott and Josephine Lakes—when the only game fish in the region were the native Cutthroat or Black-spotted trout. Barriers such as Trick Falls and the Swift Current Falls prevented the entrance of these fish into the Upper Two Medicine and the Lakes of the Many-Glacier region. There is still wonderful fishing in all of the lower lakes and streams and the Black-spotted or native trout is a fast and enduring fighter, but his more aristocratic cousins, the Eastern Brook and Rainbow are considered by fishermen more sporty and desirable and the accessibility of the higher waters from the hotel and chalet locations makes them the more popular rendezvous of fishermen with limited time at their disposal.

If the policy of liberally stocking the lakes and streams and wisely regulating the fishing is continued, the making of a fisherman's paradise in Glacier National Park is assured. There is one of the few things a beneficent government can do to increase the attractiveness of an area already a scenic masterpiece of a power greater than man made government.

Come to the Big Game Country Canada

The Big Game Hunter's Paradise

PACK up your rifle and kit and come to the place where real sportsmen test their skill. Here there's game fit for the steel of men who feel the "kick" of hunting the Grizzly, outwitting the crafty Mountain Sheep and Goat and bringing in the prize Moose or Deer. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Alberta, British Columbia are each the haunt of big game.

Write any of the following Canadian National Railways Offices Ask for booklet , mentioning districts or game that interest you

BOSTON, 294 Washington St.
BUFFALO, 11 S. Division St.
CHICAGO, 108 West Adams St.
CINCINNATI, 406 Traction Bldg.
CLEVELAND, 522 Rockefeller Bldg.
DETROIT, 1259 Griswold St.
DULUTH 430 West Superior St.
KANSAS CITY, 334 Railway Exchange Bldg.
LOS ANGELES, 503 S. Spring St.
MINNEAPOLIS, 518 2nd Ave S.
NEW YORK, 1270 Broadway
PHILADELPHIA, 702 Finance Bldg.
PITTSBURGH, 505 Park Bldg.
PORTLAND, ME., Grand Trunk Station
PORTLAND, ORE., 120-Third St.
SAN FRANCISCO, 689 Market St.
SEATTLE, 902 2nd Ave.
ST. LOUIS, 305 Merchants Laclede Bldg.
ST. PAUL, Cor. 4th and Jackson Sts.

"Where to Hunt, Fish and Paddle in the New North" will give you helpful details in planning your trip this year. For this and information as to fares, open seasons, etc., write W. E. Bishop, District Passenger Agent, Cochrane, Ontario.

Canada Welcomes United States Tourists. **No Passports Required.**

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Companionable Books

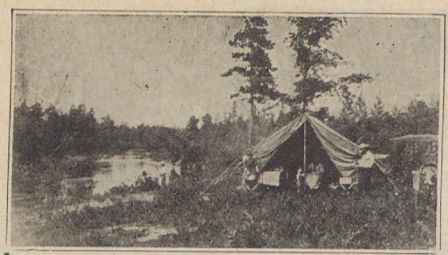
By

HENRY VAN DYKE

© Pirie Mac Donald

"Much sound, virile writing. . . . The essay on Walton is delightful, due both to the charm of the subject and the charm of the essayist. That combination, also, makes for real right criticism. The salt of humor is not lacking. . . . The essay on Dickens is wise and fine."—*The Nation.*

Illustrated Cloth, $2.00; leather, $3.00. Issued in a style uniform with the author's other books.

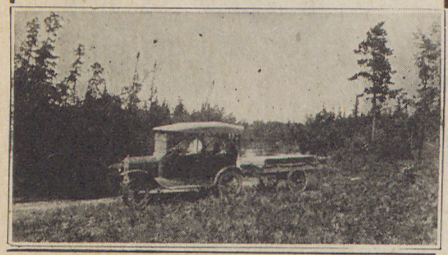


A Summer Home on Wheels

The Clare Auto Tour Trailer is equipped with comfortable beds, A 12x14 ft. tent, Water proof. Space under tent in which to cook and eat meals. Every convenience for comfort. Light and rigid, trails perfectly. Ideal for tourist, hunter or fishermen.

Write today for catalog and price

Clare Mfg. Co. Clare, Mich.



NEXT TRIP—

Be Sure

LEONARD'S SKEETER SKATTER

KEEPS AWAY MOSQUITOES

This truly remarkable repellent will positively protect you from the pests. Most practical and pleasant to use. Recommended by best outdoor experts. *No more mosquito bites or sleepless nites.*

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

At Sporting Goods Stores 50c. Direct from us, 1 bottle 60c, 2 bottles $1.00. prepaid

LEONARD CHEMICAL CO.

4200 W. Adams St. Dept 100 Chicago

ATTRACT MORE DUCKS by planting their favorite foods this fall. NOW is the time to order Wild Rice for September delivery.

TERRELL'S AQUATIC FARM

Department W 233. Oshkosh, Wis.

For Cold on the Chest

Musterole is easy to apply and it does not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment, made with oil of mustard. Simply massage it in gently with the finger tips. You will be delighted to see how quickly it brings relief.

Get Musterole at your drug store. 35 & 65c, jars & tubes; hospital size; $3.

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MUSTEROLE

WILL NOT BLISTER

One Hook Artificial Lure Sportsman's Angling Contest

Conducted by the Izaak Walton League of America and the magazine it owns and publishes

GENERAL CONDITIONS

1. Contest open to all fishermen "who feel like gentlemen and act like sportsmen." It is necessary for contestants to belong to the I. W. L. A. or to subscribe for the magazine it owns and publishes.
2. The fish must be caught with an artificial lure containing but one hook and with rod and reel.
3. Fish must be weighed and measured with a tape measure giving girth of fish (length to be taken from end of lower jaw, mouth closed, to tip of tail).
4. Each fish entered must be caught by reputable angler and must be certified to by affidavit of two reputable witnesses, which affidavit must be registered within two weeks from the date of the capture of the fish. (A drawing of the fish by placing it on paper and tracing the outline will be helpful to the judges—photos also will be helpful.)
5. It is not necessary to write a story to be published in this magazine to qualify for this contest. However, such a story will be appreciated and will be printed if well told.
6. Of course, no fish taken from private estate, or State or Federal hatchery will be considered.
7. With two or more fish weighing and measuring exactly the same, identical prizes will be awarded the contestants.
8. Competitors for the barbless medals must use a hook of the needle point type. If it is made by filing the barb from the usual hook of commerce, the point must be smooth enough to pass through a handkerchief without catching when withdrawn.
9. This contest closes December 15th, 1923.

ABOUT THE PRIZES

The first prize in each class enumerated below will (with the exception of the salt water division) be the choice of any bait or fly casting rod made in the United States.

The second prize in each class will be the choice of any reel (fly or bait casting) made in the United States.

The third prize will be a $20.00 camera, choice of manufacturer to be determined by the winner. There will be a first prize of a silver cup for each of the six classes of the sea angling division.

In addition there will be three I. W. L. A. medals for each class especially designed, bearing the name of the winner and the weight of the winning fish. The first prize winner's medal will be of solid gold, the second prize winner's medal of silver, and the third prize winner's medal of bronze. These gold, silver, and bronze prize winning medals will also be given to the winners in each of the six sea angling divisions.

In addition there will be a number of other valuable prizes donated by sportsmen for their favorite class of fish, and for signal achievements in the use of ultra light tackle, especially the use of barbless hooks. These prizes will be wading boots, rod cases, reel cases, sweaters, pipes, field glasses, and fly books, etc., etc. A list of these prizes will be given in a later issue. In no event will any prize be contributed by manufacturers of fishing tackle. Every prize offered in this One Hook Artificial Lure Contest will be a personal contribution from the donor having no interests in the sale or manufacture of articles donated.

ABOUT THE JUDGES

We have not yet decided upon all the judges for this contest. We can announce, however, that there will be judges for each separate class, and in each case ones highly competent because of their knowledge and experience of the type and species of fish which they will be appointed to judge.

AFFIDAVIT

I hereby swear to statement signed by me before two witnesses.

Kind of fish .....Weight.....Length.....Girth.....
When caught ..... Where.....
Rod used ..... Reel.....
Describe one hook artificial lure used.....
Line used ..... Lure.....
Caught by (Signed).....
Street .....
City ..... State.....
Witnessed by: (Give names and addresses.)
1. .....
2. .....

This is a list of the most valuable prizes ever offered in any fishing contest

"Fish and game cannot vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

List of Classes in Contest

And qualifications for tackle to be used by contestants

BROOKTROUT (Salvelinus fontinalis)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

BROWN TROUT (Salmo fario)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

STEELHEAD TROUT (Salmo gairdneri)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Eastern Division)

Caught east of the Rocky Mountains between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Western Division)
Caught west of the Rocky Mountains between the official opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SMALL MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus dolomieu)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season and caught in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Northern Division)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season, in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Intermediate Division)
Caught in the States of West Virginia Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Delaware, Arkansas, Oklahoma, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Southern Division)
Caught in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and Louisiana, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SPECIAL HAROLD PULSIFER AWARDS FOR BARBLESS FISHERMEN
Special awards of gold medals will be given for the largest fish caught on a barbless fly in all of the above classes.

MUSKALLUNGE (Esox masquinongy)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

GREAT NORTHERN PIKE (Esox estor)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

WALL-EYED PIKE (Stizostedion vitreum)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

BLUEFISH (Pomatomus sattatrix)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

WEAKFISH (Cynoscion regalis)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

STRIPED BASS (Roccus lineatus)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

CHANNEL BASS (Sciaenops ocellatus)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

TARPON (Tarpon atlanticus)
Caught according to rules of Long Key Fishing Club (one hook lure).

TUNA (Thunnus thynnus)
Caught according to rules of Catalina Light Tackle Club (one hook lure).

When you win in this contest you may well be proud, as you will have fought and won armed with the fairest of all fair tackle, a ONE HOOK ARTIFICIAL LURE.

Have you written the President about the Winneshiek?

Saves The Day

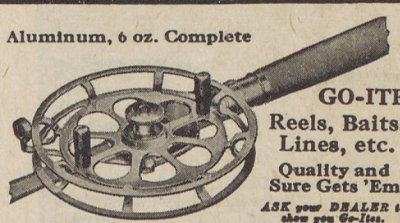
Those little troubles — a tear in the tent, torn coat, broken tool handle—they spoil many an outing. Tirro, the new waterproofed mending tape, ends them, saves the day. Never go fishing, camping, hunting, golfing, motoring, without a spool handy.

15c 25c 50c.
At Your Druggist.

Mail This For Free Strip I. W. L. 823
BAUER & BLACK, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
Name _____
Address _____
City _____

DEMAND GO-ITE TACKLE

Aluminum, 6 oz. Complete



GO-ITE Reels, Baits, Lines, etc.
Quality and Sure Gets 'Em
ASK your DEALER to show you Go-Ites.
Send immediately for illustrated literature, showing WHY GO-ITE LEADS.
WRITE NOW! 'Fore you forget.
GO-ITE MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Dept. 20 Kokomo, Ind., U. S. A.

FREE TO ANGLERS

A 400 page Anglers Guide, containing plates of Flies in correct colours—a veritable luxury for the angler to revel in.

HARDY BROS., ALNWICK, ENG.
Britain's Premier Fishing Rods, etc., Makers
London: 61 Pall Mall, S. W.

Good Eats Garage Sleepy Beds

LAKE BREEZE

"A Homey Place for Tired City Folks"
THE LOG CABIN RESORT—Log Cabins with rustic fire Places. A forty acre Farm buried in the Pine Woods on a Chain of twenty-seven Lakes. Write for Booklet. *Pike, Bass, Musky and Pickerel Fishing.* Electric Lights. Running Water. September Fishing is the best.
ANGUS McDONALD, Three Lakes, Wis.

FOR SALE OR LEASE

7700 ACRES UNDER PROTECTION IN OSCODA COUNTY, MICHIGAN

Log Club House in fine Pine Grove. Finest Deer and Partridge country in the World. Adjoins the famous Turtle Lake Club. There are about 15 small Lakes full of Bass and Pike. Fifteen miles of fine Trout Stream. The best hunting and fishing proposition in Michigan.

For particulars write to

H. K. GUSTIN Box 16 Alpena, Michigan

Goin Fishin?

Look for the store displaying this chart of Fresh Water Game Fishes and first choice baits to catch them. You will find it a big help in making up a complete outfit of bait-casting tackle.

How to Choose Baits *Scientifically*

Some fellows always bring in good fish when nobody else even gets a strike. They know the right baits for given conditions of waters and weather, and they check up to see that they have those baits before they go on a trip.

Heddon's Chart of Scientific Tackle Selection helps you do both. It is based on known facts about fish and tackle. It shows the most important fresh water game fish in their actual colors, and the Heddon Baits proved most effective in taking those fish under varying conditions.

Every angler will find it fascinating and helpful, in actual fishing, in checking up tackle kits, and in the selection of new lures. If you want to get the most out of your trip, send for this chart and use it as a guide to the right baits at the right time.

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS, Dowagiac, Michigan

Good Luck

Heddon Fishing Tackle

"Heddon Made—*Well* Made"